

THE
WORKS of HORACE,
In ENGLISH VERSE.

Mr. DUNCOMBE, Sen. J. DUNCOMBE, M. A.
And OTHER HANDS.

With NOTES HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.
THE SECOND EDITION.

To which are added

Many IMITATIONS, now first published.

Vol. II.

VOLUME II.

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MADRID, 1784.



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W. NICOLLE, 1784.

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N.B. Those marked thus * are now first inserted.

E R R A T A.

Page 52. line 8. *Read the Woman Hero's.*

54. — 19. *For as Nature leads, read in Cyprus*
Train.

75. — 11. *Read tempore.*

100. — 13. *For Though read Through.*

319. — 16. *Read pubem.*

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODES
OF
HORACE.

Vol. II.

J. DUNCAN.

THE CONTENTS
OF THE
OLD BOOK

OF THE
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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN Lord *Willoughby de Broke*,

One of the Lords of the Bed Chamber

TO

HIS MAJESTY,

THIS THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODES of HORACE

Is Inscribed

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

Most obedient,

and humble Servant,

J. DUNCOMBE.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

John Lord Wm. Murray of the Exchequer

One of the Lords of the Bed Chamber

TO
HIS MAJESTY
THE KING

OF THE
ORDERS OF NOBILITY

Is intended

BY
Mr. Lockhart

Esq.

and James Lockhart

J. DUNCAN.

The THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODES of HORACE.

PROLOGUE.

I HATE the Vulgar, a licentious Throng!
Be still: To Maids and Youths my Lays
belong:
The Muses' Priest with due Attention own,
Who sings in Strains to Roman Ears unknown!

ODE I.

By Mr. W. DUNCOMBE.

*Inscribed to JOHN DUNCOMBE, Esq; late of
Stocks, in the County of Hertford, the
Translator's Brother.*

KINGS rule their Flocks with awful Sway;
Yet Kings themselves must Jove obey:

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

John Lord Widdowson of the Bench

One of the Lords of the Bed Chamber

HIS MAJESTY

THE THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ORDERS OF THE HOUSE

OF COMMONS

BY

MR. BORDEN

Esq. of the Inner Temple

and Barrister at Law

J. DUNCAN

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OF THE
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Yet Kings themselves must Jove obey:

2 ODES of HORACE,

The Spoils of ⁵ conquer'd Giants crown the God,
And all Things ⁶ tremble at his sovereign Nod !

Th' Ambitious try, by various Arts,

To bribe, and win the People's Hearts :

One Candidate his large Possessions grace ;

Another sues, distinguish'd by his Race :

On Fame and Morals *this* relies ;

That, throng'd with Clients, claims the Prize :

But *Death* shall level All ; for each Man's Name

Is rolling in the Urn's capacious Frame.

The Wretch who views, with conscious Dread,

A Sword hang threatening o'er his Head,

Starves, tho' ⁷ *Sicilian* Banquets crown the Board,

Nor softest Strains can balmy Sleep afford ;

Yet will not balmy ⁸ *Sleep* disdain

The Cottage of the humble Swain ;

Nor the cool Grove ; nor *Tempé's* happy Vales,

Still gently fann'd by *Zephyr's* genial Gales.

He, who can curb his wild Desires,

Nor more, than Nature asks, requires,

Beholds ⁹ *Arcturus* set, devoid of Fear,

Nor trembles when the stormy ¹⁰ *Goats* appear ;

Repines not, when his Vines with Hail

Are struck, or blighted Harvests fail ;

Or that his drooping Orchards now complain

Of Summer's Heat, and now of Winter's Rain.

Not so the Man, by high-rais'd Moles

¹¹ Confining ev'n the finny Shoals

To narrower Bounds ; for, see the crowded Shore

By Builders seiz'd, where Waves were heard to roar.

The

BOOK III.

3

The Lord, disdainful of the Land,
Bids the wild Billows leave the Strand ;
But could his lofty Turrets reach the Sky,
Yet *Menaces* and *Fears* would mount as high.

CARE climbs the brazen Vessel's Sides,
Behind the flying Horseman rides ;
Nor quits th' applauded Consul's gilded Car,
Marching triumphant from the finish'd War.

Then since nor stately Domes, nor Wealth,
Can yield Content, or purchase Health ;
Since purple Robes, which gay as ¹² *Phosphor* shine,
The Spice of *Araby*, *Falernian* Wine,

And *Persian* Odours, can impart
No Balm to heal a wounded Heart ;
Why should I wish to rear a stately Pile
On *Phrygian* Pillars, in the modern Style,

Gaz'd at with Envy ? or to change
My Vale, where Flocks and Heifers range,
And quit my rural Ease, and ¹³ *Sabine* Seat,
For the more cumb'rous Riches of the Great ?

1720.

NOTES.

The Design of this Ode is to show, that Wealth and Honours cannot make Men happy, but that they may be so with a small Fortune, by contracting their Desires, and possessing the inestimable Treasure of a quiet and contented Mind.

[*Virginibus puerisque canto.*] Youths and Virgins, whose Minds are yet tender and pliant, are more likely to be improved by Lessons of Morality, than those advanced in Years, who are too often hardened and confirmed in Vice.

B 2

2 Mu.

4 ODES of HORACE,

2 *Musarum sacerdos.*] The Muses had their Temples and Altars, where Sacrifices were offered to them.

3 *Carmina non prius audita.*] Horace was the first Roman, who imitated the Lyric Poets of the Greeks.

4 *Regum timendorum, in proprios greges.*] Thus Homer styles a King, Ποιμὴν λαῶν, The Shepherd of his People, *Iliad* i. v. 263. Thus also the Author of the 78th Psalm, speaking of the Redemption GOD wrought for the Israelites by David, says, He chose David also his Servant; and took him from the Sheep folds: From following the Ewes great with Young, he brought him to feed Jacob his People, and Israel his Inheritance. This Image gives a very just Idea of the Office of a King, who ought to defend and protect his People with the same Care and Tenderness, as a Shepherd guards his Flock.

5 — *Clari Giganteo triumpho.*] The Giants, whom Jupiter conquered with the Assistance of Hercules, Pallas, Apollo, &c. See the 11th Ode of the second Book, and the 4th Ode of this Book.

6 *Cuncta supercilio moventis.*] Horace seems here to have had in View those celebrated Lines of Homer,

Ἦ, καὶ ἔναντον, &c. *Iliad* i. v. 528—530.

Which are thus beautifully translated by Mr Tickell:

This said, his kingly Brow the Sire inclin'd;
The large black Curls fell awful from behind,
Thick shadowing the stern Forehead of the God:
Olympus trembled at th' almighty Nod!

7 — *Non Sicula dapes, &c.*] Horace here alludes to the Story of *Damocles*, a Flatterer of the Tyrant *Dionysius*, which is thus recorded by *Cicero*, in the 5th Book of his *Tusculan Disputations*, Chap. 21. 'Damocles having, in a Speech, applauded the Riches and Magnificence of *Dionysius*, and pronounced him the happiest Man in the World, *Dionysius* was resolved to give him a Taste of his Happiness; and therefore ordered, that he should be placed upon a golden Bed covered with magnificent Tapestry; that all his rich Vessels, curiously embossed with Gold and Silver, should be displayed before him; and that he should be served by Boys of exquisite Beauty, ready to fly at his Nod. Neither Wreaths, nor fragrant Oils, were wanting. Perfumes were burnt; and the Tables were piled

‘ piled with the most exquisite Banquet. *Damocles* now, thought himself perfectly happy. In the Height of all this Pomp, *Dionysus* ordered a naked Sword to be hung from the Roof, by a Horse’s Hair, directly over his Head. As soon as *Damocles* observed it, he could no longer admire the beautiful Boys, nor the delicate Figures engraved on the Plate: He could not stretch out his Hand to the Table; but trembled with Fear, and the Wreaths fell from his Head. To conclude, he humbly besought the King, that he might have leave to depart; for now he would be no longer happy. *quod jam beatus nollet esse.*

8 *Somnus aggressum*

Lenis virorum non humiles domos

Fasidit, umbrosamque ripam,

Non Zephyrus agitata Temp.]

Mr. Cowley has imitated these beautiful Lines very prettily, in his Manner; that is, with the Addition of several witty Turns from his own luxuriant Fancy.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait on Palaces,

And yet so humble too, as not to scorn

The meanest Country Cottages:

This Poppy grows among the Corn.

The Halcyon, *Sleep*, will never build his Nest

In any stormy Brest:

’Tis not enough, that he does find

Clouds and Darkness in their Mind;

Darkness but half his Work will do;

’Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too.

9 *Non sevens Arcturi cadentis*

Impetus.]

Arcturus is a Constellation of fourteen Stars, which follows the *Bear*: It is also called *Boötes*. The *Rising* of this Constellation is very dangerous; but its *Setting* is still more so. It *rises*, according to the Ancients, about the Middle of *September*, and *sets* at the Beginning of *October*. DACIER.

10 *Aut orientis Hædi.*] The *Goats* are two Stars on the left Hand of the *Charioteer*: They rise towards the End of *September*, and cause Rain and Tempests. On which Account *Virgil* calls them *pluviales*, rainy. DACIER.

6 ODES of HORACE,

11 — *Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt.*] The Luxury of the Romans, and the prodigious Expence they were at, to build *Villas*, or Houses of Pleasure, in the Sea, is taxed by *Horace* in other Places, as well as in this; particularly in the 18th Ode of the second Book;

Marisque Bani obstreptantis argas

Summovera littora,

Parum locuples continens ripa.

This is also taken Notice of by other Authors:

Expelluntur aqua saxis, mare nascitur arvis;

Et permutata rerum statione rebellans.

Petron. in Satyr.

Suetonius, in the Life of *Caligula*, observes, 'That, in erecting *Prætoria* and *Villas*, he regarded no Profusion of Cost, affecting to perform nothing so much as what seemed impossible to be done. Accordingly he raised Moles in a boisterous and deep Sea, cut through Rocks of the hardest Flint, and, with huge Mounds, made Fields equal to Mountains, and levelled the Tops of Mountains with the Plain; all which was executed with incredible Celerity, Delays being punished with Death.'

12 *Sidere clarior.*] *Dacier* thinks, that, by *sidere*, the Sun must be here understood.

13 *Cur valls permutem Subind
Divitias operosiores?*]

Horace seems to have had a Mind rightly turned for Happiness: He appears every where full of Gratitude to his great Benefactor, *Mæcenæ*, and entirely satisfied with his Condition. In another Place he expresses himself thus, on the same Subject with this:

Nibil supra

Deas laceſſo: nec potentem auscum

Largiora flagito,

Satis beatus unicus Sabinis.

Book ii. Ode 18.

There are more sublime Odes in *this*, and in the fourth Book, than in the two former, or in the fifth Book, commonly called the *Epodes*. Most of these were written by *Horace* when he was far advanced in Life. Accordingly we find, that they abound more with Precepts of Morality, which is commonly the Style of Age. The Reader will not be displeased to see the Characters which the celebrated Critic *Scaliger* gives some of them. *Tertii libri Ode prima magnifico dicendi genere structa est:*

Se-

BOOK III.

3

Sequuntur carmina plena sapientia, numerosa, ardua. Secunda Ode pariter ambigua; ista gravissima; quarta nec Pindaro cedit, ac ne quinta quidem. Sexta altissimi sonat, &c. The first Ode of the third Book is compiled in a magnificent Style. The Odes that follow it are full of Wisdom, harmonious, sublime. The second Ode also is lofty; the third very weighty; the fourth is not inferior to Pindar, nor, indeed, the fifth. The sixth is very sublime, &c.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By BARTON BOOTH, Esq;

I Hate the common Herd: Hence, ye Profane!

Ye silent uncorrupted Train,
Virgins and blooming Youths, attend my Lyre!

Lo! great Apollo's sacred Choir,
With Strains unheard before, their Priest inspire.
Empires mighty Monarchs sway:

Those mighty Monarchs *you* obey!
He bends the Heavens with his Imperial Nod;
Prostrate the Giants fall, and own the Conqueror
God!

Some the first Post of Honour claim,
Proud of their Birth and ancient Name;
Rivall'd by those, whose wide-spread Furrows bear
The various Harvest of the Year:

Vain is their Contest, vain their Boast;
In Death is all Distinction lost —

While, o'er the impious Courtier's Head
Threatening, aloft the Dagger hung,

8 ODES of HORACE,

In vain the costly Feast was spread,
In vain the tuneful Minstrel sung :
Sleep weighs his Eyelids down no more,
Nor *Philomel's* sweet Strains his murder'd Peace
restore.

Lolling at Ease, in humble Cells,
Gentle *Morpheus* ever dwells ;

Or by the hoary Forest's Side,
Or where the murmuring Waters glide —

Seek what Nature can suffice,
And fearless view the troubled Shore,
When the black Tempest veils the Skies,
And the tumultuous Surges roar —

Whither, at length, will human Pride aspire !
The Great their Fathers' Palaces disdain,
Encumbering with vast Towers the Main :

From the contracted *Latian* Shore,
Old Ocean's various Broods retire,
And distant, and more spacious Seas explore —

Go, climb thy lofty *Argo's* Side,
Or trust thy Courser's swift Career ;

Or in thy Marble Towers confide ;
Vain is thy Flight, alas ! from Care ;
There's no Retreat, proud Man ! from Guilt and
Fear.

Since, then, fair *Peace* and *Innocence*,
Disdaining Pomp, and Power, and Pride,
United shed their sweetest Influence,
Where artless Maids and lab'ring Hinds reside,
Grant

BOOK III.

Grant my Desire, a homely Seat;
Far from the Guilty and the Great;
A limpid Stream, an ancient Grove;
And Health and Joy to her I love;
Grant my Desire, propitious Jove!

Digression to his Wife, formerly Miss St. Loc.

Happy the Hour, when first our Souls were join'd!
The social Virtues, and the chearful Mind,
Have ever crown'd our Days, beguil'd our Pain,
Strangers to *Discord*, and her clamorous Train.
Connubial Friendship, hail! But haste away;
The Lark and Nightingale reproach thy Stay:
From splendid Theatres to rural Scenes
Joyous retire — So bounteous Heaven ordains!

There we may dwell in Peace;
There blest the rising Morn, and flowery Field,
Charm'd with the guileless Sports the Woods and
Waters yield!

ODE II.

To his FRIENDS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

THE Youth, my Friends! robust in War,
Should learn to feed on scanty Fare;
To launch the Javelin from the Horse,
And make the *Parthian* feel his Force;

3 E T Q N

B 5

Hardy,

10 ODES of HORACE,

Hardy, and resolutely bold,
In Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold.
Him from the Walls the Tyrant's Wife
Views, trembling for her Consort's Life:
"O may he not, unskill'd in Fight,
"Provoke this Lion's dreaded Might,
"Whose Thirst of Slaughter thins the Plain;
"Nor can the Foe his Shock sustain!"

In our dear Country's Cause to die
Is glorious; nor can they, who fly,
Escape; for Fate, more swift than Feat,
Pursuing, strikes them in the Rear;
With dreadful Groans they bite the Ground,
Their Backs transfix'd with many a Wound.

No base Repulse can *Virtue* know;
Her Honours ² unpolluted flow:
The Crowd nor gives, nor takes away,
The splendid *Fasces* of her Sway;
Through Paths untrod she mounts on high,
And to her Votaries points the Sky;
Disdainful spurns the sordid Clay,
And soars to Realms of endless Day!

Nor less the Gods reward the Just,
Tenacious of their ³ secret Trust.
Who ⁴ *Ceres'* Rites presumes to tell,
With Me should never fail, nor dwell:
For oft' the Good and Wicked prove
One common Lot from angry *Jove*.
Where *Guilt* precedes, 'tis rare to find
That halting *Vengeance* lags behind.

NOTES.

NOTES.

The Order or Method of this Ode is perfectly rational, according to the Roman Way of Thinking; for, first, the Poet recommends *Valour*, or *Fortitude*, which was the chief Support of the Roman State, as it is at present of the *Switzers*; then, *moral* or *civil Virtue*; and, lastly, a reverential Regard for the *Mysteries*, or (as some would chuse to express themselves) for the *positive Institutions of Religion*.

1 *Virtus repulse nescia sordide.*] *Virtue* is incapable of Repulse, because the Dignities she covets are not dependent on the People: She is her own Reward: The greatest Employments are subject to her: She commands every where; and places the Man, who chuses her for his Guide, on a Throne, crowning him with an immortal Wreath of Glory. DACIER.

2 *Intaminatis fulget honoribus.*] *Horace* styles the Honours which are inseparable from *Virtue*, *pure*, or *unpolluted*, in Opposition to those bestowed by the People; for, in order to obtain the latter, it was necessary to perform a thousand mean Actions, which soiled all their Lustre.

DACIER.

3 *Est et fidei tuta silentio*
Merces.]

This is the third and last Part of the Ode. *Horace* here praises *Silence*, which is an essential Part of Religion. Those Interpreters, who have imagined that he digressed from his Subject, did not enter into the Design of the Author.

Since *Horace* says, that there is also a Reward for *Silence*, he must necessarily have proposed one, in the first Part, for *Valour*. Accordingly we find this expressed in the 13th Verse;

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

And there must be another, in the second Part, for *Civil Virtue*, which is contained in these Lines;

Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ.

I just mention these Particulars, to show the *Decorum* and *Propriety*, which these great Masters always observed in their Compositions. DACIER.

4 *Qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcana,*

The Poet here speaks of the Festival instituted in Honour of *Ceres*, at *Eleusis*, a small Town of *Attica*, near *Athens*. The *Greeks* had no Ceremony, where a profound Silence was so religiously observed: For not only those who published the Mysteries of it, but such as listened to, or heard them, were punished with Death. It was therefore held criminal to have any Commerce with him, who had once profaned them. No one would lodge, or sail in the same Ship, with a Man who was known to be guilty of this Crime. DACIER.

ODE III.

By Mr J. DUNCOMBE.

THE Man resolv'd, and firmly just,
Adheres, unshaken, to his Trust,
Though loudly rage his factious Foes,
And though a Tyrant's Threats oppose;
Though Mountain-high the Billows roll,
And Lightnings flash from Pole to Pole;
Nor would the Wreck his Mind appall,
Should the whole World to swift Destruction fall.
To Heaven, by Virtues great as these,
Fam'd ¹ Pollux rose, and Hercules;
Amidst whose Feasts, with ² rosy Lips,
The nectar'd Bowl *Augustus* sips.
Thus too rose *Bacchus*, in his Car
By Tygers drawn, untaught to bear
The Yoke; and thus, on *Mars's* Steeds,
Our ³ *Ramulus* escap'd the *Stygian* Meads:
Then,

Then, in *Olympus*' high Abodes,
 Thus *Juno* spoke, and pleas'd the Gods :
 ' A foreign Bride, and an unjust
 ' Adulterous Umpire, laid in Dust
 ' The *Trojan* Towers, condemn'd by Me,
 ' And Wisdom's injur'd Deity,
 ' What time their impious + Monarch dar'd
 ' Deny two Gods their promis'd due Reward.
 ' No longer, deck'd with every Grace,
 ' Shines *Helen*'s shameless + Guest ; the Race
 ' Of *Priam* now no more in Fight
 ' O'erpower the *Greeks*, by *Heclor*'s Might :
 ' By us protracted, with the Wars,
 ' My Hatred ends ; I yield to *Mars*
 ' That Son, whom, on the *Latian* Shore,
 ' Of *Trojan* Race, a Royal Priestess bore.
 ' These shining Mansions let him gain,
 ' Nectareous Goblets let him drain,
 ' And, in the Realms of endless Rest,
 ' Share all the Pleasures of the Blest.
 ' O'er any Region, uncontroul'd,
 ' These + Exiles may Dominion hold,
 ' While Ocean severs *Troy* from *Rome* :
 ' While Herds shall browse on perjur'd *Paris*' Tomb,
 ' Or, there, wild Beasts their Young shall hide,
 ' So long the *Capitolian* Pride
 ' Shall last ; and warlike *Rome* impose
 ' Laws on her conquer'd *Parthian* Foes.
 ' Her Name, to Earth's Extremity,
 ' Dreadful shall sound ; both where the Sea
 ' *Europe*

- * *Europe from Africa divides,*
 * And where the *Nile* o'erflows with fruitful Tides.
 * With Truth, and untaught Virtue bold;
 * Upright to scorn the Charms of Gold,
 * And let it innocently shine,
 * And sleep, unransack'd, in the Mine.
 * Let ev'n the World's remotest Bound
 * Re-echo with their Trumpets Sound,
 * Where endless Summers parch the Plain,
 * Or where the Clouds o'erflow with endless Rain.
 * But on these Terms alone, their Claim
 * I grant to universal Fame;
 * That never, with too pious Care,
 * Troy's ancient Ruins they repair:
 * For Troy, rebuilt with Omens dire,
 * Again shall blaze in hostile Fire,
 * While I, *Jove's* Wife and Sister, lead
 * The conquering Bands, and urge the glorious
 Deed.
 * Though thrice should rise the brazen Wall,
 * By *Phæbus* built, it thrice should fall
 * By *Grecian* Force; and thrice a Son
 * Or Husband slain, the Wives bemoan—
 * This Strain ill suits my lighter String;
 Cease, daring Muse! forbear to sing
 The Words of Gods; nor dare to wrong
 This lofty Theme by thy unequal Song!

NOTES.

BOOK III.

143

NOTES.

This is, undoubtedly, one of the noblest Odes in *Horace*. It is not, indeed, inferior to any, if we justly consider the true Sublime with which it is animated, the natural Sweetness of the Composition, its easy Turn, and all the Beauty of its Figures. But the real Meaning of it, and *Horace's* artful Address, were not understood, till discovered and explained by *Monfieur Le Fevre*, in one of his *Latin Epistles*, sixteen hundred Years after it was written. This, in short, is his Interpretation of it.

We learn from History, that, after *Troy* had been entirely destroyed by *C. Timbria*, *Sylla's* Lieutenant, it was, soon after, not only rebuilt by the *Romans*, but also exempted from all Taxes; that it was in a flourishing Condition in *Horace's* Time, and even under *Tiberius*, and the other *Roman* Emperors. When *Julius Caesar* was slain, a Report prevailed at *Rome*, that he had designed to exhaust *Italy* of Men and Money, and to remove the Seat of the Empire to *Alexandria*, or to *Troy*. This is expressly mentioned by *Suetonius*, in his Life of that Emperor, Chapter 79. And it was not doubted but he would prefer *Troy* to *Alexandria*, on account of the Origin of the *Cæsars*, who affected to be thought the Descendants of *Aeneas*. Nothing was more dreaded at *Rome* than such a Change, which must have caused the Ruin of the Empire; as we find it actually did under *Constantine*; for New *Rome*, or *Constantinople*, ruined the Old. As therefore *Augustus* was declared the Heir of *Julius Caesar*, and as Heirs commonly pursue the Designs of the Testator, there seemed to be some Probability, that *Augustus* might adopt his Uncle's Plan. The Apprehension of this kept the *Romans* in continual Terror, and gave *Horace* Occasion to write this Ode, in hopes of diverting the Mind of *Augustus* from so fatal a Resolution. But as it is always dangerous to penetrate the Secrets of Princes, he was afraid to explain himself, and rather chose to leave his Ode imperfect, than to give *Augustus* Reason to censure him for having said too much. This Conjecture of *Monfieur Le Fevre* is one of the most happy in this Sort of Criticism. DACIER.

Satanstoe

Sanadon fixes the Date of this Ode to the Year of Rome 733, or 734, when *Augustus* was in the East; that is to say, at *Samos* in *Bithynia*, or in *Syria*, and consequently at no great Distance from *Troy*, and more capable than ever to execute the Design, which the Poet here labours to prevent. The Reasons he gives to support this Opinion are too long to be here recited. *Horace* was then about 45 Years old.

1 *Horace* places *Augustus* with *Hercules*, *Pollux*, and *Bacchus*. *Quintus Curtius*, in like manner, speaking of *Alexander*, to whom his Flatterers gave the Title of a God, says, *Hi tum cælum illi aperiebant, Herculemque, et cum Polluce Castorem, novo numini cessuros esse jactabant.* 'They then opened Heaven to him, and boasted that *Hercules*, with *Castor* and *Pollux*, would give Place to the new God.'

2 *Purpureo bibit ore nectar.*] *Horace* hereby intimates, that the Statue of *Augustus* was already placed with those of *Hercules*, *Bacchus*, &c. and the Cheeks and Lips of it painted with Vermillion, as their Images used to be painted.

3 In this Circumstance consists the chief Address of *Horace*; for, by introducing *Romulus*, he gives *Juno* an Occasion to declare, that she will not consent to his Admission into Heaven, but upon Condition that *Troy* shall never be rebuilt: And hereby he artfully insinuates to *Augustus*, that if he should pursue the Plan of *Caesar*, he would awaken the Wrath of that Goddess; which had already been so severely felt by the Romans.

4 The Ancients write, that *Neptune* and *Apollo* assisted in building the Walls of *Troy*, for a Reward stipulated to be paid by *Laomedon*; which, when the Work was done, he refused to give. The Truth couched under the Fable seems to be this: *Laomedon* wanting Money to finish the Walls which he had begun, took the Treasure out of the Temples of *Neptune* and *Apollo*, and applied it to that Purpose, engaging himself by Vow to restore it; which he afterwards neglected to perform.

5 *Jam nec Læonæ splendet adultera
Famosus bospes.*]

Paris, who was chosen Umpire by the three Goddesses, when they contended for the golden Apple. *Juno* forbears to name him, out of Contempt. D'ACIER.

6 *Exules.*]

6 *Exules.*] Horace calls the Romans, *Exules*, or *Fugitives*, on account of their being derived from the *Trojans* who were obliged to quit their own Country. For the same Reason *Virgil* calls *Æneas*, *sata profugus*.

7 *Juno* here applauds, in a very noble Manner, the Virtue of the ancient Romans, who preferred Poverty to all the Riches of the World.

8 *Troy* was actually rebuilt in the Time of Horace. The Romans are, therefore, here forbid only to restore it to the same flourishing Condition it had formerly enjoyed; which would have been the Case, if *Augustus* had transferred the Seat of his Empire thither.

9 Horace here follows the Opinion of those, who have said, that *Apollo* assisted *Neptune* in building the Walls of *Troy*: For *Homer* intimates, that *Neptune* built them alone; and that *Apollo*, in the mean while, attended Flocks on Mount *Ida*.

10 *Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyre.*] Horace could not urge this Argument farther, without speaking in a more open Manner. On which Account he breaks off abruptly, pretending that his Verses are not noble enough for so great a Subject. But we clearly see, that this is a false Modesty. It was not from the Fear of offending those Gods, that he left this Ode imperfect, but from the Fear of offending *Augustus*, whose Anger he dreaded as much, at least, as that of the Gods. DACIER.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By WILLIAM WALSH, Esq;

I.

THE Man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his Principles and Trust,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears, can blind;

No

18 ODES of HORACE,

No Passions his Designs controul;
Nor Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can shake his steady Mind.

II.

Nor Parties, for Revenge engag'd;
Nor Threatenings of a Court enrag'd;
Nor Storms where Fleets despair;
Nor Thunder pointed at his Head;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

III.

From this the Grecian Glory rose;
By this the Romans aw'd their Foes;
Of this their Poets sing;
These were the Paths their Heroes trod;
These Arts made *Hercules* a God,
And great *Nessus* a King.

IV.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
Unmov'd he saw the breaking Flood,
With blackening Storms combine:
Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way;
The Wind may for a while delay,
Not alter our Design.

V.

The Man, whom selfish Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,
May be to Fears betray'd:

But

- ‘ But here, a **CHURCH** for Succour flies ;
- ‘ Insulted **LAW** expiring lies,
- ‘ And loudly calls for Aid.

VI.

- ‘ Yes, *Britons*, yes, with ardent Zeal,
- ‘ I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
- ‘ The wounding Hand to bind:
- ‘ See ! Tools of arbitrary Sway,
- ‘ And Priests, like Locusts, scour away
- ‘ Before the *Western Wind*.

VII.

- ‘ **LAW** shall again her Force resume,
- ‘ **RELIGION**, clear’d from Clouds of *Rome*,
- ‘ With brighter Rays advance ;
- ‘ The *British* Fleet shall rule the Deep ;
- ‘ The *British* Youth, as rous’d from Sleep,
- ‘ Strike Terror into *France*.

VIII.

- ‘ Nor shall these Promises of Fate
- ‘ Be limited to my short Date ;
- ‘ When I from Cares withdraw,
- ‘ Still shall the *British* Sceptre stand,
- ‘ Still flourish in a Female Hand,
- ‘ And to Mankind give Law.

IX.

- ‘ She shall Domestic Foes unite ;
- ‘ Monarchs beneath her Flags shall fight ;
- ‘ Whole Armies drag her Chain :

‘ She

120 ODES of HORACE,

- ‘ She shall lost *Italy* restore,
- ‘ Shall make th’ Imperial Eagle soar,
- ‘ And give a King to *Spain*.

X.

- ‘ But know, these Promises are given;
- ‘ These great Rewards impartial Heaven
- ‘ Does on these Terms decree;
- ‘ That, strictly punishing Mens Faults,
- ‘ You let their Consciences and Thoughts
- ‘ Rest absolutely free.

XI.

- ‘ Let no false Politics confine,
- ‘ In narrow Bounds, your vast Design
- ‘ To make Mankind unite;
- ‘ Nor think it a sufficient Cause
- ‘ To punish Men by penal Laws,
- ‘ For not believing right.

XII.

- ‘ *Rome*, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind;
- ‘ *Rome*’s Sons shall your Compassion find,
- ‘ Who ne’er Compassion knew.
- ‘ By nobler Actions theirs condemn:
- ‘ For what has been reproach’d in Them,
- ‘ Can ne’er be prais’d in You.’

XIII.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre;
 Muse! to what Height dost Thou aspire;
 Pretending to rehearse

The

The Thoughts of Gods and godlike Kings?

Cease, cease, to lessen lofty Things

By mean ignoble Verse.

1707.

NOTE.

The Reader may find some Account of Mr. *Walsh*, the Author of this Ode, in the Notes annexed to Mr. *Pope's* Epistles, Vol. I. p. 44 and 56, 11mo. He died in 1708. Mr. *Pope* gives this Character of him, in his *Essay on Criticism*, p. 114. 4to Edition of his Works, 1717.

Such late was *Walsh*, the Muse's Judge and Friend,
Who justly knew to blame, or to commend;
To Failings mild, but zealous for Desert;
The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.

This Ode may be preferred to the Original, as containing a more excellent Moral. We have a Dialogue by the same Hand, perhaps not inferior to *Lucian's*, entitled, *ÆSCULAPIUS, or the Hospital of Fools*. It first appeared in a Collection of Poems, printed for *Pemberton*, 1714, 8vo.

ODE IV.

To CALLIOPE.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

DEscend, thou sweetest of the tuneful Train,
Calliope! thou 'Queen of Song,

Descend, and gracefully prolong,
In solemn Notes, some enthusiastic Strain;

Whether the clear harmonious Voice,
Or animated Lyre, be thy propitious Choice.

Hark!

Hark! hear ye not the Muse? or does a Dream
 The lovely, frantic Scene display?
 For now I listen to her Lay;
 I catch, enraptur'd, her melodious Theme,
 And, fann'd by balmy Zephyrs, rove
 Where murm'ring Waters roll, along the sacred
 Grove.

* Me, yet a Boy, when from the Bounds I stray'd
 Of my *Apulia's* fostering soil,
 This Omen crown'd: As, tir'd with Toil,
 Careless I slumber'd in a Mountain's Shade,
 The fabled Birds of *Venus* spread
 A verdant leafy Wreath around my honour'd Head.

They that in *Bantia* dwell, for Woods renown'd,
 Or ³ *Acherontia*, plac'd on high,
 Or where *Ferentum's* Valleys lie,
 With ⁴ Bays and Myrtle, wondering, saw me
 crown'd,

Safe from the Viper and the Bear,
⁵ Protected by the Gods, an Infant void of Fear!

Whether I climb the *Sabine* Mountain's Height,
 Or over cold *Prænestæ* rove,
 Or muse in *Tibur's* sloping Grove,
 Or in the gentle *Baian* Streams delight,
 Yours, I am yours, ye tuneful Choir,
 And still your sacred Bard You graciously inspire.

⁶ Fond of your Sports and Streams, unhurt I fled
 From dire *Philippi's* fatal Plain;
 Unhurt ⁷ I pass'd the stormy Main
 Of *Sicily*; and my endanger'd Head,
 Unhurt, escap'd the dreadful Fall
 Of that devoted ⁸ Tree; by You secur'd from all

By You protected, I could take my Way
 Where ⁹ *Bosphorus's* Billows foam,
 Amidst th' *Assyrian* Deserts roam,
 Or to ¹⁰ inhospitable *Britain* stray;
 View ¹¹ *Scythia*, or the *Caspian* Shore,
 And, fearless, brave the ¹² Race, that quaff their
 Horses Gore.

¹³ When *Cæsar*, from the Labours of the Field,
 His weary'd Legions breathes; a while
 Reposing from their martial Toil;
 In the ¹⁴ *Pierian* Cave your Counsels yield
 New Transport to your PUPIL's Heart;
¹⁵ You give, and ¹⁶ share Yourselfs the Pleasures
 you impart.

We know how all the bold ¹⁷ Gigantic Train
 To lowest *Tartarus* were driven
 By mighty *Jove*, who ¹⁸ over Heaven,
 And Earth, and Ocean, stretches his Domain:
 All Nature owns his righteous Sway;
 Him Gods, and mortal Men, and shadowy Ghosts,
 obey.

Con-

Confiding in their Strength, the horrid Crew
 Struck *Jove* himself with unknown Fright,
 When on *Olympus*' woody Height
 The daring ¹⁹ Brethren lofty ²⁰ *Pelion* threw:
 But what avail'd ev'n *Typhon*'s Power,
 Or *Mimas*, or ²¹ *Porphyryon*, threatening, like a
 Tower?

What, *Rhoetus*' or *Enceladus*'s Might,
 Whose Arm across the warring Field
 Up-rooted Trees could singly wield,
 When fierce *Minerva*, burning for the Fight,
 High o'er their Heads her ²² *Egis* rear'd,
 And fiery *Vulcan* here, and *Juno* there appear'd?

He too, whose Shoulders ²³ ever shall sustain
 The Quiver and the Bow, who laves
 In pure ²⁴ *Castalia*'s dewy Waves
 His ²⁵ flowing Curls, and makes the ²⁶ *Lycian* Plain,
 Or *Delian* Mountain, his Abode,
 And thence the ²⁷ *Delian* styl'd and *Patarëan*
 God.

But Force, devoid of Prudence, to the Ground
 Self-baffled falls; while, aiding Right,
 The Gods increase well-temper'd Might;
 But justly hate, and justly still confound
 Those Powers, that with perverted Mind
 All Mischief madly brood, to Villainy resign'd.

See!

See! *Gyas* lifts his hundred Hands on high,
 In Witness of this solemn Truth;
 See too ²⁸ *Orion*, 'impious Youth!
 Who dar'd with vile unlawful Love to try
 Th' untainted Goddess of the Wood;
 But soon her Virgin Dart drank deep his vital
 Flood.

They feel their Parent *Earth's* o'erwhelming
 Weight;

²⁹ Their Parent *Earth* laments to see
 Her huge rebellious Progeny
 Driven down, by Lightning, to the Realms of
 Fate;

While endless Flames from *Ætna* rise,
 On the fell Giant cast, who there tormented lies.

Nor, *Tityus*! will th' avenging Vultur spare

Thy growing Liver; in thy Breast

For ever plac'd by *Jove's* Behest;

But still thy Flesh his furious Talons tear;

Nor can ³⁰ *Pirithöus* remove

His thrice a hundred Chains, the Doom of law-
 less Love!

NOTES.

The true Subject of this Ode has not been commonly understood. Take it in a few Words: The Design of *Horace* is to thank the Muses, for the Protection they had procured him from *Augustus*, and for the Pardon he had obtained of that Prince by their Means. It was composed long after the Civil Wars were over. I be-
 VOL. II. C lieve

lieve it was written about the Year of Rome 733, or 734.

DACIER.

Two Passages of this Ode will teach us to fix the true Date of it. *Horace*, in the 27th Line, mentions the Fall of the Tree, by which he was in Danger of being killed. This Accident happened in 733. He adds, at the 39th Line, that *Augustus*, tired with Victories, sojourned himself in the Grotto of the Muses. Now, from the Year 733, I can find no Time to which this can be justly applicable, till the Year 744; for in that Year it was that *Augustus* finished all the Wars of the Empire, and closed the Gates of the Temple of *Janus* for the third and last Time. SANADON.

For my Part, I do not see why the Lines of *Horace* here referred to, viz.

Militiâ simul
Fessas cohortes * addidit oppidis,
Faire quærentem labores,

should be extended farther than to *Augustus's* putting his Forces into Winter Quarters, or Quarters of Refreshment, (when the Campaign was over) as they are interpreted by *Dacier*; and then the Ground of *Sanadon's* Criticism will be entirely removed. D.

1 *Regina Calliope.*] *Horace* seems here to have had in View a Passage of *Hesiod*, where he says, 'that *Calliope* is the most renowned of all the Muses, for she is always in the Train of Kings.'

2 *Me fabulosa—palumbæ.*] *Horace*, after having asked his Friends, whether the Objects which his Imagination represented to him were real, or if they were only agreeable Visions, proceeds to confirm the Truth of them by the Miracles the Muses had wrought for him when he was but a Boy. He therefore here begins to sum up all their Favours; and this insensibly leads him to mention the Pardon he had obtained by their Means.

DACIER.

3 *Celsæ nidum Acherontia.*] *Acherontia* was a City near *Venusia*, on the Borders of *Apulia* and *Lucania*. *Horace* calls it *nidum Acherontia*, the Nest of *Acherontia*; because it was placed upon Rocks, like *Ithaca*; of which *Cicero* says, in his first Book *de Oratore*, *Tanta vis patriæ est, ut Ithacam illam in asperrimis saxulis, tanquam nidulum, af-*

* Or reddidit, as some Copies have it.

fixam, sapientissimus vir immortalitati anteponeret. So strong is the Love of our Country, that the wisest Man among the Greeks preferred his *Ithaca*, built, like a little Nest, on the Summit of a sharp Rock, to Immortality. DACIER.

4 *Ut praeferat sacra*

Lkuroque, collatæque myrto.]

The Bay was sacred to *Apollo*. The Bay denoted, that he should be a Poet; and the Myrtle, that he should be a Lyric Poet.

5 *Non sine Dis animosus infans.*] It is, perhaps, impossible to preserve the Beauty of this Line in a Translation.

6 *Vestris amicis fontibus et choris.*] He here acknowledges, that the Muses preserved him at the Battle of *Philippi*, when the Army of *Brutus* was defeated. This Passage points out the chief Subject of the Ode.

7 *Non Sicula Palinurus undæ.*] It is uncertain at what Time *Horace* was exposed to the Danger he here alludes to. *Dacier* thinks it was on his Return from *Greece*, after the Battle of *Philippi*: But *Sanadon* judges, with more Probability, that it happened when he went with *Maecenas*, on board the Fleet of *Octavius*, to the Coast of *Sicily*, against the younger *Pompey*, in the Year of Rome 716.

8 *Devota non extinxit arbor.*] See Book II. Ode 13, and the 8th Ode of this Book.

9 *Insanientem Bosphorum.*] See the Notes on the last Ode of the second Book.

10 *Britannos hospitibus feros.*] The Britons sacrificed Strangers.

11 *Scythicum amnem.*] The Commentators understand this of the River *Tanaïs*. But *Dacier* thinks, that *Horace* speaks of the *Hyrceanian*, or *Caspian* Sea, which is also called *Scythicus finis*, the Gulph of *Scythia*. The *Latins* use the Word *Amnis*, River, as the *Greeks* do the Word *ωceanος*, to signify the Sea.

12 *Latum equino sanguine Concanum.*] It is thought that *Horace* here meant some People of *Scythia*.

13 *Vos Caesarem altum, &c.*] Here he applies himself more directly to his Subject. After having thanked the

28 ODES of HORACE,

Muses for the Care they had taken of him, and expressed his entire Confidence in them; he explains what he had said before;

Nam me Philippis versa acies retro;
and intimates, that they had procured his Pardon, by humanizing the Heart of *Augustus*. *Altus* undoubtedly stands here for *Alumnus*, *Pupil*. I will be bold to say, that *altus*, for *nobilis*, *excelsus*, is not a noble Word.

DACIER.

If the *Ancients* had put a Capital at the Beginning of Substantives, as has been the modern Custom, it would have prevented this Ambiguity. D.

14 *Pieria recreatis antro.*] *The Pierian Grotto*; that is, the Grotto of the Muses. *Pieria* was in *Macedonia*. *Augustus* was very learned: He had been well instructed in the *Greek* and *Roman* Oratory. His Love of Learning was so great, that at his Meals he always discoursed on Subjects of Literature, and made all the learned Men, whom he invited to his Table, discourse on Subjects adapted to their Talents. He also made some Attempts in Poetry. *Suetonius* informs us, that he composed a Book in *Hexameter* Verse, entitled *SECRET*, in which that Island was described, and a Book of *Epigrams*, which he commonly wrote as he was bathing. DACIER.

15 *Vos bene consilium datis.*] This is a just Encomium on the Muses; for they soften the Mind and the Heart. We seldom find a Man cruel, who is a Lover of Learning; and, as *Horace* observes in another Place,

*Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit;
Si modo cultura patientem commodet aurem.*

Lib. i. Ep. 1.

16. ——— *Et dato
Gaudetis alma.*]

It is not enough barely to do Good; we must also take Delight in it: And this is a Character truly Divine.

17 ——— *Scimus ut impius
Titanas.*]

It is plain, that by these *Titanas*, *Horace* means the Troops of *Brutus* and *Cassius*; and by *Jupiter*, who destroys them with Thunder, *Augustus*. However, it is to be observed, that when he had once named them, he gives a Loose to his Imagination, and describes the Battle between the Gods and Giants, in sixteen pompous Lines. DACIER.

This

This Remark shows, to what a Height *Horace* carried his Flattery, in thus stigmatizing the most virtuous of the *Romans*, who had sacrificed their Lives in the Cause of Liberty. D.

[18 *Imperio regit Unus æque.*] The Heathen Theology taught, that there were three Gods, equal in Dignity, each of which governed his own Dominions with an absolute Authority. They chose their Provinces by Lot: The Empire of the Sea fell to *Neptune*; and of Hell to *Pluto*. *Jupiter* obtained the vast Expanse of the Sky, the Clouds, and Plains of Air. But *Horace* here disclaims this absurd Doctrine: He acknowledges but One God, the sovereign Lord of the World, which he guides with Equity. He governs the *fuggish Mass of Earth*; *terram inertem*: He moderates the *stormy Sea*; *mare temperat ventisqum*: He reigns over the *Shades* and gloomy Realms; *umbras, regnaque tristia*: He commands both *Men and Gods*;

Divesque, mortalesqum turbas:

And, lastly, he governs with Equity, and Abuse;

Imperio regit Unus æque.

Thus *Neptune* and *Pluto* are subject to him. *Horace*, by rejecting the vulgar Theology, enters into the true Sentiment of *Homer*, who also acknowledged One Supreme God, the Master of the World, and the King of Men and Gods. DACIER.

St. Paul alludes to the Heathen Theology here explained, in that remarkable Text, 1 Cor. viii. 5, 6. For though there be that are called Gods, whether in Heaven or in Earth (as there be Gods many, and Lords many); But to us there is but ONE GOD, the FATHER, of whom are all Things, and we in him; and ONE LORD Jesus Christ, by whom are all Things, and we by him. Which Words are thus justly paraphrased by the learned Mr *Mede*: 'Though there be, in the Opinion of the Heathens, 'Gods many, that is, many Celestial Sovereign Gods; 'and Lords many, that is, many Lords Agents, and Presidents over earthly Things; yet to us Christians there is but ONE SOVEREIGN GOD, the FATHER, of whom 'are all Things, and to whom, as Supreme, we are to 'direct all our Services; and but ONE LORD-AGENT 'Jesus Christ, by whom are all Things that come from 'the Father to us, and through whom alone we find 'Access unto Him.' D.

19 *Fratesque.*] *Horace* means *Oibos* and *Ephialtes*. *Virgil* also calls them *Brothers* in the first *Georgic*.

Et conjuratos caelum rescindere fratres.

20 *Pelion imposuisse Olympo.*] *Apollodorus* writes, that they piled *Ossa* on Mount *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*; but *Virgil*, on the contrary, that they put *Ossa* on *Pelion*, and *Olympus* upon *Ossa*:

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam

Scilicet, atque Ossa frondosum involvenda Olympum:

Ter Pater extructas disjecit fulmine montes.

Geor. i. v. 281.

Apollodorus followed *Homer*, who says, in the eleventh Book of his *Odyssey*.

Ὀσσαν ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ παρὰ Πέλιον, αὐτὰρ ἐν Ὀσῷ

Πέλιον ἐν Ὀσῷ.

Strabo observes, that *Homer* has followed the natural Order; by which he intimates, that *Olympus*, being the greatest of the three, ought to be the Foundation and Base of the other two; and that *Pelion*, the smallest, ought to be at the Top, and serve for a Pyramid.

DACIER.

21 *Minaci Porphyryon Jatu.*] *Porphyryon* was the largest of all the Giants.

22 *Contra sonantem Palladis ægida.*] See the Shield, or *Ægis*, of *Pallas*, described in the Notes on the 15th Ode of the first Book. *Horace* here follows the History of the Battle against the Giants, as it is related by *Apollodorus*, who says, that *Minerva*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, and *Vulcan*, assisted *Jupiter*.

23 *Nunquam humeris posturus arcum.*] *Horace*, by this Phrase, denotes the Immortality of *Apollo*. For the Word *humeris*, *Shoulders*, see the Notes on the 1st Ode of the first Book.

24 *Rore puro Castalia.*] *Castalia* was a Fountain of Mount *Parnassus*.

25 *Crines solutos.*] *Apollo* was always painted with long, flowing Hair: For which Reason *Horace* styles him *intonsus*, *unshorn*, Book i. Ode 21.

26 *Qui Lycia tenet*

Dumsta.]

Lycia is at the Bottom of *Asia Minor*, between *Caria* and *Pamphylia*.

27 *Delius*

27 *Delius et Patarëus Apollo.*] He was called *Patarëan* from *Patara*, one of the chief Cities of *Lycia*.

28 *Tentator Orion Diane.*] *Orion* was the Son of the *Earth*, or of *Neptune* and *Euryale*. *Horace* says, that *Diana* shot him with an Arrow, because he attempted to ravish her; but *Lucan*, that she killed him with a *Scorpion*. The Constellation of *Orion* sets, when that of the *Scorpion* rises. *Lucan* seems to have accommodated the Fable to this Circumstance. DACIER.

29 *Injesta monstis Terra dolet suis.*] *Horace* here makes a Person of the *Earth*, and says, she is grieved at the Overthrow of her Sons, and that she was made the chief Instrument of their Punishment; because, in this War of the Giants, *Minerva* cast *Sicily* on *Enceladus*; and *Neptune*, a Part of the Island of *Cos* on *Polybotes*; *Othus* was whelmed under *Crete* (from whence the Phrase *Othii campi*), and *Typhæus* under the Isle *Arima*, otherwise called *Enaria*, or *Prochyta*, opposite to *Campania*. The Ancients feigned, that one of these Giants was buried under every Place from whence Fires were seen to issue.

DACIER.

30 *Amatores Pirithöum.*] *Pirithöus* was the Son of *Ioion*. His Friend *Theseus* accompanied him down to Hell, in order to assist him to carry away *Proserpine*, with whom he was passionately in Love; but *Pluto*, forewarned of their Design, imprisoned; and laid them in Chains. *Theseus* was afterwards delivered by *Hercules*; but *Pirithöus*, as he was following, was divided from him by an Earthquake. This is the Account given by the Poets; But *Plutarch*, *Ælian*, and *Pausanias*, relate this Matter differently. Monsieur *de Mevriac* has largely treated of this Subject, in his Notes on the Epistle from *Phyllis* to *Demophoon* in *Ovid*. DACIER.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY, to *Britain's* favour'd Land
 Far dearer than the Muses fabled
 Throng,
 Propitious guide me with thy friendly Hand,
 And while I sing thy Praises, aid my Song !
 So shall I soar above this earthly Sphere,
 And so shall all thy Sons with due Attention hear.

Bear me, O bear me, to each Plain and Flood
 Renown'd for Triumphs in thy sacred Cause,
 Where in firm Ranks our warlike Barons stood,
 Th' Avengers of thy violated Laws ;
 But chief on *Thames'* fam'd Borders let me stray,
 Then waft me to the *Boyne*, and last to Northern
Spey !

O point the Spot, where, in th' embattled Field,
 Ere Slaughter swell'd the *Boyne's* impetuous
 Tide,
 Thy guardian Arm, with providential Shield,
 Turn'd, unobserv'd, the guiltless Ball aside :
 'Twas thou, blest Nymph, that from th' im-
 pending Blow
 In that important Hour preserv'd thy Champion's
 Brow.

Swift

Swift ran the Rumour through th' *Hibernian* Host
That *William*, dreaded *William*, was no more;
Thence to the Capital and farthest Coast
It flew, and ev'n to *Gallia's* distant Shore;
Each Slave, each Priest, unseemly Joy betray'd,
And *Rome's* triumphant Cross once more in
Thought survey'd.

When *Britain*, in luxurious *Charles's* Reign,
In fatal Union join'd with faithless *Gaul*,
The States of harrass'd *Belgia* to enchain,
Resolv'd to perish, or avert her Fall,
The Patriot-Hero, in his youthful Years,
To Conquest led by thee, dispell'd his Country's
Fears.

Again, when *Tyranny*, worst Fiend of *Rome*,
In this despairing Isle terrific rose,
Soon he dispers'd that more than *Stygian* Gloom,
And soon the Monster sunk beneath his Blows:
To Him, to Thee, we owe that Royal Race
Who now with gentle Sway *Britannia's* Sceptre
Grace.

What though the *Bourbon* Chiefs, inur'd to
Arms, O'er ravag'd *Flandria*, like a Torrent, spread,
Friend to thy Rights, and Votary to thy Charms,
Through *Glory's* Paths thy Hosts the War-
rior led:

C 5.

Witness

Witness thy Plains, O *Stenker*, stain'd with
 Blood,
 Witness dread *London's* Field, and *Sambre's* won-
 dering Flood.

From martial Toils, in *Windsor's* Shades, retir'd,
 Our last Deliverer, of the *Brunswick* Race,
 Our second *William*, with thy Love inspir'd,
 Delights, fair *Liberty*, thy Deeds to trace;
 Display'd in History's recording Page,
 The Triumphs of thy Sons his peaceful Thoughts
 engage.

And well we know by whom the Highland
 Bands

Back to their Friths and native Rocks were
 driven;

Vain their Attempts to seize our cultur'd Lands,
 By *France* and *Rome* commission'd, not by
 Heaven;

Th' almighty Sire, whom Earth and Heaven
 obey,

Confirms a *Brunswick's* Right, approves a *Brunsw-
 ick's* Sway.

Though swift they flew o'er half th' unguarded
 Realm,

And Terror in each loyal Face appear'd,

Tho' all, but *George*, were daunted at the Helm,
 When *Charles* on *Derby's* Plains his Standard
 rear'd;

Yet

Yet what avail'd this fugitive Success?
 What *Perth's* distinguish'd Zeal, or *Levat's* sage
 Address?

What fierce *Balmerino's* undaunted Air,
 Who with stern Smiles the Field of Death
 survey'd;

What wise *Pittligo's* Skill, or *Elebo's* Care,
 Or what ev'n *Manchester's* disloyal Aid?*

When *Crawford*, wafted from the *Belgian* Shore,
 Unsheath'd his dreaded Blade, distain'd with *Turkish*
 Gore;

When *Guest* and *Blakeney*, in *Britannia's* Cause
 Firm and unshaken, check'd their rapid Course;
 And last, to rescue our endanger'd Laws,
 When youthful *William*, with resistless Force,
 Eager pursued them o'er the *Tweed* and *Spy*,
 And dash'd Rebellion's Hopes on fam'd *Culloden's*
 Day..

So perish all whom *Rome's* ensnaring Arts,
 And *Gallia's* flattering Promises, excite
 To rob our Sovereign of his Subjects Hearts,
 And quench our pure Religion's Gospel-
 Light!

So all have perish'd, who, beguil'd by Pride,
 Have sigh'd for Slavery's Yoke, and righteous
 Power defy'd.

* The Manchester Regiment.

36 ODES of HORACE,

What but Ambition, what but Pride, impell'd
Those faithless Spirits in the Realms above,
Who once in Glory and in Bliss excell'd,
Obedient only to the Law of Love,
To fill Heaven's peaceful Regions with Alarms,
"And dare," with impious Rage, "th' Omnipotent to Arms?"

But soon, "hurld headlong from th' æthereal
Sky,"

For ever exil'd from those blest Domains,
(As sings our matchless Bard*) "reserv'd they lie
"In penal Fire and adamantine Chains;"

And there, convinc'd from whence their Sufferings spring,
Too late they see their Crime, and own th' Eternal
King.

1764.

NOTES.

1 In a Meadow, called *Running-mede*, between *Staines* and *Windfor*, King *John* signed *Magna Charta*, and the *Charter of Forests*, in the Year 1215.

2 The Battle of *Culloden* was fought near the Banks of the *Spey*.

3 On *K. William's* first alighting from his Horse [after his Wound] a Deserter had gone over to the Enemy with the News, which was carried quickly into *France*, where it was taken for granted that he could not long outlive such a Wound: So it ran over that Kingdom that he was dead, and upon it there were more public Rejoicings than had been usual upon the greatest Victories. BURNET.

4 *Namur* is situated on the Conflux of the Rivers *Maese* and *Sambre*.

* *Par. Lett.* B. I.

ODE

ODE V.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

WE own the sovereign Power of *Jove*,
Proclaim'd by Thunder from above:

A present Deity we know,

While great ² *Augustus* rules below;

For haughty ³ *Parthia* courts his Chain,

And ⁴ *Britain* swells his wide Domain.

Gods! could a *Roman* tamely bend,

⁵ Could *Crassus*' Veteran condescend

To serve th' insulting *Mede* for Life,

⁶ Match'd with a base Barbarian Wife,

⁷ Forgetful of the *Roman* Name,

The sacred Shields, and *Vesta*'s Flame,

⁸ While *Jove* the *Capitol* retain'd,

And *Rome* without a Rival reign'd!

⁹ A Crime so fatal to prevent,

Old *Regulus* refus'd Consent

To slavish Terms, which he foresaw

A Curse on future Times would draw;

And mov'd, the recreant Youths should lie,

Unransom'd, in Captivity.

¹⁰ I saw, he cry'd, the *Punic* Foes

¹¹ Our Standards in their Fanes expose;

¹² Their Gates unfolded, and the Plain,

¹³ Laid waste by us, now till'd again:

¹⁴ I saw

- ‘ I saw their Arms, a bloodless Prey,
- ‘ From our base Soldiers torn away,
- ‘ And free-born *Romans* coward Hands
- ‘ Behind them ty’d in servile Bands.
- ‘ Say, will they now more brave return,
- ‘ And with Increase of Courage burn?
- ‘ This ¹¹ Ruin adds to Infamy;
- ‘ As to the Fleece, in *Tyrian* Dye
- ‘ Once dipp’d, no Industry nor Art
- ‘ Its native Whiteness can impart;
- ‘ So, when fair Virtue once is stain’d,
- ‘ Her Gloss can never be regain’d.
- ‘ When, disentangled from the Snare,
- ‘ The Hind her Hunter’s Lance shall dare,
- ‘ That Wretch with martial Rage may glow,
- ‘ Who yielded to a faithless Foe,
- ‘ And, in his Turn, the Battle gain,
- ‘ Who, fearing Death, could wear a Chain,
- ‘ Nor knew, uniting Peace with Strife,
- ‘ Valour his only Chance for Life.
- ‘ O *Carthage*! to our endless Shame,
- ‘ Rais’d on the ruin’d *Roman* Name!’

He said; and, ¹² with averted Face,
 Declin’d his Consort’s chaste Embrace,
 As now a Slave, and to be lov’d
 Unworthy; and his Sons remov’d;
 While to the Ground, with Thought intent,
¹³ His awful Eyes he sternly bent,
 Till he the wavering Senate’s Voice
 Had fix’d, to authorize a Choice,

¹⁶ Which

16 Which He, He only, could have made:
 Then, by his Friends in vain delay'd,
 Though conscious of the dreadful Fate,
 17 Projected by Barbarian Hate,
 From 18 Relatives, who press'd his Stay,
 And struggling Crowds, he broke away,
 Serene, as when, from Noise and Strife,
 ' And all the busy Cares of Life,'
 He sought 19 *Venafrum's* sweet Recess,
 Th' Abode of Peace and Happiness!

NOTES.

The Design of *Horace*, in this Ode, is to praise *Augustus* for having humbled the *Parthians* and the *Britons* by the sole Terror of his Arms; which he does with great Address, slightly touching on the latter, and enhancing the Advantage gained by *Augustus* over the *Parthians*, by comparing it with the Victory they had obtained over *Crassus* and the *Romans*. *Horace* was then about 47 Years old. DACIER.

1 *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem
 Regnare.*]

This Comparison of *Augustus* to *Jupiter* is elegant. The one convinces the World by his Thunder, that he reigns in *Heaven*; the other shows by his Victories, that he is a God on *Earth*. The following Lines in the 14th Ode of the first Book may serve as a Comment on this Passage:

*Tu minor latum roget æquus orbem;
 Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
 Tu parum castis inimica mittere
 Fulmina lucis.*

' Subject to Thee only, He shall govern the wide World
 ' with Equity: Thou shalt shake *Olympus* with thy dreadful
 ' Chariot. Thou shalt launch thy vengeful Bolts
 ' against polluted Groves.'

It may not be improper to remark, that the 1st Ode of the first Book was written but three or four Years before this.

2 *Augustus.*] This single Word destroys the Opinion of those, who thought this Ode was written in the Year of Rome 719; for *Octavius Caesar* did not receive the Surname of *Augustus* till seven Years afterwards, viz. in the Year 726.

3 — *Grævibusq; Persis.*] He means the *Parthians*. See the second Ode of the first Book.

4 — *Adjecit Britannis Imperio.*] *Augustus*, in Truth, neither conquered the *Britons*, nor the *Parthians*; but the former sent Ambassadors to sue for Peace, who found him at *Rimini*; on which Account he was considered as their Conqueror; and the latter, of their own Accord, restored the *Emblems* they had taken from *Crassus*: Of which Honour, however, *Augustus* was prouder, than of all his Victories. He thanked the Gods by public Sacrifices, and caused Medals to be struck to perpetuate the Memory of it. DADIER.

5 *Milesæ Crassi.*] The only Design of *Horace*, in describing in such lively Colours the Defeat of *Crassus*, and the Cowardice of his Soldiers, is to heighten the Glory of *Augustus*, who, by his Conduct, had retrieved the Glory of the Roman Name, which had been covered with Infamy from the Year 700 to the Year 733.

6 *Turpis maritus uixit ?*] *Orodes*, King of *Parthia* (the Son of *Ptolemaeus* the Second, and Brother of *Mitridates*) gave *Parthian* Wives to the Soldiers of *Crassus*, whom he had taken Prisoners.

7 *Anciliorum, nominis, et togæ Oblitus, æternæq; Vestæ*]

That is, literally translated, *Forgetful of the Ancilia*, (or sacred Bucklers) *of the Roman Name and Gown* (or Habit) *and of eternal Vesta*. *Horace* aggravates the Baseness of the Roman Soldiers by this solemn Reflection, and intimates hereby, that they had renounced all the great Privileges, to which they were entitled by those sacred Pledges.

A Buckler was said to have fallen from Heaven at Rome, in the Reign of *Numa*; and, at the same Time, a Voice

Voice was heard, declaring, that the City should continue Mistress of the World, while she preserved it; On which Account *Numa* caused eleven more Bucklers to be made, exactly of the same Form, that it might be the more difficult to steal it. See *Festus* on the Word *Mamurii*. The Romans were no less fond of their Habit, than of their Name. Thus *Virgil* calls them,

Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.

The Gown-clad Nation, Sovereign of the World.

By eternal *Vesta*, *Horace* means the Fires, which were perpetually burning in the Temple of *Vesta*.

8 *Incolumi Jove, et urbe Roma.*] By *Jupiter*, *Horace* here means the Temple of *Jupiter*, i. e. the *Capitol*. Thus we still say *St. Peter's*, or *St. Paul's*, to signify the Churches of *St. Peter*, or *St. Paul*.

It was an Aggravation of the Baseness of the Roman Soldiers, so tamely to submit, while the *Capitol* and *Rome* were standing, and, consequently, those sacred Pledges of the Roman Power secure. DACIER.

9 *Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli.*] *Horace* here makes a fine Encomium on *Regulus*: However, we must not forget, that he designs likewise, by this Digression, to praise *Augustus*, who (according to the Maxims of that illustrious Roman) had recovered the Ensigns from the *Parthians*, not by any Exchange, or by Treaty, but by the Glory of his Arms, and the Terror of his Name.

10 *Signa — Panicis*

Affixa delubris.]

There is scarce any Nation, but what used to hang up in its Temples the Ensigns and Spoils, which they gained from their Enemies.

11 *Portasque non clausas, et arva*

— coli.]

To show the great Security of the *Carthaginians*, he mentions these two Circumstances, which commonly attend a profound Peace, viz. the Gates open, and the Fields cultivated. *Sallust*, in like Manner, joins them together; *aperta portæ, repleta arva cultoribus.*

12 *Et arva*

Marte coli populata nostro.]

Regulus had before, in the very same Year, defeated the *Carthaginians* in a Battle, laid waste their Fields, and

and taken from them above three hundred Towns or Castles.

13 — *Flagitio additis*

Damnum.]

‘For the Disgrace is indelible; and you will likewise lose the Money you pay for their Ransom.’ *Horace* has here translated, in three Words, the following Line of *Euripides*, in his *Rhesus*:

‘*Αἴχρον γὰρ ἡμῖν, καὶ ἀπὸς αἰχρὸν κακόν.*

‘It brings upon us both Disgrace and Loss.’

14 *Fertur pudica conjugis osculum*

A se removisse.]

The Poet here resumes the Discourse. As *Regulus* knew, that he should never more return from *Carthage*, he justly considered himself as *diminutus capite*, or a Slave for Life; consequently, his Marriage no more subsisted, since the Marriage Contract was valid only between Citizens: He had no Children; for paternal Power was the sole Right of Citizens: Nor was he any longer a Senator. It was for these Reasons that he pushed from him his Wife and Children. This also will explain to us the following Passage in *Eutropius*: *Ille Romanum cum venisset, inductus in Senatum, nihil quasi Romanus egit, dixitque se ex illa die, qua in potestatem Afrorum venisset, Romanum esse desisse; itaque et uxorem à complexu removit, et Romanis suavit, ne pax cum Pœnis fieret.* ‘When he was come to *Rome*, and introduced to the Senate, he did nothing as a *Roman*; for he said, that from that Day on which he had fallen into the Power of the *Carthaginians*, he ceased to be a Citizen of *Rome*: He therefore refused the Caresses of his Wife, and persuaded the *Romans* not to make Peace with the *Carthaginians*.’

DACIER.

———— *Ut capitis minor].*

Diminutione is here to be understood.

15 ————— *Et virilem*

Torvus humi posuisse vultum.]

Horace here describes *Regulus* waiting, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground (as a Slave, and not a Senator), for the Decree of the Senate: But he himself did not vote; for that would have been contrary to the whole Tenor of his Conduct. Thus also *Tully* represents him, in his 3d Book *de Officiis*, or, of *Moral Duties*: *Senten-*

tiam:

tiam in Senatu dicere recusavit, quod diceret quamdiu jurejurando hostium teneretur, non esse se Senatorem. 'He refused to vote in the Senate; for he said, while he was a sworn Captive to the Enemy, he was no longer a Senator.' DACIER.

16 *Concilio nunquam aliàs dato.*] For never did any Roman give such rigorous Counsel against himself. There are two Things to be considered in the Conduct of Regulus, viz. the Advice he gave not to redeem the Roman Prisoners, and his own Return to Carthage. Horace contents himself with giving a beautiful Image of his Return, but insists largely on his Counsel. No doubt he had in View the following admirable Remark of Tully, in his 3d Book *de Officiis*, Chap. 31. *Sed ex totâ hac laude Reguli, unum illud est admiratione dignum, quod captivos retinendos censuerit; nam quoddam rediit, nobis nunc mirabile videtur, illis quidem temporibus aliter facere non potuit. Itaque ista laus non est hominis, sed temporum; nullum enim vinculum, ad astringendam fidem, jurejurando majores arctius esse voluerunt.* 'But the only Thing which deserves our Admiration, in this applauded Conduct of Regulus, is his persuading the Senate not to restore the Captives. As for his returning to Carthage, it seems now, indeed, wonderful to us; but, in those Times, he could not do otherwise. The Age, I think, is rather entitled to that Praise, than the Man: For our Ancestors thought nothing more sacred and inviolable than the Obligation of an Oath.'

DACIER.

17 *Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus Tortor pararet.*]

Horace here also closely follows Tully, who says, *Neque verò tum ignorabat se ad crudelissimum hostem, et ad exquisita supplicia proficisci.* 'Nor indeed was he then ignorant, that he was going back to a most cruel Enemy, and to exquisite Tortures.'

The Carthaginians increased his Glory by their Barbarity. They cut off his Eyelids, and placed him with his Face to the Sun. After this, they shut him up in a Chest, stuck thick within with Points of Nails, so that he could neither sit nor lean, without excessive Torment; and thus they suffered him to die with Hunger, Anguish, and Want of Sleep. So perished one of those brave Men who are most highly applauded in
Prophane

Prophane History. And if, as is most probable, he aimed at no more than making his Memory famous, it must be owned he gained his Point. But the Misfortune is, that we cannot well ascribe *Regulus's* stiff Refusal, in the proposed Exchange of Prisoners, either to a Love of his Country, or to Humanity. How many unhappy Men would thereby have been rescued from Slavery, and saved from Death! It was buying Glory at too dear a Rate, to purchase it with so much Blood, and at the Expence of the Misery of so many of his Fellow Citizens. CATROU and ROUILLE.

18 *Dimovit obstantes propinquos.*] Benley has well supported this Reading, *propinquos*, by quoting the following Passage of Tully, in his first Book *de Officiis*, which Horace has here imitated: *Primum ut veni, captivos red- dandos non esse, in Senatu censuit. Deinde cum retineretur ab amicis et propinquis, ad supplicium redire maluit quam fidem hosti datam fallere.* As soon as he was returned, he persuaded the Senate not to restore the *Carthaginians* Captives. Afterwards, when his Friends and Relations would have retained him, he rather chose to go back to Torture, than to betray the Faith given to an Enemy.

Horace has not here forgot any of the great Circumstances, which seemed proper to heighten the Character of *Regulus*: And this (as *Longinus* observes) is an in- fallible Method of reaching the Sublime. D'ACIER.

This happened in the Year of Rome 503.
19 *Vanasfrans in agros.*] See the Notes on the 6th Ode of the ad Book.

ODE

ODE VI.

*To the ROMAN PEOPLE.**By WENTWORTH, Earl of ROSCOMMON.*

I.

THOSE Ills your Ancestors have done,
Romans! are now become your own;
 And they will cost you dear,
 Unless you soon repair.
 The falling Temples, which the Gods provoke,
 And Statues fully'd yet with sacrilegious Smoke,

II.

Propitious Heaven, that rais'd your Fathers high,
 For humble grateful Piety,
 As it rewarded their Respect,
 Hath sharply punish'd your Neglect.
 All Empires on the Gods depend,
 Begun by their Command, at their Command they
 end.

III.

Let *Crassus'* Ghost, and *Labiennus*, tell
 How twice, by *Jove's* Revenge, our Legions fell;
 And, with insulting Pride,
 Shining in *Roman* Spoils, the *Parthian* Victors ride.

IV. The

IV.

The ² *Dacian* and *Egyptian* Scum
 Had almost ruin'd *Rome*;
 While our Seditions took their Part,
 Fill'd each ³ *Egyptian* Sail, and wing'd each ⁴ *Da-*
rian Dart.

V.

First, these ⁵ flagitious Times,
 Pregnant with unknown Crimes,
 Conspire to violate the nuptial Bed:
 From which ⁶ polluted Head,
 Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
 And through the spurious Breed, and guilty Na-
 tion, ran.

VI.

Behold a ripe and melting Maid
 Bound 'Prentice to the wanton Trade;
⁷ *Ionian* Artists, at a mighty Price,
 Instruct her in the Mysteries of Vice;
 What Nets to spread; where subtle Baits to lay;
 And, with an early Hand, they form the temper'd
 Clay.

VII.

Married, their Lessons she improves
 By Practice of adulterous Loves;
 And scorns the common mean Design,
 To take Advantage of her Husband's Wine;

Or

Or snatch, in some dark Place,
A hasty illegitimate Embrace,
No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
And bids her rise, when Lovers call.

VIN.

Hither a Merchant, from the *Streights*,
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights;
Or City Cannibal repairs,
Who feeds upon the Flesh of Heirs,
Deep sunk in Vice! whose tributary Flame
Pays the full Price of Lust, and gilds the slighted
Shame.

IX.

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with *Punic* Blood the conquer'd Seas,
And quell'd the stern ¹⁰ *Æacides*;
Made the proud ¹¹ *African* Monarch feel,
How weak his Gold against the *Roman* Steel;
Forc'd e'en dire ¹² *Hannibal* to yield,
And won the long-disputed World, at *Zama's* fatal
Field.

X.

But Soldiers of a ¹³ rustic Mold,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
Or made hewn Woods with weighty Strokes
resound;

And,

And, after the declining Sun,
 Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was
 done,
 Home with the weary Team they took their Way,
 And drown'd, in friendly Bowls, the Labour of
 the Day.

XI.

Time sensibly all Things impairs;
 " Our Fathers have been worse than theirs;
 And we than ours : Next Age will see
 A Race more profligate than we,
 (With all the Pains we take) have Skill enough
 to be.

NOTES.

This Ode is wholly moral. *Horace* shows, that the Contempt of Religion, and a general Corruption of Manners, were the sole Causes of all the Calamities, which had oppressed *Rome*. It was written after the Defeat of *Antony*, that is to say, about the Year of *Rome* 724. or 725. DACIER.

1 *Dis te minorem quod geris. imperas.*] Christians cannot give a better Lesson to Princes, than this: ' You reign, only becau'e you own a God above you, and ' that you hold every thing from him.' *Horace* did not design this so much for the *Romans* as for *Augustus*; of whom he had said, in the 12th Ode of the first Book, addressing himself to *Jupiter*,

Te minor latum reget equus orbem.

2 *Horace* speaks here of the Army of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, who pretended to conquer *Rome*, as he had observed before, in the 37th Ode of the first Book:

Dum Capitolio

*Regina dementes ruinas,
 Funus et imperio parabat.*

It is well known, that the *Æthiopians* and *Dacians* made a great Part of *Antony's* Army.

3 *Antony's* Navy was compos'd chiefly of *Ægyptian* Gallies.

4 Those *Northern* People, the *Dacians*, were very skilful Archers. According to *Strabo*, their Arms were a Sword and Buckler, with a Bow and Quiver.

5 *Fœcunda culpa secula.*] The prevailing Corruption of Manners in *Horace's* Time cannot be better displayed than by the following Epigram of *Catullus*:

*Consule Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, solebant
Mœchi. Illi, ab! facto Consule nunc iterum,
Manserunt duo; sed creverunt millia in unum
Singula. Fœcundum semen adulterio.*

But two Adult'ers here we knew,
When first great *Pompey* reign'd;
And, in his second Year, those two
Adult'ers still remain'd.

But, *Cinna*, now we Thousands see,
In our degenerate Clime,
Sprung from these two. Adultery
Is a prolific Crime.

By those two Adulterers, *Catullus* meant *Cæsar* and *Mamurra*. Soon after *Horace* had written this Ode, *Augustus* published the *Julian Law De adulteriis*, Concerning Adulteries. DACIER.

6 It is very remarkable, that *Horace* ascribes the Civil Wars, and all the Misfortunes of *Rome*, to Adultery. Herein he follows the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, who taught, that nothing is so apt to entail Calamities on a Nation, as the Corruption of Families by a spurious Issue. DACIER.

7 *Matura virgo.*] He says *matura virgo*, because the old *Romans* thought it an immodest thing for a marriageable young Woman to learn to dance: That Diversion was only allowed to Girls.

8 *Motus doceri gaudet Iónicos.*] The *Ionic* Dances were very lascivious; for the *Iónians* were the most voluptuous People in the World.

9 *Non his juvenitus orta parentibus.*] He here proves what he had advanced in the former Part of this Ode, and shows how widely the *Romans* of his Time (cor-

rupted by Adulteries) differed from those old Romans, who had dyed the Seas with the Blood of the Carthaginians, and conquered Pyrrhus, Antiochus, and Hannibal.

10 *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, was one of the Descendants of *Achilles*, the Grandson of *Ææus*; and is thence called by the Translator, *Ææides*. He overcame the Consul *Lævinus*, near *Heraclea*; but soon after was himself defeated by *Fabritius* and *Curius*. After he returned into *Greece*, a Woman (whose Son he was about to kill) slew him with a Tile, aimed at him from the Roof of a House in *Argos*, which he had just taken from *Antigonus*, in the Year of Rome 480. He was esteemed the greatest General of the Age in which he lived.

11 *Ingentem Antiochum.*] *Antiochus*, surnamed the Great, King of *Syria*. He was subdued at Sea by *Emilius Regulus*, defeated on Land by *L. Scipio*, and, at last, slain by his own People in the Year of Rome 567.

12 *Hannibalemque dirum.*] For an Account of *Hannibal*, see the Notes on the 12th Ode of the second Book.

13 *Sed rusticorum mascula militum Proles.*]

The Roman Armies were composed of Men who dwelt in the Country, whom, for the most part, they enlisted from the *Marsh*, *Apulia*, and the Lands of the *Sannites*. There is, on this Subject, a fine Passage of *Varro*, at the Beginning of his Book on Husbandry: *Viri magni, nostri majores, &c.* 'Those great Men, our Ancestors, preferred the Romans of the Country to the Romans of the City; and, indeed, not without Reason: For as even in the Country it is observed, that they who are employed in Houses are more idle than such as work in the Fields; in like manner, they thought the Inhabitants of the City more slothful, than the Inhabitants of the Country.' DACIER.

14 *Ætas parentum.*] *Horace* has here, with great Admiration, comprised the Characters of four Generations in three short Verses. As his Description of the three first is exactly conformable to History, he also proved a Prophet in the fourth. This might be easily shown, by comparing the Reign of *Tiberius* with that of *Augustus*.

DACIER.

See the Remark on the following Imitation.

II. The

The Reader will find some curious Particulars relating to the Life of the Translator of this Ode, in Mr. Fenton's Observations on Waller's Poems, p. 133. 1730. 12mo.

Mr. Pope says of him, in his *Essay on Criticism*,

Such was *Rashdown*, not more learn'd than good,
With Manners generous as his noble Blood;
To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every Author's Merit but his own.

He died in 1684.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Dr. ROBERT LOWTH,
Prebendary of Durham.

To the PEOPLE of GREAT BRITAIN.

I.

BRITON! the Thunder of the Wrath divine,
Due to thy Fathers Crimes, and long withheld from thine,
Shall burst with tenfold Rage on thy devoted Head;
Unless, with conscious Terrors aw'd,
By meek, heart-struck Repentance led,
Suppliant thou fall before th' offended God:
If haply yet thou may'st avert his Ire,
And stay his Arm, out-stretch'd to launch th' avenging Fire.

D 2

II. Did

II.

Did not High God of old ordain,
When to thy Grasp he gave the Sceptre of the
Main,

That Empire, in this favour'd Land,
Fix'd on Religion's solid Base should stand ?
When from thy struggling Neck He broke
Th' inglorious, galling, Papal Yoke,
Humbled the Pride of haughty *Spain*,

And freed thee by a Woman-Hero's Hand ;
He then confirm'd the strong Decree ;

“ *Briton*, be virtuous, and be free ;

“ Be Truth, be Sanctity, thy Guide :

“ Be humble : fear thy God ; and fear thou none
“ beside.”

III.

Oft has th'offended Power his rising Anger shown :
Led on by His avenging Hand,

Rebellion triumphs in the Land :

Twice have her barbarous Sons our war-train'd
Hosts o'erthrown.

They fell a cheap inglorious Prey ;

Th' ambitious Victor's Boast was half suppress'd,

While Heaven-bred Fear, and wild Dismay,

Unmann'd the Warrior's Heart, and reign'd in
every Breast.

IV.

Her Arms to foreign Lands *Britannia* bore ;

Her Arms, auspicious now no more !

With

With frequent Conquest where the Sires were
crown'd,

The Sons ill-fated fell, and bit the hostile Ground:

The tame, war-trading *Belgian* fled,

While in his Cause the *Briton* bled:

The *Gaul* stood wondering at his own Success;
Oft did his hardiest Bands their wonted Fears
confess,

Struck with Dismay, and meditating Flight:

While the brave Foe still urg'd th' unequal Fight,

While WILLIAM, with his Father's Ardor fir'd,

Through all th' undaunted Host the generous
Flame inspir'd.

V.

But heavier far the Weight of Shame,

That sunk *Britannia's* Naval Fame:

In vain she spreads her once victorious Sails;

Or Fear, or Rashness, in her Chiefs prevails;

And wildly *these* prevent, *those* basely shun the
Fight:

Content with humble Praise, the Foe

Avoids the long-impending Blow;

Improves the kind Escape, and triumphs in his
Flight!

VI.

The monstrous Age, which still increasing Years
debase,

Which teems with unknown Crimes, and genders
new Disgrace,

First, unrestrain'd by Honour, Faith, or Shame,
 Confounding every sacred Name,
 The hallow'd nuptial Bed with lawless Lust profan'd:

Deriv'd from this polluted Source,
 The dire Corruption held its Course
 Through the whole canker'd Race, and tainted all
 the Land.

VII.

The ripening Maid is vers'd in every dangerous
 Art, [Heart;
 That ill adorns the Form, while it corrupts the
 Practis'd to dress, to dance, to play,
 In wanton Mask to lead the Way,
 To move the pliant Limbs, to roll the luring Eye;
 With Folly's gayest Partizans to vye
 In empty Noise, and vain Expence;
 To celebrate, with flaunting Air,
 The Midnight Revels of the Fair;
 Studious of every Praise, but Virtue, Truth, and
 Sense.

VIII.

Thus lesson'd in Intrigue, her early Thought improves,
 Nor meditates in vain forbidden Loves:
 Soon the gay Nymph, as Nature leads, shall rove
 Free and at large amid th' *Idalian* Grove;
 Or, haply jealous of the Voice of Fame,
 Mask'd in the Matron's sober Name,

With

With many a well-dissembled Wile,
 The kind, convenient Husband's Care beguile :
 More deeply vers'd in *Venus*' mystic Lore,
 Yet for such meaner Arts too lofty and sublime,
 The proud, high-born, *Patrician* Whore
 Bears unabash'd her Front, and glories in her
 Crime.

IX.

Hither, from City, and from Court,
 The Votaries of Love resort ;
 The Rich, the Great, the Gay, and the Severe ;
 The pension'd Architect of Laws ;
 The Patriot, loud in Virtue's Cause ;
 Proud of imputed Worth, the Peer :
 Regardless of his Faith, his Country, or his Name,
 He pawns his Honour and Estate,
 Nor reckons, at how dear a Rate
 He purchases Disease, and Servitude, and Shame.

X.

Not from such dastard Sires, to every Virtue lost,
 Sprung the brave Youth, which *Britain* once could
 boast ;
 Who curb'd the *Gaul*'s usurping Sway,
 Who swept unnumber'd Hosts away,
 On *Agincourt* and *Cressy*'s glorious Plain ;
 Who dy'd the Seas with *Spanish* Blood,
 Their vainly-vaunted Fleets subdu'd,
 And spread the mighty Wreck o'er all the van-
 quish'd Main.

56 ODES of HORACE,

XI.

No;—'twas a generous Race, by Worth trans-
missive known:

In their bold Breasts their Fathers Spirit glow'd;

In their pure Veins their Mothers Virtue flow'd;

They made hereditary Praise their own.

The Sire his emulous Offspring led

The rougher Paths of Fame to tread;

The Matron train'd their spotless Youth,

In Honour, Sanctity, and Truth:

Form'd by th' united Parents Care,

The Sons, though bold, were wise; the Daughters
chaste, though fair.

XII.

How Time, all-wasting, ev'n the worst impairs,

And each foul Age to Dregs still fouler runs!

Our Sires, more vicious ev'n than theirs,

Left us, still more degenerate Heirs,

To spawn a baser Brood of Monster-breeding Sons!

1746.

NOTE.

It is observable, that in the last Stanza of this excellent Imitation, the Author has improved on his Original by introducing a Generation more, by the happy Use of the Compound Epithet *Monster-breeding*. D.

ODE

O D E VII.

To ASTERIE.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *senior.*

SAY, why does fair *Asterie* mourn?
 Why doubt her Lover's wish'd Return?
 The vernal Gales her *Gyges* shall restore,
 And kindly waft the longing Youth,
 Of constant and unshaken Truth,
 With a rich Cargo from *Bithynia's* Shore.

At *Oricum*, by Southern Gales
 Detain'd, his Doom he now bewails,
 Nor through long freezing Nights can close his
 Eyes:

While stormy Winds confine him there,
 Impatient the Restraint to bear,
 He lengthens out the ling'ring Hours with Sighs.

Mean while, his Hostess strives to move,
 And tempt him to licentious Love;
 Her Envoy shows, how his obliging Dame
 Is prey'd upon by secret Fire;
 Describes her pining with Desire,
 And tries each Art alluring Wit can frame;

Relates how * *Sthenobæa's* Tears
 Provok'd believing *Prætor's* Fears;
 How, stung by fatal Jealousy, she strove
 The * Son of *Glaucus* to destroy,
 (Rash to refuse the proffer'd Joy!)
 And Vengeance vow'd for her affronted Love:

How * *Peleus*, on the Brink of Fate,
 Felt the dire Force of female Hate,
 Whilst from *Hippolyte*, too chaste, he fled:
 * With various Tales he plies the Youth,
 To wake his Fears, or taint his Truth,
 And win him to despairing *Chloë's* Bed.

In vain!—He, faithful, hears no more
 Than Rocks, when Seas and Tempests roar;
 Nor owns the Conquest of her wily Eyes—
 But thou, my Fair, perform thy Part,
 Nor let *Enipeus's* subtle Art
 Thy soft unguarded Soul by Stealth surprize.

What though no Youth, in *Mars's* Field,
 Such Proofs of manly Strength can yield,
 To curb the Courser; and, with nervous Arms,
 The rapid *Tyber* to divide,
 And stem the Torrent of the Tide;
 With Caution view thy Neighbour's dangerous
 Charms!

* *Bellerophon.*

At

At *Night's Approach, thy Door be barr'd;
 Nor from thy Window once regard
 His plaintive Flute with tender pitying Eye:
 And though he vows, and mourns his Pains,
 Oft calls thee cruel, and complains,
 Yet still be cruel, and his Suit deny!

NOTES.

Horace addresses this Ode to a Lady. It seems, at first, as if his Design was to comfort her for the Absence of her Husband, or of her Lover, whose Return was prevented by contrary Winds: But we find, at the End of the Ode, that this is only an Artifice, which he employs to admonish her to be constant to *Gyges*, and to withstand the Sollicitations of her Neighbour *Enipeus*, as *Gyges* was proof against the Tenderness of his Hostess *Chloë*. DACIER.

1 *Ut Prætum mulier perfida credulum.*] *Homer* calls the Wife of *Prætus*, *Antea*: but the Tragic Writers, *Sthenobæa*. Being unable to prevail on *Bellerophon* to gratify her Passion, and fearing lest he should discover her criminal Love to her Husband, she first accused him. This Story is related at large in the 6th Book of the *Iliad*, and in the 2d Book of *Apollodorus*.

2 *Narrat pene datum Peleæ Tartaro.*] *Peleus*, the Father of *Achilles*, was accused by *Hippolyte*, in the same Manner as *Bellerophon* had been by *Antea*. *Pindar* relates this Story in his 5th *Nemean Ode*, and *Apollodorus* in his 3d Book.

3 *Peccare docentes historias.*] *Horace* prettily feigns, that this Confidant of *Chloë* makes use of two Means to prevail upon *Gyges* to comply with her Wishes: 1. He threatens him with the Fate of *Bellerophon* and *Peleus*, who were exposed to great Dangers, for resisting the Sollicitations of the Ladies who entertained them. 2. He proposes the Examples of those, who had not been so hard-hearted. This is what *Horace* calls *peccare docentes historias*, Stories teaching to transgress. Such are the

60 ODES of HORACE,

Stories of *Paris* and *Helen*, and of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*.
Peccare is here the proper Word. DACIER.

4 *Primâ nocte*.] The Romans made use of the Words
primus and *postremus*, to signify the Beginning and the
 End of one and the same thing. *Virgil* has said, in like
 manner, *primus mensis*, the Beginning of the Month; *prima*
urbs, the Entry, or Skirts of the City. Thus *primâ nocte*
 here signifies, in the Beginning, or, at the Approach, of
 Night. DACIER.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By another Hand.

To Mrs. ————.

WEEP not, O peerless Wife! in vain,
 Your Dear, whom distant Lands detain,
 Your kind, your constant Spousy;
 Bless'd with the forfeit Wealth of *Spain*,
 Kind Gales will give him us again,
 And from Affliction rouse ye.

Still, though remote, his Love is true,
 Sole Empress of his Heart are you,
 No other She can win him;
 For you he wastes cold Nights, I know,
 In Tears, and tossing to and fro,
 As if old *Nick* was in him.

The Toilet-Damsel, where he lives,
 Tells him how sore her Lady grieves,
 At his unkind disdaining;

Says,

Says, ill-tim'd Virtue never thrives,
 Decries the homely Love of Wives,
 And deafs him with complaining.

She sets before his Eyes by rote,
 How prudish *Joseph* lost his Coat,
 And far'd yet worse, refusing;
 Nor is poor *Peleus*' Case forgot,
 Who (troth!) had well nigh gone to pot,
 For proffer'd Love misusing.

With Tales encouraging to Sin,
 She thus eternally puts in;
 He sighs for you, and hears 'em;
 Yet never she his Heart could win,
 Firm as a Rock he yet has been,
 And Dangers, he ne'er fears 'em.

You, in Return, his Wife so fair,
 Of Neighbour *Tinsel* should beware,
 That constant, civil Teaser;
 A Wife like you, oblig'd so far,
 Your absent *Harry*'s only Care,
 No foreign Vows should please her.

His 'broider'd Coat, his clouded Cane,
 His Air in taking *Spanish* plain,
 His most prodigious Breeding;
 Full many a Dame these Arts have ta'en,
 Forgetful of her absent Swain,
 For want of timely heeding.

Shut

62 ODES of HORACE,

Shut then the Door, at early Night,
Nor give a Look, nor show a Light,
Though forty *Kins* are squeaking:
Here, to be cruel still is right;
Ev'n though he raves, and swears downright
His very Heart is breaking.

O D E VIII.

To MÆCENAS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

I^N *Greek* and *Roman* Writings skill'd,
You wonder what these *Vases*, fill'd
With Incense, mean; and why my Head
³ Flowers on this ⁴ Festival adorn;
And why on verdant Turf I burn
These ⁵ Coals, a Stranger to the genial Bed!

To *Bacchus*' Guardian Power, ⁶ the Blood
Of a white Goat I grateful vow'd,
When ⁷ just escap'd the falling Oak:
And now, as Years renew the Feast,
Of all my Casks will pierce the best,
Since ⁸ *Tullus* rul'd, improv'd with mellowing
Smoke.

A hundred Glasses to a Friend
Sav'd from such Peril, should commend

Your

Your Love, *Mæcenat*!—To our Joys,
 Prolong'd by watchful Lamps ¹⁰ till Light,
 Devote we this auspicious Night
 Of social Mirth, but ¹¹ free from Jars and Noise.

Awhile forget ¹² your Civil Cares;
 Discard each Thought of State-Affairs;
 The ¹³ *Dacian* Chief is overthrown;
 The ¹⁴ *Medes* conspire against their Lords,
 Frantic they fight, nor wait our Swords,
 But fall in Crowds, the Victims of their own,

To Rome, our ¹⁵ old *Cantabrian* Foes,
 And ¹⁶ *Scythians* yield, with ¹⁷ loosen'd Bows.

Let Sages future Fate foretell,
 And o'er the public Safety watch,
 While we the present Moment snatch,
 And, high in Spirits, bid our Cares farewell.

NOTES.

Sanadon fixes the Date of this Ode to the Year of Rome 735, after the subduing of the *Cantabrians*, mentioned by *Horace* in the 22d Verse, which happened in 734.

1 *Doctæ sermones utriusque lingue.*] *Dacier* supposes these Words to mean the *Greek* and *Roman* Languages; and says, 'that this was paying *Mæcenat* a great Compliment; for, though *Latin* was the native Language of the *Romans*, they were very careful to study it; and there were public Schools at *Rome* for That, as well as for the *Greek*. What he adds concerning *France*, may be justly applied to *England*; viz. 'We should be glad if *We* had Schools for the same Purpose; for our native Language is not so easy to be understood as some
 ' imagine.'

'imagine.' And on this Account it were to be wished, that a proper Use were made of some excellent Observations on that Subject in Mr. *Sheridan's* Treatise on *British Education*. *Dacier* thinks his Construction of these Words so very clear, that he is surprised how any one can doubt the Truth of it.

On the other hand, *Bentley* and *Sanadon* understand, by the Word *sermones*, the *Learning* and *Philosophy* of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, as *Horace* elsewhere uses the Phrase *Socratici sermones* to the same Purpose: And this is the only Sense, which has any Relation to the Subject. The Surprise of *Mæcenas* arose from his exact Knowledge of the *Festivals* and *Ceremonies* of the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

2 *Acerra thuris plena.*] It has been doubted, whether *acerra* signifies a little Altar, or a Vase. But it appears by the ancient Marbles, that it was a Vase, in which Incense used to be burned. It was also placed at the Feet of the Deceased, while they were laid out at the Gate; as the Holy-water Pot is now used.

He says, the Vase was *plena thuris*, full of Frankincense, to intimate the Ardor of his Devotion. Thus *Virgil*, in the 5th *Æneid*:

— Et plenâ supplex veneratur acerrâ. DACIER.

3 *Quid velint flores.*] *Horace* conforms himself to the Ceremonies of the Day; for the Women then offered Flowers to *Juno*, and wore also flowery Chaplets. Thus *Ovid*, in his 3d Book *de Fastis*:

Ferte Deæ flores; gaudet florentibus herbis
Hæc Dea; de tenero cingite floris caput.

4 *Martiis Calendis.*] The Calends of March, i. e. the first of March. The first Day of March was held as a Festival by the Roman Ladies, because on that Day the *Sabines*, who had been stolen by the *Romans*, made a Reconciliation between their Husbands and their Fathers, when the two Armies were just going to engage; and because on the same Day they dedicated a Temple to *Juno* on Mount *Esquiline*. They therefore kept it with a great deal of Pomp. In the first place, they sacrificed to *Juno* in that Temple, and offered Flowers to her. All the rest of the Day they stayed at home, richly adorned, and there expected the Presents which their Friends and Husbands sent them, as it were by way of

Acknow-

Acknowledgement for this happy Mediation. The *Calends of March* were therefore called *Matronalia, et matronales Feriae*. While the Wives offered their Sacrifices to *Juno*, the Husbands did the same to *Janus*; and this was the Ground of the Ode. But, for the right understanding of it, it must be supposed, that *Mecenas*, having been to visit *Horace* the same Day, and finding him busy in preparing a Sacrifice, expressed some Surprise to see an unmarried Man so employed. *Horace* from thence takes Occasion to address this Ode to him, and invite him to the Sacrifice, as they used to treat their best Friends. DACIER.

5 — *Positisqus carbo in Cespite vivo.*

This shews, that the Turf served for an Altar; or, perhaps, the Altar was only covered with it. *Vivo cespice, living Turf; i. e. green Turf.*

6 — *Et album Libero caprum.*

Horace here says, that on the Day in which he had like to have been killed, he vowed a white Goat to *Bacchus*: And yet, in the 17th Ode of the second Book, he promised a Lamb to *Faunus* on the same Occasion. It is easy to solve this Difficulty. It has been observed, in the Notes on the 17th Ode, that there was a great Resemblance between *Faunus* and *Bacchus*, the tutelary Gods of the Poets, or, rather, that *Faunus* and *Bacchus* were only different Names of one and the same God, to whom different Victims were offered, according to the Name by which he was addressed. When he was called *Faunus*, a Lamb was offered to him; when *Bacchus*, a Goat.

For the most part, those Animals, which the Gods abhorred, were sacrificed to them. For Example, *Bacchus* hated the Goat, because it crops the Vines: For which Reason it was offered to him as a Victim. It was necessary it should be white, because white Victims were offered to the Celestial, and black to the Infernal Gods.

DACIER.

7 *Prope funeratus.* See the 13th and 17th Odes of the second Book. The 13th Ode was written first; then this; and the 17th after these two.

8 *Consule Tullo.* *Lucius Volcatius Tullus* was Consul with *Augustus*, in the Year of Rome 720. But, without Doubt,

Doubt, *Horace* does not here speak of that Consulship. For that Wine would have been made but nine Years; and, consequently, would not have been very old. Mr. *Le Fevre* has very well observed, that *Horace* here means the *L. Volentius Tullus*, who was Consul with *Marcus Lepidus* a Year before the Birth of *Horace*, in the Year of Rome 687. *Horace* might with Reason boast of this Wine as very old, since it had been made forty-three Years. DACIER.

Sanadon (in Opposition to the foregoing Note of *Dacier*) understands this of the second Consulship of the latter *Tullus*, which happened in the Year of Rome 721. Wines (says he) above twenty Years old were thought very bad by the Romans, as *Pliny* relates: Besides, when they had been ripened in the Smoke, they could not be kept long, according to *Columella*.

8 *Vigiles lucernas.*] The Romans never made Entertainments but at Night. They had no Candles, nor Wax Tapers, but only Lamps. Thus *Virgil*:

— *Dependent lychni taquearibus auris
Incens, et noctem flammis sinalia vincunt.*

From gilded Roofs, depending Lamps display
Nocturnal Beams, that emulate the Day.

DRYDEN.

Dacier has translated *vigiles lucernas*, à la clarté de ces flambeaux, by the Lustre of those Tapers. He says, the Word *Lamp* cannot be borne in an Ode in the French Language, and least of all at an Entertainment.

Milton, in his Description of the Pandæmonium of Satan, has not barely imitated, but very much improved upon the fore-cited Lines of *Virgil*, in a Manner perfectly antique:

The Roof was fretted Gold: From whose high Arch,
Pendent by subtle Magic, many a Row
Of starry Lamps and blazing Cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded Light
As from a Sky.

10 *Perfer in lucem.*] It was usual with the Romans, on these solemn Occasions, to pass the whole Night in carousing. Thus *Propertius*, Book iv, Elegy 6,

*Sic noctem paterâ, sic ducam carmine, donec
Injiciat radios in mea vina dies.*

11 — *Procul*

11 — *Procul omnis esto*

Clamor et ira.]

Sanadon has well observed, that *esto* is here used for *erit*. The Poet intimates to *Mæcenas*, that this little Revel should pass without that Noise, and those *Bacchanalian* Transports, for which his Patron had no Relish. *Horace* has elsewhere used *abstineto* for *abstinobis*. *Dacier* has mistaken the Sense of this Passage. He fancies, that *Horace* advises *Mæcenas* not to put himself into a Passion, nor to chastise nor rebuke any one for neglecting his Orders, while he was regaling himself at his House. The Reflection he makes on Dr. Bentley's Interpretation of a Passage in this Ode, may here be justly retorted: *N'est pas là un beau sens?* D.

12 *Mæcenas* was then Governor of *Rome*, whose Business it was to suppress Tumults, to regulate Markets, to give Orders about the Public Spectacles, and, in a Word, to have an Eye on every thing that passed in the City, and in the Suburbs.

13 *Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen.*] *Horace* here calls *Cotison* a *Dacian*, and *Suetonius* calls him King of the *Getes*. Each of these Names comprised those two People. *Cotison* had taken Part with *Antony* against *Augustus*.

14 *Medus infestus sibi lucifugis*

Dissidet armis.]

Horace here speaks of the Civil Wars of the *Medes*, or *Parthians*, who had driven out their King *Pbraätes*: And though *Pbraätes* was at that Time replaced on the Throne, yet those Disorders were not yet appeased. *Strabo* expressly says, that when *Pbraätes* surrendered to *Augustus* the Roman Standards and Prisoners, he put into his Hands his four Sons, with his two Daughters-in-law, and four Grand-children, because he was afraid of Seditions, and distrusted the Fidelity of his Subjects.

15 *Vetus hostis*] For the Romans had waged War in Spain above two hundred Years before they subdued the *Cantabrians*. *Strabo* observes hereupon very judiciously, that the Spaniards had protracted the War so long, by not opposing the Romans all at once, but some Provinces after others, and in small Bodies, like Troops of Highwaymen: Whereas the Gauls, who were of a more impetuous Genius, were much sooner conquered, though attacked later: For as they encountered the Romans with great

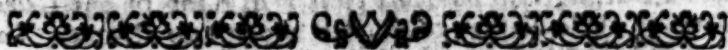
68 ODES of HORACE,

great Armies, they also lost the greatest Part of their Forces in a single Battle. DACIER.

The same Difference in the Genius of the *French* and *Spaniards*, which *Strabo* remarks, is still observable in those two Nations, viz. the former quick and impetuous, the latter slow and phlegmatic. The different Tempers of different Nations seem, therefore, to be in a great measure owing to the Difference of the Climates, where they are born and educated, as has been well observed by the Author of an ingenious Poem, entitled, *The Nature of Man.* D.

16 The *Scythians* here mentioned are the same People whom he calls *Geloni*, *Gelons*, in the 9th Ode of the second Book.

17 *Laxo arcu.*] It was the Custom of the *Parthians*, *Scythians*, and all the Northern Nations, to hold their Bows unstrung, when they offered Proposals of Peace, to signify they were ready to retire; as we are informed by *Appian* and *Plutarch*.



O D E IX.

A Dialogue between HORACE and LYDIA.

By Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Late Lord Bishop of Rochester.

HORACE.

WHILST I was fond, and You were kind
Nor any dearer Youth, reclin'd
On your soft Bosom, sought to rest,
Not *Persia's* Monarch was so blest.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

Whilst you ador'd no other Face,
Nor lov'd me in the second Place,
Your *Lydia's* celebrated Fame
Outshone the *Roman Iliad's* Name.

HORACE.

Me, *Chloë* now possesses whole ;
Her Voice and Lyre command my Soul :
Nor would I Death itself decline,
Could I redeem her Life with mine.

LYDIA.

For Me young lovely *Calais* burns,
And Warmth for Warmth my Heart returns.
Twice would I Life for Him resign,
Could his be ransom'd thus with mine.

HORACE.

What if the God, whose Bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the Yoke ;
What if my *Chloë* cease to reign,
And *Lydia* her lost Power regain !

LYDIA.

Though *Phosphor* be less fair than He ;
Thou wilder than the raging Sea ;
Lighter than Down ; yet gladly I
With Thee would live, with Thee would die.

NOTES.

NOTES.

This Ode is a Master-piece in its Kind. *Horace* has had the Address to blend the native Simplicity of rustic Dialogue with the easy Gallantry of the Court. We know not exactly at what Time it was written: It is however certain, that it must have been before the 25th, and after the 8th, the 13th, and the 23d Odes of the first Book.

The learned *Scaliger* was infinitely fond of this Ode, and of the 3d Ode of the fourth Book, as appears by his own remarkable Words in the sixth Book of his *Poetics*: *Omnes Horatii Ode tanta sunt venustatis, &c.* 'All the Odes of *Horace* are so beautiful, that they have effectually discouraged me, and all Persons of common Prudence, from any Attempts of the same Kind. But I have taken Notice of two in particular, than which I do not think Ambrosia or Nectar can be sweeter. One of them is the 3d of the fourth Book, *Quem tu, Melpomene, semel, &c.* and the other the 9th of the third Book, *Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.** I had rather have written Odes like these than many of *Pindar's*, or even than to be King of all *Arragon*.'

1 The *Greeks* and *Romans* inviolably observed two Laws in these Dialogues; viz. 1. He who spoke last was to answer in the same Sort of Verse, and with the same Number of Lines: 2. He was obliged flatly to contradict, or to improve upon, what the former had said. *Horace* has observed both these Rules. See also *Virgil's* 3d and 7th *Eclagues*.

2 This is spoken according to the Superstition of the Ancients, who imagined, that the Life of one Person might be redeemed by the Death of another. The Story of *Alcestis*, who died to prolong the Life of her Husband *Admetus*, is well known. Hence arose those frequent Devotements for the Lives of Princes; which are still practised in some Countries. DACIER.

* The Prelate, whose elegant Translation we have here adopted, was probably of the same Opinion, since he has translated these two Odes, and, as far as we know, these two only.

3 ——— *Improba*

Iracundior Adria.]

Horace has elsewhere said, that he was passionate, but easy to be reconciled;

Irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis essem.

4 *Tu leuior cortice.*] The Translator has improved on the Original, by changing *Cork* for *Down*.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By another Hand.

AMYNTAS.

CÆLIA, when I alone was blest

In full Possession of thy Breast,

Nor other happy Youth had Part

Of that, ah! too inconstant Heart;

Made by thy Love both rich and great,

I envy'd not the Regal State.

CÆLIA.

Amyntas, when thy lasting Lays

Were only fill'd with *Cælia's* Praise,

When yet no Rival's hated Name

Disgrac'd thy Passion, and my Fame;

Than *Venus* self more Joy I knew,

Were all the Tales of Poets true.

AMYNTAS.

Bound in *Lucinda's* pleasing Chains,

O'er every Sense the Fair-one reigns;

Her

Her heavenly Voice, with sweet Surprise,
 Extends the Conquest of her Eyes:
 My Life I gladly would resign,
 Hers to prolong, more dear than mine.

CÆLIA.

In every Motion of my Breast,
 The Power of *Thyrsis* is confess'd;
 I feel, with Joy, the warm Desires;
 An equal Flame, *his* Bosom fires:
 Repeated Deaths I would sustain,
 Might those preserve the lovely Swain.

AMYNTAS.

What if our mutual Loves return,
 And we with wonted Ardor burn;
 If the kind God his gentle Yoke,
 Imposes, never to be broke;
 And, from *Lucinda's* Bonds set free,
 I give my destin'd Heart to Thee?

CÆLIA.

Though the dear Youth is kind and fair,
 And constant as the Turtles are;
 Thou, boisterous as the Northern Wind,
 And light as Cork, to Change inclin'd:
 With thee my blissful Days I'd spend,
 And in thy Arms my Life would end!

ODE

ODE X.

To LYCÉ.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, sen.

DID *Lycé* drink at *Tanais*' Head,
And share a savage *Scythian*'s Bed,
She could not, with un pitying Eyes,
Behold her Lover on the Floor,
Extended near her freezing Door,
And pierc'd by Winds that blow from Northern
Skies.

Hark! on the Gate how loud they beat:
'The Trees, that shade thy beauteous Seat,
With the tumultuous Noise resound!
Fierce drives the Storm; while *Æther* clear
Glazes the Snow with Frost severe;
And Spangles glitter on the glassy Ground!

Oh! then thy proud Disdain remove,
Ungrateful to the Queen of Love,
Lest my fond Passion ebb again:
Sprung from a *Tuscan* Father, 'Thou
Art no *Penelope*, I know,
To let thy plaintive Wooers sigh in vain.

If Vows and Gifts are all too weak;
 And the dead Paleness of my Cheek
 Fails thy obdurate Breast to move;
 If, though thy Consort scorns thy Charms,
 And takes a Songstress to his Arms,
 Thou wilt not listen to my worthier Love;

Nor Cupid's feeble Darts can reach
 Thy Heart, obdurate as the Beech,
 And fierce as Snakes on Libya's Shore;
 Yet know, though now my Sides can bear
 The pelting Rain, and nipping Air,
 * The Time will come, when they can bear no
 more!

NOTES.

We have hitherto only seen a Fragment of one of those Songs, which the Gallants used to sing at the Gates of the Courtesans, when they were shut out; and that is in the 15th Ode of the first Book. But we have here an entire Ode, which Horace sings at the Gate of *Lycé*. What renders it the more valuable, is, that it is the only Latin Song, of this Kind, now extant: And in Greek we have but three whole ones; viz. two in *Theocritus*, and one in *Aristophanes*. It is true, indeed, that these are sufficient to give us a clear Idea of this Custom. It is to be remembered, that the Voice and Flute were both employed on these Occasions.

DACIER.

1 Quo nemus

Inter pulchra situm tecta remugiat.]

It is inferred from this Passage, that *Lycé* was a Person of considerable Fortune, since she lived in so magnificent a House.

11. 2 Non

M

2 *Non te Penelopen, difficilem prociis,
Tyrrenus genuit parens.*]

Horace here tells *Lycis*, that, being descended from a *Tuscan* Father, Nature did not design her for a *Penelope*: For the *Tuscans* were addicted to Pleasure, and very luxurious. It was a common Proverb, by way of Reflection on a Lady's Chastity, to say, She is no *Penelope*; in like Manner as we now say, Such a one is no *Lucretia*, or no *Vestal*. Thus also *Ovid*, in his first Book *de Arte Amandi*;

Penelopen ipsam; per se modo, impere vincas.

DACIER.

3 A pale Complexion was always esteemed one of the Marks of Love. Thus *Ovid*:

Pallens omnis amans; color est hic aptus amanti.

4 What *Horace* here threatens, was afterwards verified by the Event; for he satyrized her in the 13th Ode of the fourth Book.

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE sen.

HERMES! (by whom ² *Amphion's* Song
Inspir'd, drew docile Stones along)

And thou, ³ sweet HARP, who canst controul

* With seven harmonious Strings th' according
Soul;

Once ⁵ mute, but ⁶ grateful now at Feasts,

To cheer the Gods, and godlike Guests,

Teach me such Numbers, as may pierce

My ⁷ *Lyde's* Ears; though, to my Vows averse,

She sports along the verdant Plain,
 Like a fleet Filly; thuns the Rein;
 Fears to be touch'd; nor yet will prove,
 Wild and untry'd, the pleasing Pains of Love!

Thou, Tygers and attentive Woods,
 Canst charm, and stop the rapid Floods;
 The Porter of th' Infernal Hall,
 Fierce Cerberus, obeys thy soothing Call;

Though all around his dreadful Head,
 A hundred hissing Snakes are spread;
 His Mouth though fiery Vapour fills,
 And from his triple Tongue black Gore distills!

Thy Notes "Ixion's Pains beguil'd;
 "Tityus awhile, reluctant, smil'd;
 Dry was the "Danais Urn; thy Strain
 Reliev'd the Labours of the Virgin-Train.

"The Streams through leaky Vessels spilt,
 "The Torment equal to their Guilt,
 "Fair Lyde, hear! Revenge, though slow,
 "Overtakes the Guilty in the Realms below.

Just Pains those Sisters suffer there,
 Who with disloyal Hand could dare,
 Ev'n at the silent Hour of Rest,
 (What could they more!) to pierce each Hus-
 band's Breast!

Of

- ‘ Of all the Virgins, One alone
 ‘ Worthy the Bridal ¹⁵ Torch was known,
 ‘ Who, ¹⁶ gloriously deceitful, brav’d
 ‘ Her perjur’d Father, and her Comfort fav’d :

 “ Awake ! the cry’d : Awake ! Arise !
 “ Left Sleep eternal seal thy Eyes :
 “ Arise ! and, Oh ! elude in Time
 “ My Sire’s and Sisters unexampled Crime.

 “ As on the Lamb the Tygress feeds,
 “ So by his Bride each Bridegroom bleeds ;
 “ But I, more merciful, the Blow
 “ Nor strike, nor keep thee for a fiercer Foe.

 “ ¹⁷ Me let my Father load with Chains,
 “ Or banish to *Numidia*’s Plains,
 “ For saving thus my wretched Mate,
 “ To tread, with doubtful Feet, the Maze of Fate.

 “ With happy Omens quit my Bed,
 “ By favouring Night and *Venus* led ;
 “ Then, grateful, on ¹⁸ my Tomb rehearse
 “ My pious Love in softly-plaintive Verse.”

NOTES.

This Ode has two Parts : The first consists of six Stanzas, and contains the Invocation, and the Praises of the Harp. The second Part has seven Stanzas, which recite the Song, that *Mercury* dictates to *Harper*.

¹ See the Notes on the 10th Ode of the first Book.

2 *Ambion*, by the Charms of his Oratory, prevailed on a savage People to build Towns, and to live peaceably under the same Laws. On this Account the Poets feigned, that the Stones, obsequious to his Notes, ranged themselves in Order, and built the Walls of *Thebes*, a City of *Beotia*.

3 *Horace* here addresses himself to his Harp, as he had before done in the 3^d Ode of the first Book.

4 ——— *Resonare septem
Callida nervis.*]

The Ancients had the *Tetrachord*, which was a Harp with four Strings, and they had a Harp with seven Strings, which was a Sort of double *Tetrachord*, because the Middle String served for the three low and the three high Strings. These seven Strings made the seven different Tones of Music; that is to say, the seven Intervals that are in an *Octave*. Thus *Virgil*, speaking of *Orpheus*,

Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum;

Jamque eadem digitis, jam palline pulsat abarbo.

Æneid vi. v. 646 & 647.

His flying Fingers, and his Ivory Quill,

Strike seven distinguish'd Notes.

DRYDEN.

5 *Nec loquax olim, neque grata.*] That is, whilst it was a mere Shell, and not yet wrought into a Harp by *Mercury*.

6 The Harp was made use of at all Feasts and Festivals.

7 This was the same *Lyde*, to whom the 1st Ode of this Book is addressed. We there see, that she profited by the Lesson *Horace* here taught her, and was not always obdurate.

8 *Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi.*]

These two Lines are an Imitation of *Anacreon*, Ode 63,

Νῦν δὲ λαμψαδὲ καὶ βοόκλαις,

Καφαῖτι σκίρτωσα παῖσις.

9 *Tu potes.*] The Poet addresses himself to the Harp, and not to *Mercury*. It was the Harp tuned by *Orpheus* that wrought the Miracles here referred to.

10 ——— *Centum*

Muniant angues caput.]

For

For this Reason *Horace* calls *Cerberus, bellua conticeps*, in the 14th Ode of the second Book.

11 *Lxion* was fixed upon a Wheel in Hell, for attempting to ravish *Juno*.

12 *Tityus* was slain by *Apollo*, for endeavouring to violate *Latona*. Two Vulturs prey upon his Liver in Hell. The Ancients would represent by this Fable the Torments arising from the Passions, which have their Seat in the Liver.

13 See the Story of the *Danaides* in the Notes on the 14th Ode of this second Book.

14 The Air, or Song, with which *Mercury* is supposed to inspire *Horace*, in Answer to his Invocation, begins here.

15 — *Face impiali*
Digna.] As the Bride was conducted at Night to her Husband's House, Torches were carried before her.

16 — *Perjurus, fuit in parentem,*

Splendide mendax.

This beautiful Expression may serve as one Instance of that *curiosa felicitas*, which *Patronius* admired in *Horace*, and is, perhaps, impossible to be preserved in a Translation.

It is remarkable, that *Horace* here transfers the Guilt of Perjury from the Daughter, who broke a wicked Oath, to the Father, who had obliged her to take it.

17 *Me pater fœvis onerat catenis.*] This was what actually happened to her, for her Father shut her up in a close Prison, as *Apollodorus* relates: And thus also she writes to *Lyneus* in *Ovid*:

Clausâ domo tener, gravibusque coercita vinculis.

I'm close confin'd, and bound with heavy Chains;

18 In *Ovid* she writes her own Epitaph, viz.

Exul Hypermnestra, pretium pietatis iniquum,

Quam mortem fratri depulsi, ipsa tulit.

Here *Hypermnestra* lies, who died
For sparing *Lyneus* Life, a banish'd Bride!

ODE XII.

To NEPOUS.

WRETCHED the Girl, forbid to prove
 Th' alternate joys of Wine and Love,
 And doom'd an Uncle's Threats to fear,
 Too rugged for a tender Ear.
 The winged Boy, in wanton Play,
 Thy Work and Basket steals away:
 Thy Web and Pallas' curious Toils
 Are now become fair *Hebrus*' Spoils;
 A Youth more skilful, on the Plain,
 Than *Glancus*' Son, to guide the Rein:
 Admir'd he shines with manly Grace,
 Both in the *Castus* and the Race;
 With plyant Shoulders can divide
 The foaming *Tyber*'s rapid Tide;
 Along the Lawn pursue the Doe,
 And pierce her with unerring Bow;
 Or nimbly with his Spear surprise
 The Boar, that close in Covert lies!

NOTES.

NOTES

Horace addressed this Ode to *Neobulæ*, to confirm her against the ill Temper of an Uncle, and at the same Time to justify the Love she cherished for *Hobrus*, who was a handsome Youth, well skilled in the Exercises of the Chace, and other manly Sports.

1 *Metuentes patrue verbera lingue.*] Among the Romans, Uncles had very great Authority over their Nephews and Nieces; and, as they were seldom so indulgent as Parents, their morose Temper passed into a Proverb, and the Word *Patruus*, Uncle, was used to signify a Censor*. Thus *Horace*, in the third Satire of the second Book;

Ne sis Patruus mihi

Do not chide me, as if you were my Uncle. Perhaps, therefore, he has here used the Words *verbera patrue lingue*, for all kind of Censors. But it seems more probable, that they are to be taken literally, and that *Neobulæ* had an Uncle, whom *Horace* here mentions. DACIER.

2 *Bellerophon*, the Son of *Glauce*, mounted on the Horse *Pegasus*, defeated *Chimera*, who was a Monster with the Head of a Lion breathing Flames, the Body of a Goat, and the Tail of a Dragon or Serpent. What gave Occasion to this Fiction, it is said, was this; *Bellerophon* was a good Sailor, and, in a swift Ship, called *Pegasus*, pursued a Pirate in the Ship *Chimera*, on whose Head was the Image of a Lion, in the Middle a Goat, and on the Stern a Dragon. Other Accounts are also given of the Rise of this Fable.

3 *Celer excipere aprum.*] The Word *excipere* is, properly, applied to those who lie in wait for any one; and *Horace* here uses it for *opprimere*, to surprise, or attack unawares.

* In the same Sense *Duena* is now used among the Spaniards.

ODE XIII.

To the Nymph presiding over the Blandufian

Fountain.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

I.

NYMPH of the Spring, whose Waves surpass
The Clearness of transparent Glass,
And well deserve each Rite divine,
The flowery Garland, and the luscious Wine!

II.

To-morrow's rising Sun shall see
A beauteous Victim given to thee;
A Kid, with budding Horns prepar'd
The *Venus* of his Heart to guard:
In vain.—For soon his crimson Blood
Shall stain the Crystal of thy spotless Flood.

I.

Not *Phæbus* with his sultry Beam,
When *Sirius* reigns, can pierce thy Stream:
The Oxen, loosen'd from the Share,
And panting Sheep, to Thee for Shade repair.

ODE

II

II. Among

II.

Among the Springs of noblest Fame
Shalt Thou be rank'd, while I proclaim
The spreading Oak, whose awful Brow
O'erhangs the hollow Rock below;
From which, with gently babbling Tide,
2 Thy limpid Waters, fair *Blandusia*, glide.

NOTES.

They who will carefully examine the Turn, and inimitable Simplicity of the Description, which *Horace* here gives of the Fountain of *Blandusia*, (which rose in *Sabina*, near *Horace's* Country Seat,) will find it one of the prettiest Pieces extant in its kind. What renders it still more valuable, is, that it furnishes us with a very curious Example of the Ceremonies observed by the *Romans*, when they sacrificed to Fountains. *DACIER.*

1 *Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus.* The Ancients, when they made Libations, filled a Cup to the Brim, and covered it with a Chaplet of Flowers. For which Reason *Tibullus* says,

Coronatus stabit et ipse calix.

Thus also *Virgil*:

Crateras magnos statuunt, et vina coronant.

And it is this *vinum coronatum*, as *Statius* calls it, which *Horace* here means by *merum, non sine floribus*.

2 The Springs of Rivers were sacred, and had their Divinities; on which Account, Groves were dedicated to them, Chapels consecrated, and Altars raised. Thus *Horace*, in the first Ode of the first Book:

Ad aquæ lenæ caput sacra,

'At the gentle Source of a sacred Stream.' For this Reason *Homer* (in the seventeenth Book of the *Odyssæy*), describing a Fountain near *Ithaca*, says, there was an Altar close by it. The Reader will not be displeased to

see his Description of it, which is not very different from this of *Horace*.

— *Kara δὲ Λυγρὸν γαῖν ὕδωρ*

Ἵδωρ ἱερώεσσι &c.

Where, from the Rock, with liquid Lapse distills
A limpid Fount —

Neritæ, Iphicæ, Polydora, these

In sculptur'd Stone immortalis'd their Care,
In Marble Urns receiv'd it from above,
And shaded with a green surrounding Grove;
Where silver Alders, in high Arches twin'd,
Drink the cool Stream, and tremble to the Wind.

Beneath (sequester'd to the Nymphs), is seen

A mossy Altar, deep embower'd in Green;

Where constant Vows by Travellers are paid,

And holy Horrors solemnise the Shade. POPE.

In *Ovid's* third Book *de Fastis*, *Numa* offers a Sacrifice to a Fountain, in all respects like this, only he gives a Sheep, whereas *Horace* here promises a Kid:

— *Fanti rex Numa mactat ovem,*

Plenaque odorati disponit pocula Bacchi.

We have here a Victim, Wine, and Crowns; for *plena pocula odorati Bacchi*, full Cups of fragrant Wine, is the same thing as *pocula floribus coronata*, Cups of Wine crown'd with Flowers, or (in *Horace's* Words) *merum cum floribus*. This Passage of *Ovid* ought, therefore, to be translated thus: 'King *Numa* sacrifices a Sheep to this Fountain, and places on its Banks full Cups of Wine crowned with Flowers.' We are also taught here one Particular, which is not express'd in *Horace*, namely, that after having offered up a Sheep or a Kid, and pour'd out a little Wine to make Libations, the Cups, with the Wine in them, were placed on the Margin of the Fountain, to invite the Gods of those Streams to come and drink of it. Dacier.

The
The Reader will not be displeased to
see

*The SAME ODE Imitated.**By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.**To the PEN, employed in writing Sermons.*

O Thou! whose Nip, the trivial Strain
 Of amorous Bard shall ne'er profane,
 To-morrow shall the Pulpit see
 A beauteous Prospect drawn by Thee;
 And Honey from the sacred Rock,
 Instill'd by Thee, shall cheer my rural Flock.

What though, in thoughtless Sports and Play,
 They now beguile the jocund Day,
 Soon shalt Thou fill each vacant Mind
 With Pleasures of a nobler kind,
 And, calm'd by thy persuasive Lore,
 Their truant Passions shall rebell no more.

Thou art the friendly Crook, that leads
 My fainting Sheep to dewy Meads:
 By thy blest Guidance they repair
 To fertile Fields, and balmy Air;
 And, safe from Wolves, with Transport stray
 Through Groves, where Streams of living Waters
 play.

Thy deathless Praises shall inspire
 Some Poet with a Preacher's Fire;
 While

While I those fluttering Feathers sing,
That tremble o'er the silver Spring;
From whence, with swift, but silent Tide,
O'er snow-white Leaves thy fable Waters glide.

Sundeeb, Nov. 1754.

ODE XIV.

On the Return of Augustus from Spain.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, sen.

CÆSAR, like *Hercules*, in *Spain*,
Who, late we boasted, won with Blood
The Laurel Wreath, now comes again
Victorious to his high Abode.

Let ² Her, to whom auspicious Fate
Th' Imperial Diadem has given,
Go forth to meet her matchless Mate,
And pay her pious Vows to Heaven.

The Band let good ³ *Octavia* lead
Of all the noble Wives of *Rome*,
And with due Gratitude proceed
To welcome our Deliverer home.

And ⁴ You, whose Sons escap'd the Sword,
In Hymns to Heaven your Voice employ;

But

But let no inauspicious Word
Escape to damp the Public Joy.
No gloomy Cares shall overspread
And cloud this glorious Festival;
Nor War, nor Tumults, will I dread,
While *Cæsar* rules the conquer'd Ball.

Go, Boy, fetch Oil; and Crowns prepare;
And broach the Casks, that 'scap'd the Hands,
(If any such remaining are)
Of *Spartacus's* vagrant Bands.
With essenc'd Hair, in Fillets tied,
Let not at home *Neæra* stay:
Go, bring my Songstrefs.—If deny'd,
Or should she linger, haste away.

Grey Locks impetuous Heat reclaim;
When bold with Youth, in *Plancus's* Year,
A Trifle would my Blood inflame,
Nor could I then such Treatment bear.

NOTES.

10 Monsieur *Le Fevre* rightly observes, that this Ode was written in the Year of *Rome* 729, under the tenth Consulship of *Augustus*, who then returned from *Spain*, where he had been four Years waging War against the *Cantabrians*; for he set out on that Expedition in his seventh Consulship, in the Year 725, and did not return to *Rome* till the Year 729, in his tenth Consulship, after a long Sickness, of which he had like to have died. *Suetonius* writes, that he received his eighth and his ninth Consulship

fulship at *Tarragona*: *Ocellum et nymphae consilium Tarraconis inuit*. But he does not say, that he there received the tenth; which has been asserted without Foundation, in Defiance of historical Truth, for he set out from Spain, on his Return, at the End of his ninth Consulship; and arrived at *Rome* at the Beginning of the Year 719, as appears by a Passage in *Dion*, Book 53. *Horace* therefore wrote this Ode on the Return of *Augustus*, just about the Time of his Arrival. He had before written the 35th Ode of the first Book,

O Diva, gratias age regi Antium,
on his Departure for this Expedition. **DACIER.**

1 — *Hispana repetit Penates*
Victor ab ora.

The Word *repetit*, *return*, in the present Tense, shows that *Horace* wrote this Ode on the News of *Augustus's* Approach, and before he had made his public Entry into *Rome*.—By *Penates*, his Household Gods, he denotes *Augustus's* Palace.—He was thought to have put an End to the War with the *Cantabrians*; but they revolted several Times after his Departure, and were not entirely quelled till the Year of *Rome* 734, or 735, when they were subdued by *Agrippa*.

2 *Unico gaudens mulier marito*
Predeat.

Horace here points out *Livia*, the Wife of *Augustus*, without naming her. Though she was one of the most beautiful Women in the World, her Wisdom still surpassed her Beauty. *Dion* relates, that some naked Men having one Day met her (whether by Chance, or by Design, is uncertain), the Senate would have condemned them to Death; but she interceded for them, and procured their Pardon, saying, 'that to a virtuous Woman a naked Man was no more than a Statue.'

The Line above quoted (the literal Translation of which is, *Let the Wife delighting in her Husband alone, or in one Husband, go forth*) has very much perplexed the Critics: 'For,' say they, 'it can scarce be imagined, that a Man of *Horace's* Politeness would compliment *Livia* at the Expence of all the other Roman Ladies; which yet he plainly does, if this be the true Reading, and the true Construction of this Passage.' Mr. *Cunningham* therefore, for *unico*, reads *unice gaudens*, entirely

sirely rejoicing; which is, at least, a very plausible Correction, and adopted by *Saxo*.

Dacier seems to think, that the Word *unicus* may signify here *poorest*, or *unparalleled*. If this can be justified, it undoubtedly gives a rational Meaning, and is followed by the Translator, as most agreeable to Common Sense.

3 *Soror clari ductis*.] *Octavia* was the Sister of *Augustus*, and, at that Time, the Widow of *Marc Antony*.

4 *Matres virginum, juvenumque super
Sospitum*.]

He here addresses himself to the Mothers of those young Romans, who followed *Augustus* into Spain, and had escaped all the Dangers of that bloody War.

5 ————— *Ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuum, tenente
Cæsare terras*.]

By *tumultus*, *Horace* means *Civil Wars*. This Phrase cannot be better explained, than by a parallel Passage in the 15th Ode of the fourth Book.

*Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
Civilis, non vis eximit otium*.

Furor Civilis is what he here calls *Tumultus*; and *Vis*, in both these Passages, signifies *foreign Wars*.

Tenente Cæsare terras, and *Custode rerum Cæsare*, have just the same Sense; for the Word *tenere* signifies here *custodire*, to protect, or defend.

6 The four first Stanzas of this Ode (here translated in five) are grave and solemn; the three last sportful and gay.

7 *Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
Fallere testa*.]

Sixteen or seventeen Years after the *Marrian War*, the Romans were engaged in the War of *Spartacus*, who, putting himself at the Head of a small Number of Gladiators at *Capua*, which was daily increased by Slaves resorting to him from all Parts, ravaged all *Italy*. See *Florus*, Book iii. Chap. 20. The Address of *Horace* here deserves to be remarked; who, while he seems only to be sportfully treating of old Wine, gives a lively Description of the Calamities of this War, to enhance thereby

thereby the Blessings the Romans enjoyed under the mild
Reign of *Augustus*. *Si qua ratione*, as in *Virgil*.

Si qua fata aspera rumpas.

The Word *vogans* is very expressive of the wide Ha-
vock made by those Gladiators, who spread themselves
to the farthest Part of the Country of the *Bruttii*, where
they were cut to Pieces by *Licinius Crassus*. DACIER.

8. *Albescens capillus*.] *Horace* was then 43 Years old.

9 ——— *Calidus juvenia*,

Consule Planco.]

Horace was born under the Consulship of *L. Manlius Tor-*
quatus, in the Year of Rome 689; and the *L. Munatius*
Plancus, here mentioned, was Consul in the Year 711;
So that *Horace* was then but in his 23d Year.

10 *Non ego hoc ferrem*.] *Ferrem* is here put for *su-*
liffem: This Change of the Tense is frequent in good
Authors. DACIER.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

THOU Wife of *Ibycus*, the Poor,
At length to Scandal bar the Door;
Advancing near thy funeral Flame,
Set Bounds to thy notorious Shame:
Sport not among the Virgin-Train,
Nor sparkling Stars with Vapours stain,
What suits the Daughter in her Prime,
In wrinkled Age is deem'd a Crime.
For she, with *Bacchanalian* Rage,
In midnight Frolics may engage,
And,

And, like a Kid, with better Grace,
 In wanton Sport her *Nothus* chase.
 The Wool, near fair ² *Luceria* shorn,
 Will more than Harps thy Hands adorn.
 The purple Rose is now too weak
 To hide the Paleness of thy Check.
 Since Age and Riot ill agree,
 Think on thy own Mortality!
 For Revels will not Thee become,
 Grown old, and bending to the Tomb.

NOTES.

This Ode is entirely satirical. *Horace* wrote it against *Chloris*, the Mother of *Pholus*. It is uncertain at what Time it was made. However, it seems probable, that it was written after the 23d Ode of the first, and the 5th Ode of the second Book.

1 *Uxor pauperis Ibyci.* When the Courtezans began to grow old, it was usual with them (that they might more safely prosecute their infamous Commerce) to marry such poor Men as this *Ibycus*, who were rather their Slaves than Husbands. Thus this first Verse is very satirical, and *Horace* describes her Trade barely by calling her the Wife of poor *Ibycus*. DAPIER.

In like manner a Lady of Quality, in the Reign of Queen *Anna*, married a Footman, to screen herself from her Creditors. The Consequence was, he was thrown into the Fleet, and she retired into Holland.

2 *Luceria* was an ancient and considerable City of *Daunian Apulia*. The Pasture Grounds about it were excellent, *Strabo* says, that the Wool of that Country was finer and more soft than the Wool of *Tarentum*, but not so white.

ODE XVI.

To MÆCENAS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

WITHIN a brazen Tower immur'd,
Strong Gates and watchful Dogs se-
cur'd

From nightly Lovers *Danaë*;
But all the Father's fruitless Cares,
His jealous Doubts, and anxious Fears,
* *Venus* and *Jove* in secret smil'd to see:
They knew no Gates so strong, no Dogs so bold,
As to exclude a God transform'd to Gold.

When Gold appears, what Guards deny
A ready Passage? Warriors fly,
Rocks open, at the Touch of Gold.
Nor *Jove* so sure a Bolt can boast:

The *Grecian* Sage by Gold was lost,
And all his Family betray'd, or sold:
* *Philip* by Gold unbar'd the strongest Gates;
By Gold he conquer'd all the rival States.

Rough Captains, boisterous as the Seas,
All-powerful Presents can appease.

Wealth ever is pursu'd by Care.

7 O Glory

O Glory of th' Equestrian Name,
~~Mercenary~~ Diffidence and Shame

Allow me not aloft my Head to rear.
 The more each Man shall to himself deny,
 The more the Gods shall all his Wants supply.

I, to no wild Desires a Slave,
 Join with the few, that nothing crave,
 And scorn to haunt the rich Man's Door :
 Of what my humble Fields afford,
 By juster Claim, the splendid Lord,
 Than if, amidst exhaustless Plenty, poor,
 My ample Garners held whate'er the Swains
 Industrious reap on rich *Apulia's* Plains.

What though, in ermin'd Purple gay,
 The Consul wide extends his Sway
 O'er sultry *Afric's* fruitful Soil ;
 He knows not that a purling Rill,
 A shady Grove, a Field that still
 With sure Increase repays the Tiller's Toil,
 Such heart-felt Joys to Me, contented, yield,
 As must from Him for ever be conceal'd.

What though, no *Gallie* Flocks for Me
 Are fed, nor the *Calabrian* Bee
 Distills her honey'd Sweets ; nor Casks
 Of *Æolian* Wine my Cellars store ;
 Yet *Horace* knows not Want ; and more
 You freely will bestow, if more he asks ;

But,

But, unambitious, he alone desires
What a small decent Competence requires.

My Tax more cheerfully I pay,
Than if I held unbounded Sway,
And subject Provinces possess'd:

He that, repining, covets more,
Is ever wanting, ever poor:

For those alone I deem completely bless'd,
To whom, indulgent to their Wishes, Heaven
12 ENOUGH, but with no lavish Hand, has given.

NOTES.

This Ode is of a mixed Character, partly satirical, partly moral. *Horace* at first inveighs against Avarice, and describes the ill Effect that Riches are apt to produce. But this is not his chief Design; for from hence he takes Occasion to thank *Mæcenæ*s for the small House he had given him; and shows how much Reason he had to be better satisfied with it, than if he had given him a Province or a Kingdom. Dacier.

1 *Inclusam Danaën, &c.*] *Acrisius*, King of *Argos*, having been warned by the Oracle, that he should be killed by his Grandson, locked up his Daughter in a strong Tower, well guarded, where no Man was allowed to converse with her: But all these Precautions were ineffectual. *Prætus*, the Brother of *Acrisius*, found means to get Access to her: And she gladly allowed the Carresses of her Uncle, to be delivered from the Tyranny of her Father. From this Commerce *Perseus* was born; and, as *Prætus* had bribed the Guards, it was pretended, that *Jupiter*, descending in a Shower of Gold, or, as *Pindar* says, in a Snow of Gold, had fallen into the Lap of *Danaë*, and that *Perseus* was her Son by *Jupiter*. Dacier.

2 *Turris ænea.*] A brazen Tower, to signify a very strong Tower. Thus, in the 3d Ode of this Book, *Horace*

race uses *murus æneus*, for a strong Wall; and *Virgil*, in the 6th *Æneid*, speaking of Hell, says,

— *Cyclosum educta caminis*

Mœnia conspicia.

‘I see the Walls, forged in the Furnace of the Cyclops.’

Propertius calls this Tower *ferratum domum*, an Iron House.

3 *Nocturnis ab adulteris.*] *Horace* uses the Words *ma-*
chus; and *adulter*, for a Gallant. See the 25th, the 33d,
and the 36th Odes of the first Book.

4 *Jupiter et Venus.*] *Venus* and *Jupiter* smiled at all
the Precautions of *Acrisus*. This is a Circumstance by
no means to be omitted in the Picture of this Story.
The Ancients had Pictures of it, as appears from the
Ennuch of *Terence*.

5 — *Concidit auguris*

Argivi domus.] He means *Amphiaræus*, who had married *Eriphyle*, the
Sister of *Adrastus*, King of *Argos*. He was a Prophet,
and, foreseeing he was to die in the *Theban War*, re-
fused to follow *Adrastus* and *Polynices* thither, concealing
himself from them. But *Polynices*, having bribed *Eri-*
phyle with a golden Bracelet set with Jewels, she betrayed
him. For which Reason, on his Departure, he charged
his Son *Alcmaon* to kill his Mother, as soon as he should
hear of his Death. The very Day of his Arrival at
Thebes, the Earth opening, he was swallowed up alive in
his Chariot: On Advice of which, *Alcmaon* killed his
Mother; and was afterwards slain himself by his Un-
cles, in Revenge of her Death. *Amphilochus*, the Bro-
ther of *Alcmaon*, was also killed before *Thebes*. Thus the
Avarice of this Woman was the sole Cause of the De-
struction of all the Family. Dacier.

6 *Vir Macedo.*] Among the Roman Authors, *The Man*
of *Macedon*, signifies *Philip*; and *juvenis Macedo*, *Alex-*
ander, his Son. Thus, in *Juvenal*, *Pelæo juveni* is used
for *Alexander*. Mr. *Pope* has dignified the former of
these Phrases in *English*, by his amiable Character of
The Man of Ross, who, in the Eye of right Reason, was
much more worthy of Applause than *The Man of Ma-*
cedon. D.

16. King

1b. King Philip, having received this Answer from the Oracle,

Αργυρίαις δόρυχασι μάχεσθαι, καὶ πάντα κερταίους,

Fight with Silver Weapons, and thou shalt conquer all Things; had a just Sense of the Meaning of it, and frequently prevailed on the Governors of Cities, by large Sums of Money, to open the Gates to him. A Spy informing him one Day, that a Castle, which he was going to attack, was strongly fortified, and seemed to be impregnable, he briskly answered, 'What! do you think we shall not find a Way into it for a Mule loaded with Gold?' DACIER.

7 *Mecenas, equitum decus.*] Horace calls *Mecenas*, the Glory of the Knights, on account of the great Qualities which distinguished him from others; and because, though he was the Favourite of *Augustus*, he was contented with that Title, and only used his Interest to procure those Honours for his Friends, which he himself declined.

8 Horace here means the *Proconsul of Africa*; and chuses this Instance, because *Africa* was the largest and best Roman Province: On which Account it is styled by *Cicero*, *Omnium provinciarum arx*, The Tower of all the Provinces.

9 *Pura rivus aqua, &c.*] He here sums up the chief Ingredients of his Happiness. See also the 6th Satire of the 2d Book.

10 He speaks of the Honey of *Tarentum* in *Calabria*; which he also compares to the Honey of *Hymettus*, in the 6th Ode of the second Book.

11 *Nec Læstrigoniâ Bacchus in amphorâ
Languescit mihi.*]

The *Læstrigons* were an ancient People of *Sicily*, who, removing from thence, settled at *Formia*, a City of *Campania*, between *Cajeta* and *Minturnæ*; for which Reason it was called *Læstrigonia*. Horace, therefore, by *Læstrigonia amphora* means the *Formian Wine*, which was esteemed one of the best Sort in *Italy*. He had before celebrated it in the 20th Ode of the first Book.

12 ——— *Quod satis est.*] Horace has made use of the same Phrase in the first Ode of this Book, and also in
one

one of his Epistles. The Sense of it is not to be confined to the Necessaries of Life; it rather means what we call *a Competence in English*; as it is justly explained by Seneca, *Primo, habere quod necesse est: secundo, quod satis est.* The first Point is to gain the Necessaries of Life; the second, a Competence.

Mr. Waller, in his Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer, has translated this Passage of Horace *verbatim*;

Give us enough, but with a sparing Hand.

We are told by Mr. Rowe, in his Life of Shakespeare, that Mr. Hales of Eton, being in Company with several learned Men, where the Conversation happened to turn on Shakespeare's Writings, and his Want of Learning; after others had delivered their Opinions, he said, 'That if Mr. Shakespeare had not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that whoever would produce any one Topic finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to show something upon the same Subject, at least as well written by Shakespeare.'

As one Instance of this kind, I will here produce a few Lines from a Speech in Shakespeare on the Power of Gold, to be compared with Horace's Verses;

— This, this, ye Gods!

Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides;
Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads.

This yellow Slave will knit and break Religions;

Make the hoar Leprosy ador'd; place Thieves,

And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,

With Senators on the Bench: This is it,

That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;

She, whom the Spittle-house and ulcerous Sores

Would cast the Gorge at, *this* embalms, and spices

To the April Day again.

SHAKESPEARE, Vol. v. Timon of Athens, Act iv.

98 ODES of HORACE,

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. SAMUEL SAY.

D*Anaï*, inclos'd in Towers of Brass,
 Strong Iron Gates, and opening Dogs
 Wakeful, had well secur'd by Day,
 Had well secur'd by Night;
 If *Jove* and *Venus* had not mock'd
 The jealous Sire—So Fables tell—
 Vain Iron! Vain Brass! transform'd to Gold,
 He won the greedy Maid.

When Gold appears, the Guards retire,
 The Floods divide, the Rocks are rent;
 Not Thunder flings the fiery Bolt:

With such resistless Power.

Subjects their Kings, and Priests their Gods,
 Exchange for Gold. The Gownman Right
 And Wrong confounds; for Gold he pleads;
 For Gold betrays the Cause.

Touch'd by thy stronger Force, tow'rd's Thee
 The Compass veers, almighty Gold!
 Before thee Wisdom, Valour, Sense,
 And Virtue are no more.

* Care follows close, where Gold precedes:
 Sweet Innocence, Contentment, Peace,
 No more shall bless the Day; no more
 Soft Slumbers bless the Night.

* This *Horace* saw, wise Bard! and durst
 Refuse the glittering Bribe; to share

With

With *Cæsar* all the World ; to share
The World, and share the Toil.

- ‘ Tempt me no more, *Mæcenæ*, tempt
- ‘ No more thy *Flaccus* to aspire
- ‘ To Wealth and Power ; he fears the Helm
- ‘ Because he fears the Storm.
- ‘ What we deny ourselves, just Heaven
- ‘ Restores with Interest. Naked, see !
- ‘ Naked thy humble Friend deserts
- ‘ The Party of the Great.
- ‘ Glad Fugitive — he longs to reach
- ‘ The Camp of the contented Few,
- ‘ Whose little is enough — ENOUGH —
- ‘ That sweeter Word for All !’

O decent Pride ! O truly Lord
Of his Possessions, who still bears
A Soul above them ! richer far
Than all *Apulia*’s Stores,
Heap’d in the crowded Barn, could make
The Mind, that covets without End,
And, drinking, thirsts for more ! O Wretch,
In utmost Plenty, poor !

A silver Stream, a silent Grove,
A Summer’s Eve, a small Estate,
Still faithful to its Lord : A Life
Retir’d from Noise or Care,
Steals through the World, with Joys unknown
To the profaner Mind ; with Joys
Unknown to crowded Courts ; to Peers
And scepter’d Kings unknown !

Though no proud Palace loads the Ground,
 Or towers into the Sky; no Car,
 With gilded Trappings gay, behind
 Bestuck with pimper'd Slaves,
 Moves slow in State; nor costly Wines
Tokay, Champaign, or Burgundy,
 Nor high *Ragouts* deceive the Taste,
 And propagate Disease!
 Yet fair CONTENT my Cottage cheers;
 Lettuce and Pease my Garden yields:
 Plain Food, soft Ale, and homebrew'd Wines,
 Still crown my healthful Board.
 Though fragrant Fields, or spreading Lawns,
 Where the Sheep graze, and Oxen low,
 Or stalks the Stag, with Head erect,
 I sometimes musing rove:
 Pleas'd with his Load, sometimes my Pad
 Smooth ambles to the neighbouring Gate,
 Which opens friendly to receive
 The not unwelcome Guest.
 Happy! who knows himself, and knows
 To judge of Happiness; to whom
 Wise Heaven, with kind but frugal Hand,
 Has each just Want supplied.

1720.

NOTE

A small Collection of Poems, with two Critical Essays
 in Prose, viz. the first on the *Harmony, Variety, and*
Power of Numbers, whether in *Prose or Verse*; the second
 on the *Numbers of PARADISE LOST*; written by the
 learned

learned Author of this Ode, appeared in the Year 1745, in a small Volume in 4to.

These Essays have been much admired by some Persons of Taste and Judgment. But as this Book was only printed by Subscription among the little Circle of his Friends and Acquaintance, it has fallen into few Hands.

This Ode may be produced as an Instance, that Rhime is not wanting, where Verse is written with Ease and Elegance.

1 *Care follows close, where Gold precedes, &c.]* This Sentiment is strongly enforced and expanded by a modern Classic. 'When the Desire of Wealth takes hold of the Mind, let us look round, and see how it operates upon those, whose Industry or Fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own Abundance, luxurious without Pleasure, idle without Ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised, or hated, by the rest of Mankind, we shall soon be convinced, that if the real Wants of this Condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with Sollicitude, or desired with Ardour.'

The RAMBLER, No. 58.

2 *This Horace saw, &c.]* This alludes to *Horace's* declining the Place of Secretary of State, which was offered him by *Augustus*.

O D E XVII.

To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

ÆLIUS, whose noble Lineage springs
From a long Race of ancient Kings,
(From Him the Lamia's Blood roll'd down,
Who greatly fill'd the Formian Throne,

F 3

Where

Where the slow Streams of *Liris* rove
 In Silence through *Marica's* Grove)
 To-morrow from the East shall roar
 Bleak Storms, and spread with Weeds the Shore;
 With Leaves the Ground; unless in vain
 Croaks the old Crow, presaging Rain.
 Hasten then to store thy Billets dry;
 To-morrow let a Porker die;
 With this and Wine thy Genius cheer,
 Nor to thy Slaves be too severe;
 But let thy Household, free from Care,
 With Thee the social Banquet share.

NOTES.

1 This is the same *Lamia* mentioned in the 26th Ode of the first Book, and in the 4th Epistle.

2 *Horace* follows *Homer*, who, in the 10th Book of the *Odyssey*, speaks of *Lamus*, as King of the *Leſtrigons*.

No one contemns the Honour of a Descent from a long Race of worthy Ancestors, but such as have no Pretension to that Honour themselves.

'The Pride of Ancestry, and the Desire of continuing our Lineage, when they tend to an Incitement of virtuous and noble Actions, are undoubtedly laudable.'

The CONNOISSEUR, No. 102.

3 *Quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt*
Denominatos; et nepotum

Per memores genus omne fastos,

Auctore ab illo ducis originem; &c.]

Daniel Heinsius reads *ducit* instead of *ducis*; and observes, that *genus* is the Nominative Case. *Bentley* has put the Justness of this Correction past Dispute; he shows also, that the Parenthesis must be placed after *Tyrannus*. *Sannadon* strikes out these four Lines, and joins the first Verse with the fifth. He offers several plausible Reasons for this Correction; but as he does not pretend to have the

the Authority of any Manuscript, or ancient Copy, this seems to be treating *Horace* in the same cavalier Manner as *Bentley* treated *Milton*.

4 *Demissa tempestas ab Euro.*] He says, this Tempest shall be caused by the East South-East Wind; because it is very stormy, and brings into Italy all the Rain, with which it is loaded in its long Passage over the *Mediteranean Sea*. DACIER.

5 — *Aqua nisi fallit augur,
Annosa cornix.*]

In like manner he calls the Crow, in the 27th Ode of this Book, *divinam imbrum imminentium*, prophetic of impending Showers. The Crow presages Rain, when she caws, and, walks alone on the Sea Shore, or on the Banks of Rivers and Pools. Thus *Virgil*, in the first *Georgic*:

*Tum cornix rauda pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et sola in sicca secum spatatur arena.*

The Crow with clamorous Cries the Shower demands,
And single stalks along the desert Sands. DRYDEN.

Pliny makes the same Observation, in the 35th Chapter of his 18th Book: *Et cum terrestres volucres contra aquas clangores dabunt persundentes sese, sed maxime cornix.* 'It is a Sign of Rain, when Land-Fowl, and especially Crows, are clamorous near Waters, and wash themselves.' DACIER.

6 — — — *Cras Genium mero
Curabis, et porco bimestri,*

Cum famulis operum solutis.]

'To-morrow thou shalt cheer thy Genius with Wine, and a Porket two Months old, in the Company of thy Servants, discharged from Labour.' This shows that *Horace* does not speak here of the Sacrifice, which used to be offered to the *Genius* on Birth-Days; for, on those Occasions, no Blood was spilt; they gave only thick Milk, Cakes, Wine, Flowers, and Incense. Because a Pig was offered to the *Lares*, *Lambinus* thinks it may be inferred, that one was also offered to the *Genius*. But he is mistaken: The Oblations to the *Genius*, and to the *Lares*, were different.

It must be remembered that *Horace* wrote this Ode to *Lamia*, then in the Country, at his *Villa* near *Formia*:

And the Sum of it is no more than this : That since the next Day was likely to be wet, and unfit for his Slaves to work, he should improve the Occasion to his own and their Entertainment.



ODE XVIII.

To FAUNUS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

FAUNUS, still fond to chase the Train
 Of Nymphs who fly thee ; gracious rove
 Along my Bounds and sunny Plain ;
 Nor from my Flock in Wrath remove,

If, every Year, a Kid resign
 His Blood ; if the full Bowl, the Friend
 Of Venus, pour its copious Wine ;
 And Steams from thy old Shrine ascend —

In Pastures all the Cattle sport,
 Soon as returns thy hallow'd Day ;
 To Meads the vacant Hinds resort,
 And, round th' unharness'd Oxen, play.

The Lamb from Wolves no longer flies ;
 For Thee the Wood its Honours sheds ;
 His Spade no more the Delver plies,
 But thrice the Ground in Gambols treads.

NOTES.

NOTES.

This Ode was written by *Horace* at his Country-House in *Sabinia*, and sung at the Festival of *Faunus*. It is divided into two equal Parts, as has been observed by *Bentley* and *Sanadon*. The first Part contains the Prayer of the Poet; the latter describes the Blessings bestowed by the God, and the Rejoicings of the Village. It is absurd to make all the Sequel of the Ode depend on the *Si* of the fifth Verse, as *Dacier* has done. The Flocks sporting in the Meadows, and the Lambs safely grazing in the midst of Wolves, are Effects of the God's Benevolence, but cannot be Motives to ask it, nor Means to obtain it.

1 *Faunus* is the same as *Pan*. He was a very amorous Deity, and on that Account was called *Inuus*, *Incubus*.

2 *Per meos fines et aprica rura.*] *Horace* calls his House in *Sabinia*, *aprica rura*, sunny Fields, because it lay open to the rising and setting Sun: It was sheltered on the North and on the South by high Hills. See the 16th Epistle of the first Book. DACIER.

3 *Lenis incedas.*] *Pan* was a very choleric God. He is thus described in the first *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*:

Shepherd! I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground!
'Tis now high Noon, and *Pan* will hear the Sound;
Weary'd with Sport, he there lies down to rest,
And is a fretful God.

Horace therefore begs him to pass through his Grounds in good Temper. Besides, when a God forsook a Country, a City, or a House, it was usual to beg him not to go away in Wrath, nor to leave any Marks of his Displeasure and Hatred in the Places which he left.

DACIER.

Ib. — *Abeasque parvis*

Equus alumnis!]

To understand this Passage right, it must be remembered, the Ancients fancied that many of these Gods passed the Winter in one place, and the Summer in another. Thus *Faunus* was supposed to come into *Italy* on the 13th of February, and to return into *Arcadia* on the 5th of December. A Sacrifice was offered to him both on his

F 5

Arrival,

Arrival, and at his Departure. See the 4th and the 17th Odes of the first Book. It is on this Account that *Horace* makes use of the Word *abeas* here.

By *alumnus*, *Horace* means the young ones of his Flock; who then stood much in Need of the Favour of *Faunus*, on account of the approaching Winter, which is always dangerous to young Cattle. DACIER.

4 — *Veneris sodali.*] He calls the Cup, *the Companion*, or *Friend of Venus*, because *Bacchus* and *Venus* agree well together. *Horace* does not use it as an idle Epithet, but with Design; because it could not but be agreeable to an amorous God.

5 *Vetus ara.*] *Faunus* was one of the oldest Gods that was worshipped in *Italy*. His Altar and his Oracles were famous there before the Time of *Evander*.

6 *Cum tibi Nonæ redeunt Decembres.*] The *Nones* of *December* were the 5th Day of that Month: This was one of the Festivals of *Faunus*, as it is rightly marked in the *Calendar*.

7 On Festivals they let all the Cattle rest, that were used in Husbandry. The same thing was enjoined the *Jews* by the Law of *Moses*.

8 *Festus in pratis vacat otioso*
Cum bove pagus.]

Dr. Bentley tells us, that most of the old Copies read *pardus* for *pagus*. Observe, says he, and smile at the Wit of the Monks. Because they read, in the next Line, of the *Wolf* walking harmless among *Lambs*, the good Men changed *pagus* into *pardus*, from *Isaiab*, Chap. xi. v. 6. The *WOLF* also shall dwell with the *LAMB*, and the *LEOPARD* shall lie down with the *Kid*: And the *Calf*, and the young *Lion*, and the *Fatling*, together; and a little Child shall lead them. It is not to be doubted, says he, but that Reading was derived from this sacred Original: And, when it had once got Possession, the Conceit pleased so much, that it ran almost through all the Copies. But (as he justly asks) what has the *Leopard* to do in *Italy*, which is a Native only of *Africa* and *Asia*? And what have *festus* and *vacans* to do with the *Leopard*? Are *Leopards* used in tilling the Fields? The Reading of some of the oldest Copies, *Festus pagus*, is undoubtedly right. Thus *Ovid*, *Fast.* i. 667.

Fillice,

Villicæ, da requiem terræ, semente peracta:

Da requiem. terram qui coluere, viris.

Pagus agat festum: pagum lustrate, coloni:

Et date paganis annua liba focis.

9 *Spargit agrestes tibi sylva frondes.*] In Italy the Leaves fall from the Trees in December; and Horace artfully improves this Circumstance, as if the Trees themselves, struck with the Presence of *Faunus*, strewed their Leaves for him, and spread, as it were, a Carpet under his Feet. DACTYL.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

WITH needless Search the Years you trace
From ¹ *Inachus* to ² *Codrus*' Fate;
And ³ *Æacus*'s glorious Race,
And the fam'd Siege of ⁴ sacred *Troy* relate:

But when a chearful Fire shall blaze,
Or how a ⁵ *Chian* Cask will sell,
Who treats to-night, or merits Praise
For tempering the Bath, you spare to tell.

⁶ To *Midnight*, to the rising *Moon*,
And to ⁷ *Murena* quaff the Wine,
⁸ Augur elect! 'Tis best to crown
The Feast with Goblets ⁹ *three*, at most with
nine.

F 6

He,

He, that th' unequal Muses loves,
 A Bard exalted by each Bowl,
 With Glasses *nine* his Flame improves ;
 The naked ¹⁰ *Graces*, loth to heat the Soul,

And fearing Strife, but *three* allow —
 I joy to rave — Let not the Lute
 In Silence hang ; the Hautboy blow,
 And mellowly inspire the ¹¹ *Phrygian Flute* :

I hate a Niggard — Roses spread :
 Let ancient ¹² *Lycus* hear the Noise,
 And she, ill suited to his Bed ;
 Let *Lycus* hear, repining at our Joys.

¹³ Thee, ¹⁴ *Telephus*, with spreading Hair,
 Beauteous as *Hesper's* sparkling Ray,
 Ripe ¹⁵ *Chloë* seeks : With love-sick Care,
 And lingering Flames, I doat on *Glycera*.

NOTES.

When *Licinius Murena* was initiated Augur, *Telephus*, being in Company with *Horace*, ran out into long Discourses on the old *Grecian History* ; but *Horace* interrupts him by singing this Ode, and admonishes him to turn his Thoughts to Subjects more suitable to the present Occasion. This Ode was written after the 13th, the 23d, and the 33d of the first Book, and before the 10th of the second, and the 11th of the fourth Book. *Horace* might then be about 43. DACIER.

¹ *Inachus* founded the Kingdom of *Argos* in the Year of the World 2093, in the Time of the Patriarch *Abraham* ; and *Codrus*, who was the last King of *Athens*, devoted

voted himself for his Country in the Year of the World 2832, about the Time of *Saul*, 100 or 110 Years after the War of *Troy*: By which we see, that from *Inachus* to *Codrus* there were 789 Years, or thereabouts.

DACIER.

2 The *Athenians* waged War with the *Dorians*; and *Codrus* having learned, that the *Dorians* were told by the Oracle they could not conquer, if they killed the King of *Athens*, he disguised himself in the Habit of a Wood-man, and went into the Enemies Camp with a Hedging-hook in his Hand, and a Bundle of Sticks on his Back, where, provoking and wounding a Soldier, he purposely suffered himself to be killed, in order to save his Country. DACIER.

3 *Eacus* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Aegina*, and the Father of *Peleus* and *Telamon*.

4 *Sacro sub Ilio.*] *Horace*, like *Homer*, calls *Troy*, sacred, both because the Walls were built by the Gods, and because it contained a great Number of Temples: For which Reason *Virgil* calls it the House of the Gods:

O patria, & Divam domus Ilium.

5 The *Chian* was esteemed one of the best *Greek Wines*. *Horace* speaks of it in other Places.

6 This Ode seems to have been indited at Table. *Horace* here, in an enthusiastic Rapture, and without waiting for *Telephus's* Reply, calls for Wine, to signify it was Time to celebrate this Festival, &c. This Ode has that free and easy Turn, which Men, who know the World, and have a good Genius, commonly give to every thing they say. DACIER.

Ib. Da Lunæ properè novæ.] *Poculum* is understood. Give me a Cup to the New Moon; that is, Give me a Cup, that I may drink to the New Moon. Thus, in the 8th Ode of this Book, *Horace* says;

Sume, Mæneas, cyathos amici.

Sospitis centum,

to signify, Drink a hundred Cups to the Health of your Friend, &c. He drinks to the New Moon, because *Murina* was made Augur at that Time.

Ib. Da noctis mediæ.] He drinks to Midnight, to intimate that the Banquet should continue till that Time.

7 This

7 This is the same *Licinius Murena*, who afterwards conspired against *Augustus*. See the Notes on the 10th Ode of the second Book.

8 The College of Augurs was instituted at *Rome* by *Numa*. There were at first but four, all Patricians. But this Honour being afterwards communicated to the People by the *Ogulnian* Law, five more were added to them; and *Sylla* added six: So that the College at last consisted of fifteen. They were held in high Repute, and their Office was one of the most important; since it was in their Power to frustrate all the Resolutions both of the Senate and of the People. On this Account, the chief Men of *Rome*, even they who had been Consuls, and had triumphed, solicited for this Priesthood with great Zeal. The Augurs had this peculiar Privilege, that if any one of them was convicted of a Crime, he could not be deprived of his Priesthood, without being deprived of his Life at the same Time. It may perhaps be thought strange, that, in an Age when the Science of Augury was very much decried, and the Vanity of its Pretensions well understood, this College should, nevertheless, still retain its Lustre. But who does not know the Force of Customs, and especially of Customs supported by Religion? DACIER.

9 *Tribus aut novem cyathis.*] The Ancients thought unequal Numbers fortunate in all things, and especially at their Feasts, where they drank three, five, seven, or nine Glasses, &c.

10 ————— *Gratia*

Nudis juncta sororibus]

As in the 7th Ode of the fourth Book,

Gratia cum Nymphis, geminisque sororibus.

The *Graces* were the three Daughters of *Jupiter*, or of the Sun, *Aglaia*, *Euphrosyne*, and *Thalia*.

Of all the Gods and Goddesses in the old Mythology, they were the most worthy of Regard: They presided over Acts of Benevolence and Gratitude; they were the Dispensers of Liberality, Eloquence, and Wisdom: An amiable Carriage, a Gaiety of Temper, an easy Behaviour, and those Qualities which engage Mankind to one another in the Tyes of Love and Friendship, were all their Gift; and that winning Address, which every body feels, and no body can describe;

' scribe; which alone sometimes supplies the Place of
' Merit, and without which Merit itself is not beloved.'

Thus Mr. *Massieu* expresses himself, in his Dissertation on this Subject.

Pindar has addressed an elegant Ode to the GRACES, which is as elegantly translated by Mr. *Hughes*. See his Poems, printed for *J. Tonson*, 1735, Volume II. p. 154. D.

11 ——— *Cur Bercynthia*

Cessant flamina tibia ?

There were two Mountains called *Bercynthia*, one of which was in *Crete*, and the other in *Phrygia*, near the River *Marfyas*. *Horace* means the last. The *Bercynthian* or *Phrygian* Flute was employed in the Feasts of *Cybelé*. *Horace* demands it rather than any other, because it was the most proper for joyous Occasions, where Religion was concerned, as it was here, on account of *Murénas*'s sacred Function. DACIER.

12 This *Lycus* is no where else named by *Horace*.

13 The Thought in these last four Lines arose from the Love of *Lycus* to his Neighbour: But *Horace* does not connect them with what goes before. Such unexpected Transitions are beautiful, especially in Drinking-Songs.

14 This is the same *Telephus* mentioned in the 13th Ode of the first, and in the 11th Ode of the fourth Book.

15 *Horace* himself had been in Love with *Chloë*. See the 23d Ode of the first Book, where he also calls her *tempestivam*; which shows that the said 23d Ode was written a little before this.

ODE XX.

To PYRRHUS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

HOW from the Lionsess you bear
Her darling Cubs, rash Boy! beware;
Or You shall soon, by coward Flight,
Decline the Danger of the Fight:

When, fierce to seize her lovely Prey,
Through Crowds of Youths she cleaves her Way,
A furious Battle shall ensue,
To fix the Prize with Her or You:

You aim the Shaft; while, dreadful, *She*
Sharpens her Fangs; and, careless, he,
The Combat's Arbiter, is said
With naked Foot the Wreath to tread;

* Displaying with a graceful Air,
To the soft Breeze, his scented Hair,
Adown his Shoulders loosely spread,
Like * *Nireus*, or like *Ganymed*!

NOTES.

NOTES.

1 *Horace* here represents *Nearchus*, the Judge and the Prize of the Combat, so perfectly indifferent about the Event of it, that, without troubling himself with their Disputes, he is wholly taken up in fanning his Neck and fragrant Hair. He has taken great Part of this Thought from the *Trachiniae* of *Sophocles*, who thus describes the Combat of *Hercules* and *Acheloüs* for *Dejanira*: 'They then furiously rushed to the Field of Battle, to contend for *Dejanira*. *Venus*, who presides over Love, sat sole Judge of the Fight, with her Wand in her Hand.' As *Sophocles* here gave *Venus* a Wand, *Horace* gives *Nearchus* a Branch of a Palm, which he so little values, that he treads it under his Feet.

2 *Nireus* was the most beautiful among the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*.

To give some Idea, how far a Person, who only understands *French*, can judge of the Beauties of *Horace*, as a Poet, from *Dacier*, I will here present the Reader with his Translation of this Ode, closely traced in *English*.

'*Pyrrhus*, you do not see to what Danger you expose yourself, by taking young *Nearchus* from his Mistress. It is to take her young ones from a Lioness: And, like a base Ravisher, you will soon shun the Combat, when this Lady shall, in a Rage, break through the Crowd of her Lovers, to run after her *Nearchus*, and to snatch him from you. But whilst You prepare your Arrows to defend Him, and She collects all her Force to run after You, and to tear him from you, it is said, that this Boy, the Umpire and the Prize of the Combat, is so little affected by the Efforts which both of you make, that he hath put under his naked Feet the Palm, which he held in his Hand; and that, delicately fanning his Shoulders, on which we see his perfumed Ringlets waving, he appears as beautiful as *Nireus*, or as the young *Trojan*, whom *Jupiter* snatched from Mount *Ida*.'

ODE

114 ODES of HORACE,

ODE XXI.

To his CASK.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

Inscribed to GEORGE JEFFREYS, *Esq;*

WITH ¹ Me ² coæval, in the Year
Of *Mánlius*, whether Complaints thou bear
Or Mirth; or Brawls and frantic Love;
Or, ³ sacred Cask! to soothing Slumbers move:

⁴ Whatever Frame thou shalt instill,
⁵ Descend; obedient to the Will
Of my ⁶ *Corvinus*, and produce,
Reserv'd for such a Friend, thy mellow Juice.

Though with ⁷ *Socratic* Learning fraught,
No *Cynic* He, to scorn thy Draught:
With Wine, as round it chearly flow'd,
⁸ 'Tis said, old *Cato's* rigid Virtue glow'd.

⁹ Thou, with thy gentle Torture, oft
Dost melt the rigid to the soft;
And, sportive, strip from grave Disguise
The Cares, and secret Counsels of the Wise.

Thou

Thou canst to anxious Minds restore.
Spirit and Hope ; and give the Poor
A Heart, that neither knows to fear
The wrathful Tyrant's Plume, or Soldier's Spear.

Bacchus, and ¹⁰ Beauty's Queen (if kind),
And ¹¹ Hand in Hand the Graces join'd,
And these fair ¹² Lamps, shall court thy Stay,
¹³ Till rising Phœbus chase the Stars away.

1754.

NOTES.

Messala Corvinus had, one Day, invited himself to sup
with *Horace*; which gave Occasion to this Ode. *Sanadon*
fixes the Date of it to the Year of Rome 722, which
preceded That, wherein *Messala* was Consul with *Osta-*
rius. The Wars of *Sicily*, says he, had too much en-
gaged him before that Time.

[*Nata mecum Consule Manlio*.] *Horace* means, that
this Cask was made under the Consulship of *L. Man-*
lius Torquatus and *L. Aurelius Cotta*, in the Year of Rome
688. *Nata* for *facta*: For the Ancients used the Word
born for *made*; as in the 27th Ode of the first Book,

Natis in usum letitiæ scyphis. DACIER.

Dacier is here mistaken, as *Sanadon* justly observes.
Nata stands for *impleta*; and the Poet intimates, that
the Wine contained in the Cask was made under the
Consulship of *Manlius*. It signified little in what Year
the Cask was made, provided the Wine was good: Be-
sides, it cannot be said of an empty Cask, that it softens
a savage Breast, chases Sorrow, extorts Secrets, &c. as
Horace here speaks. To which it may be added, that
the Example alleged by *Dacier*,

Natis in usum letitiæ scyphis,

is against him; for it is plain, that *Cups are made for*
Joy, only with relation to the Wine, with which they
are

116 ODES of HORACE,

are filled. An empty Cup is no way proper for that Purpose.

2 *Horace* was then about 34.

3 *O pia testa.*] The Critics seem puzzled for a Reason why *Horace* gives the Epithet of *pious*, or *sacred*, to his Cask: Perhaps because it was destined to a holy Purpose, *viz.* to entertain his Friend.

4 *Quocunque nomine.*] To whatever Purpose employed. Thus these Words are interpreted by *Bentley* and *Sanadon*. To construe them (as most Commentators do) under whatever Consul, is plainly to make *Horace* contradict himself; since he had before told us, in the first Verse, that the Wine was made under the Consulship of *Manlius*. *Massicum lectum* does not signify *du vin cueilli* (as *Dacier* translates it), gathered Wine, (which he himself owns to be a very bold Phrase), but *du vin choisi*, *du meilleur vin*, choice Wine, the best Wine, as *Sanadon* observes.

5 *Descende.*] The Romans kept their Wines in Store-Rooms at the Top of the House, to ripen them by the Smoke. DACIER.

It were to be wished (says *M. Le Clerc*), that *M. Dacier* had here cited his Authors; for no one can believe that Wine was kept above twenty Years (he might have said above thirty) in Garrets, to be ripened by the Smoke: That, perhaps, might have been a good Method to make Vinegar of it, but by no means to make it more delicate. He, therefore, would have done better to have said, that the Romans hung up their Jars of Wine on the Walls of their Vaults, or Cellars; as appears by the 23d or 24th Chapters of *Cato's Book, De Re Rustica*. *M. Dacier* should always have referred us to his Authors, at least when he asserts any thing remarkable. We live in an Age that is extremely distrustful; because it has been found, that some Critics as confidently advance things, for which they have no manner of Proof, as those for which they have the best.

Bibliothèque Universelle, Tome x. p. 280.

6 *Corvino jubente.*] *Publius Valerius Messala Corvinus*, (the Person here meant) was Consul in the Year of Rome 723, and the same who is so much celebrated by *Tibullus*. But all the Praises given him by that Poet are less

less to his Honour than the following Encomium of Cicero, in his 15th Epistle to Brutus: *Carve putes probitate, constantiâ, curâ, studio Reipublicæ, quidquam illi esse simile: ut eloquentia, quâ mirabiliter excellit, vix in eo locum ad laudandum habere videatur; quanquam in hac ipsâ, sapientia plus apparet, ita gravi iudicio, multaque arte se exercuit in verissimo genere dicendi. Tanta autem industria est, tantumque evigilat in studio, ut non maxima ingenio, quod in eo summum est, gratia habenda videatur.* This amiable Character is also an Honour to Horace; for we may judge of the Merit of Men by that of their Friends. See the Character of Messala more at large in Dr. Middleton's Life of Cicero, Vol. II. p. 475. 4th Edit.

Ib. The Word *jubente* proves that *Corvinus* had invited himself to sup with *Horace*.

7 — *Quanquam Socraticis madet*
Sermonibus.

Philosophy is justly compared to a River, which waters the Mind, and renders it fruitful. The Ancients have often employed the Word *madere* in the same Sense: But it is the more happily introduced here, because the Subject is Drinking. There is an Allusion of the like kind in Mr. Pope, which is carried on with peculiar Propriety and Beauty:

A little Learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the *Piarian* Spring;
 There shallow Draughts intoxicate the Brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

Essay on Criticism.

Ib. By *Socratici sermones*, he means the *Academic* Philosophy, which opened the Mind, and formed the Judgment, more than any other. On which account *Horace* elsewhere puts it for the Base and Foundation of good Sense and Reason. *Messala* was both a deep Philosopher, and an accomplished Orator.

8 *Narratur et prisce Catonis*

Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

Horace means *Cato the Censor*, who was called *Priscus*, (the *Ancient*) before he had the Name of *Cato*: For though he was the most sober Man in that Age, inso-much that he only drank Water in the Camp, and at home the same Wine as his Slaves; yet he was wont in his latter Years, and especially in the Country, to enjoy

enjoy himself with his Friends (whom he often invited to Supper), and even to extoll the Pleasures of good Cheer: And this was Ground enough for Horace to say of him, that he sometimes warmed his Virtue with Wine.

9 *Tu leue tormentum ingenio admoveas.*] These Words are thus explained by the Editor in *usum Delphini*: 'By Thee, the Tempers of Men are gently tortured, and 'tried of what Kind they are; the Severe are made 'more mild, the Cruel softened, &c.' Plato, in his Book of LAWS, says, 'That Wine is a Rack, neither 'costly nor dangerous, to try the Affections of Men.' Dacier thinks, that Horace here alludes to the battering Rams, and other Machines made use of in besieging Cities: But the former Interpretation seems the most easy and natural.

13 — *Et, si lata aderit, Venus.*] Venus, if chearful; that is, says Dacier, *si elle est de belle humeur*, gay and affable; because the Pleasure of these jovial Meetings was often interrupted by Quarrels occasioned by Love. It appears from hence, that Women were to be of the Party.

11 *Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia.*] The GRACES, slow to break their Knot; that is, who never break it, or are inseparable; for they always hold one another by the Hand, and are so painted. What Horace here says amounts to no more than this: That Love without Strife, and sincere Friendship, should heighten the Joys of Wine and good Cheer.

12 *Lucerna.*] See the Remarks on the 8th Ode of this Book.

13 *Dum rediens fugat astra Phœbus.*] On such joyful Occasions they continued drinking till the Morning.

This Ode is omitted by Mr. Creech.



ODE XXII.

To DIANA.

OF Woods and Mountains Guardian-Maid,
 2 Thrice call'd, propitious to redeem,
 And give to pregnant Dames thy Aid,
 Thou 3 triple Goddess with a triple Name!

Accept the Pine that shades my Seat,
 Which, even as the Year rolls round,
 I with the flowing Blood will greet
 4 Of a young Boar, that aims a sidelong Wound.

NOTES.

This Ode seems to be a Thanksgiving to *Diana*, for the timely Aid she gave one of his Mistresses.

1 *Montium custos nemorumque.*] Mountains, Woods, and Rivers were the Province or Portion of *Diana*: For which Reason *Horace* calls her here the *Guardian of Mountains*.

2 *Ter vocata.*] On account of her three Names: Besides, the Number Three was mysterious and sacred; a Superstition of great Antiquity: But Man is by Nature a superstitious Animal. *Earl of CORKE.*

3 *Diua triformis.*] Having, as it were, a threefold Deity; and styled in Heaven *Luna*, or the Moon, on Earth *Diana*, and *Proserpine* in Hell. Hence this Distich:

Terret;

120 ODES of HORACE,

*Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittâ.*

*4 Verris obliquum meditantis ietum.] This is happily
expressed; for the Tusks of a Boar are placed in such a
Manner, that he can only bite obliquely, or sideways.*

O D E XXIII.

To PHIDYLÉ.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, sen.

IF, each new Moon, my rustic Maid
Is seen with Hands ¹ to Heaven display'd,
Why should she seek more Gifts than these,
Th' offended *Lares* to appease?
New Fruits and Incense let her pay,
And at their Shrine a ² Porket slay.
Then shall the *South* her Vineyard spare;
Her Corn be safe from ³ blighting Air;
Nor shall her ⁴ Kids and Lambkins die,
When sickly Autumn taints the Sky.

Let the devoted Steer, that feeds
Luxuriant in fair *Alba's* Meads,
Or ⁵ *Algidus*, embrown'd with Wood,
The sacred Axes stain with Blood.
In You, my *Phidylé*, 'twere vain
To strive by Bribes your Gods to gain;
You need but deck their humble Brows
With Rosemary Sprigs and Myrtle Boughs.

* Before

Before their Altar if you stand,
And touch it with unblemish'd Hand,
Your Salt and Barley will become
More grateful than a Hecatomb.

NOTES.

Phidylé is supposed to have been *Horace's* Housekeeper in the Country, and to have begged Leave to offer larger Sacrifices to the *Lares*. The Answer which the Poet makes her in this Ode, may be produced as one Instance (among many) of the excellent Morality taught by the Philosophers.

1 — *Supinas si tuleris manus.*] This was the common Gesture of those who prayed. If they addressed themselves to the heavenly Gods, they lifted their Hands in such a Manner, that the Palm was turned towards Heaven; in which Posture the Hand is reversed: This is properly the Meaning of *Supina*. Thus *Virgil*:

Dicitur —

Multa Jovem manibus supplex orasse supinis.

Æneid. iv. 204, 205.

For this is the same thing, which he has said elsewhere;

— *Duplices tendens ad sidera palmas.*

But when they addressed themselves to the infernal Gods, the Palm was turned towards the Earth.

2 *Avidâque porcâ.*] A Pig was the Victim commonly offered to the *Lares*.

At nobis arata, Lares, depellite tela:

Hosliaque è plenâ rustica porcus barâ.

TIBULLUS, L. I. Eleg. 11.

3 *Rubiginem.*] *Rubigo* signifies that Blight upon Corn, which we call the *Smut*, and is so translated by Mr. Creech. But it seems too low a Word for Poetry.

4 *Dulces alumni.*] The young ones of the Flock; as in the 18th Ode of this Book, *Dulces, tender*. Mr. Creech has translated it, *her darling Children*, viz. of *Phidylé*.

5 *Quæ nivali pascitur Alcido.*] In the 21st Ode of the first Book he calls it *gelido Alcido*. See the Note there. We learn from hence, that Victims for the public Sacrifices were taken from the Herds fattened on Mount *Alcidus*, or in the Pastures of *Alba*.

6 *Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia,
Mollibit averfos Penates*

Farre pio, et saliente micâ.]

Bentley here reads *mollivit*: *Sanadon*, *mollir*. They both agree, that there is not a single Instance of any Writer in that Age, who made the future Tense of the fourth Conjugation end in *ibo*. *Dacier* and *Bentley* contend, that *immunis* signifies here only *empty*, and that it is never taken for *pure* or *innocent*, when it stands by itself. *Sanadon*, on the contrary, maintains, that it signifies *innocent*; and proves that it may be so taken from *Pliny*, Book xvii. Chap. xxxvii. *Caprificus omnibus immunis est, quæ adhuc diximus*, where *vitius* must be understood; and from his xxvith Book, Chap. ii. *Oculis tantum immunibus*; *mali* or *malo* being understood. Besides, a Hand which makes an Offering with *Bread-corn* or *Barley* (*farre*), with *Salt* (*saliente micâ*), and with a *Hog* (*porcâ*) cannot be said to be *empty*.

These great Critics are no less divided about the Manner of construing these Lines. *Dacier* says, the Words are to be placed thus: *Et si manus tua immunis tetigit aram, mollibit iniquos penates farre pio et saliente micâ, non blandior futura cum sumptuosa hostiâ.* *Sanadon* thus: *Si tua manus aram immunis (sceleris or vitii) tetigit, non blandior molliwerit averfos penates cum sumptuosa hostiâ, quam cum farre pio et saliente micâ.* *Bentley* thinks they are both in the wrong: *Hostia*, according to him, is the Nominative Case, and this the Order of the Words: *Sumptuosa hostia non molliwit penates blandior farre pio, sive, blandius quam far.* The short Syllable in *sumptuosa*, he says, is produced, or lengthened, because the next Word, *blandior*, begins with two Consonants; as was frequently practised by *Catullus*; and by *Martial* in the following Line;

Quid gladium demens Romana stringis in ora?

And that *blandior* is to be joined with *hostia*, and not with *manus*, *Ovid* alone will evince (says he), in a Passage where he imitates our Author;

Sept

*Sæpe Deos aliquis peccando fecit iniquos :
Et pro peccatis hostia blanda fuit.*

Ib. The Prophets, Philosophers and Poets, unanimously inculcate the same important Lesson, which Horace here suggests in this Ode, viz. That Virtue is the most acceptable Sacrifice to the Deity. Out of a Multitude of Passages, which might be produced to this Purpose, it may be useful to quote a few remarkable ones.

Samuel says to Saul, when he had disobeyed the Voice of the Lord, *Hath the Lord as great Delight in Burnt-Offerings and Sacrifices, as in obeying the Voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than Sacrifice; and to hearken, than the Fat of Rams.* 1 Sam. xv. 22.

Will I eat the Flesh of Bulls, or drink the Blood of Goats? Offer unto God Thanksgiving, and pay thy Vows unto the Most High.—Who so offereth Praise, glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his Conversation aright, will I show the Salvation of God. Psalm l. 13, 14, 23.

He that killeth an Ox, is as if he slew a Man: He that sacrificeth a Lamb, as if he cut off a Dog's Neck: He that offereth an Oblation, as if he offered Swine's Blood: He that burneth Incense, as if he blessed an Idol. Isaiah lxvi. 3.

I desired Mercy, and not Sacrifice; and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings. Hosea vi. 6.

I shall conclude my Quotations from the Prophets with a Passage in *Micah*, (Chap. vi. ver. 6, &c.) than which nothing was ever written more rational, or more elegant: *Where-with shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with Burnt-Offerings, with Calves of a Year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of Rams, or with ten thousands of Rivers of Oyl? Shall I give my First-born for my Transgression, the Fruit of my Body for the Sin of my Soul?—He hath showed thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to DO JUSTLY, and to LOVE MERCY, and to WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD?*

To these let me add a Sentence from a modern Rabbi, *Isaac Netto*, in his excellent Sermon, preached in the Jews Synagogue, on the Fast-Day, February 6, 1756.

‘Brethren, it is not Ceremony alone, which constitutes Religion, without an Observance of its Precepts: It is not merely external Appearance, which is required: This is not enough; the Heart is necessary, and is alone acceptable to God.’ P. 11,

These Passages seem the more worthy of Notice, as they proceed from the *Prophets* and *Teachers* of a People, who labour under a Load of external Ordinances.

The *Philosophers* argue in the same Strain: *Seneca*, having mentioned some Ceremonies by which Men were wont to express their Devotion, says, *Humana ambitio istis capitur officiis, Deum colit qui novit.* Epist. 95. 'Human Ambition is delighted with such Observances; but he only can truly worship God, who knows him. The first Step (says he) towards divine Worship, is to believe the Being of a God, and then to demean ourselves to him suitably to the Greatness of his Majesty.' *Vis Deos propitiare, bonus esto; satis illos coluit, quisquis imitatus est.* 'Would you render the Gods propitious to you, be virtuous; He only does truly worship them, who labours to be like them.' So *Tully*: *Cultus autem Deorum est optimus, idemque castissimus, atque sanctissimus, plenissimusque pietatis, ut eos semper parâ, integrâ, incorruptâ mente et voce veneremur.* De Natura Deorum, Lib. 2.

To show the sentiments of the *Poets* on this Subject, I shall only appeal to our Author, and two more.

Menander (as quoted by *Eusebius*) says, 'That Men do in vain endeavour to make the Gods propitious by their costly Sacrifices: But if they hope to enjoy the Divine Favour, let them love and adore God in their Hearts, be just and holy in their Conversations.' *Preparatio Evangelica, Lib. xiii. Cap. 13.*

I shall conclude with some admirable Lines of *Persius*, at the End of his second Satire:

*Quin damus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare laque
Non possit magni Messala lippa propago:
Compositum jus, fasque animo; sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incolitum generoso pectus honesto:
Hæc cedo, ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.*

But let us for the Gods a Gift prepare,
Which the great Man's great Chargers cannot bear;
A Soul, where Laws, both Human and Divine,
In Practice more than Speculation shine;
A genuine Virtue of a vigorous Kind,
Pure in the last Recesses of the Mind:
When with such Offerings to the Gods I come,
A Cake, thus given, is worth a Hecatomb.

DRYDEN.

It

It is hoped, that the Importance of the Subject will be thought a sufficient Apology for the Length of this Note. It seems the more necessary at this Time, when there are some Sects among us, who think to honour the Christian Religion by declaiming against Morality; whereas it was the chief Office and Employment of its gracious Founder to recommend and enforce the Practice of every moral Duty by stronger Motives than Reason alone could have suggested.

The two *French* Critics, *Dacier* and *Sanadon*, would persuade us, that this Ode is entirely *ironical*. They think it is the sole Intent of the Poet to divert himself at the Expence of his honest House-keeper; and that he plays upon her Superstition and Credulity to serve his own Interest. '*Phidyle*,' says *Sanadon*, 'might perhaps think her Master was in earnest; but I believe he had a *mental Reservation*.' This may seem natural to a *Jesuit*, but will scarce be thought so by any one else: *Horace*, I am persuaded, would have blushed at such an Imputation. *Sanadon* too discovers *Humour* and *Pleasantry* in this Ode. His Construction puts one in Mind of an odd Fellow, who, on hearing that solemn Speech in *Hamlet*, *To be, or not to be*, burst out into a loud Laugh, and vowed, *there was a great deal of Drollery in it*. His Taste, in this Particular, is not to be envied.

ODE XXIV.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

THOUGH *India's* Stores your Wealth
 excell'd,
 And rich *Arabia*, ' yet unquell'd;
 ' Though *Tuscan* and *Apulian* Seas
 Were shaded by your ample Palaces;

G 3

' When

3 When Fate, with adamantin Hand,
 Shall urge th' inflexible Demand,
 In vain you would redeem from Dread
 Your Heart, in vain from Snares of Death your
 Head.

Better the savage *Scythian* lives,
 Who in a Wain his Household drives;
 Better the *Gete*, whose fruitful Grounds
 No Fence divides, unmark'd by jealous Bounds;

One Year he tills the mellow Soil,
 And rests the next from all his Toil:
 No 4 Step-dames treacherously prepare
 The baneful Cup for hapless Orphans there:

No 5 portion'd Wife controuls her Spouse,
 And gives Gallants her plighted Vows:
 The Suitors there alone require

6 For Dower, a Race of Probity entire,
 And Chastity with native Charms,
 Which bashful flies a Stranger's Arms:
 They justly Breach of Vows disdain,
 Or Death, their Doom, wipes off th' opprobrious
 Stain.

Oh! who will quell our Civil Rage,
 And Slaughter's impious Course allwage?
 Would he in breathing Marble stand,
 Engrav'd, *The Father of a rescu'd Land*,
 Let him licentious Vice reclaim,
 Content alone with future Fame.

7 Virtue, while flashing on our Eyes,
 Envious, we hate; yet, when departed, prize.

But

But what can these Complaints import,
 If Justice shrinks in cutting short
 The Growth of Vice; for what avails
 The wisest Law, if moral Virtue fails?
 If nor the sultry Southern Coasts,
 Nor Northern Climes, congeal'd with Frosts,
 Nor all the Horrors of the Main,
 From dangerous Searches for the hidden Gain,
 The greedy Merchant can deter,
 Or fright the daring Mariner?
 What will not Want's false Shame enjoin,
 Quitting the narrow Tract of Virtue's Line?—
 * Then to the Capitol convey,
 † While shouting Thousands crowd the Way,
 Your † Gems and † fatal Gold, or throw
 Into the Sea † those Springs of every Woe!
 If with Remorse your Crimes you view,
 Each lawless Appetite subdue;
 And † strengthen the too tender Mind
 With generous Studies of a manly Kind. †
 Our noble Youths, † untaught to lead
 Th' impetuous Chace, and † guide the Steed,
 Are skill'd to make the † Trochus fly,
 And nimbly cast the † Law-forbidden Die.
 Yet fond this worthless Son to raise,
 The perjur'd Sire his Friend betrays:
 In vain his wicked Coffers fill;
 Something, I know not what, is wanting still.

NOTES.

Horace in this Ode inveighs against the reigning Vices of the Age. It appears by the first Verse, in which he speaks of *Arabia*, as having then never been attacked by the *Romans*, (*intactis thesauris Arabum*) that this was written before the 29th Ode of the first Book, and consequently before his 41st Year: But by the 25th and 26th Verses,

(*O quisquis volet impias
Cades, et rabiem tollere civicam*)

it is also evident that it was written before the End of the Civil Wars; so that he could not then be 37 Years old. DACIER.

1 *Intactis opulentior*

Thesauris Arabum, & divitijs Indiae.]

This Ode was written before *Ælius Gallus* (not *Ælius Largus*, as *Dion* by Mistake calls him) had led an Army against the *Arabians*, which happened under the tenth Consulship of *Augustus*. *Propertius* also speaks of *Arabia*, as untouched till then, Book ii. Elegy 10.

*India quin, Auguste, tuo dat colla triumpho,
Et domus intactæ te tremit Arabia.*

The present Bishop of *Bristol* has judiciously observed, that 'the Prophecy that *ISHMAEL* should dwell in the Presence of all his Brethren (*Gen. xvi. 12.*) has been remarkably fulfilled in his Descendants, the *Ismaelites*, or *Arabians*; as they still subsist a distinct People, having from first to last maintained their Independency against the *Egyptians*, *Assyrians*, *Persians*, *Grecians*, *Romans* and *Turks*; and that, in their present Manners and Customs, they nearly resemble their great Ancestor, who was a wild Man, an Archer, a Dweller in Tents, &c.' See *Dr. Newton's Dissertations on the Prophecies*, Vol. I.

Arabia was famous for its Riches many Ages before *Augustus*: Thus, in the 72d Psalm, it is said, And unto him shall be given of the Gold of *Arabia*.

By *India*, *Horace* means the Country on both Sides of the *Ganges*: It is very well described by *Strabo*, in his 15th Book. It abounds with Gold, Silver, and precious tones.

2 *Cementis*

2 *Cementis licet occupes**Tyrrbenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum.]*

Most Editions read *mare Ponticum*; but this is evidently a Mistake; for how could a Roman build, at the same Time, on the Shores of the *Tuscan* and of the *Pontic* Seas? By *mare Apulicum*, Horace means *mare Superum*; and by *mare Tyrrbenum*, *mare Inferum*; or, in other Words, the *Adriatic* and *Tuscan* Seas. DACIER.

3 *Si figit adamantinos**Summis verticibus dura Necessitas**Clavos, non animum metu,**Non Mortis laqueis expedit caput.]*

‘If (or When) severe Necessity shall fix her adamantine Spikes in the lofty Towers [of these Palaces], You will not be able to disentangle your Heart from the Fear, nor your Head from the Nets, of Death.’

Horace has given us, in the 35th Ode of his first Book, a Picture of *Necessity* or *Fate*, holding in her Hands Nails, which he there calls *trabales*, (*beamy*, or *beam-like*) on account of their Bulk; and he here calls them *adamantine*, on account of their Hardness. He borrowed this Phrase from *Pindar*, who uses the Word *adamas* in the same Sense, in his 4th *Pythian* Ode.

Adamas signifies a *Diamond*, that Sort of Iron which we call *Steel*, and a *Loadstone*.

Horace here describes *Death* armed with a Net, which he throws over the Head of the Person attacked. Without Doubt, this Thought arose from the *Gladiator*, called *Retiarius*, who, with a Net in his Hand, strove to entangle the Head of his Enemy; and sung, as he aimed at him, *Non te peto, piscem peto: quid me fugis, Galle?* For he used to be matched against the *Myrmillo*, or *Secutor*, who bore the Figure of a Fish on his Helmet.

DACIER.

The Reader may see a more particular Account of this Kind of Combat in *Kennet's Roman Antiquities*, Book v. Chap. 4. See also *Juvenal*, Satire 8.

4 *Privignis mulier temperat innocens.]* The Hatred of Mothers-in-law to their Foster-Children passed into a Proverb; on which the following severe Epigram of *Callimachus* is founded:

Στήλην μητρυνῆς, μικρὰν λίθον, ἔφευγε Κῆρος, &c.

A Youth, who thought his Father's Wife
 Had lost her Malice with her Life,
 Officious with a Chaplet grac'd
 The Statue on her Tomb-stone plac'd;
 When, sudden, falling on his Head,
 With the dire Blow it struck him dead.]
 Be warn'd from hence, each Foster-Son,
 Your Step-dame's Sepulchre to shun!

J. D.

5 *Nec dotata regit virum
 Conjux.]*

Thus Plautus:

*Nam quæ indotata est, in potestate est viri:
 Dotatæ maerant et malo et damno viros.*

Th' unportion'd Wife obeys her Husband's Will;
 The portion'd is his Loss, and cruel Scourge.

6 *Dos est magna, parentium
 Virtus.]*

Hesiod complains, that, in his Time, Men were very careful to have Horses and Dogs of a good Breed; but did not scruple to marry the Daughters of corrupt and vicious Parents, provided they were rich.

DACIER.

We have had Instances, in our Days, of some who have gone greater Lengths than this, and (though not tempted by Necessity) have married Fools and Lunatics for the sake of large Fortunes.

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
 Auri sacra fames?*

7 *Virtutem incolumem odimus.]* The same Thought occurs in the Epistle to Augustus:

*Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes
 Infra se positas: Extinctus amabitur idem.*

Ib. *Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.]* It is to be observed here, that *invidi* agrees both with *odimus* and *quærimus*. If it should be asked, how Envy can tempt us to bewail and praise the Dead? the Answer is, in order to upbraid the Living.

This Thought is happily illustrated in a Copy of Verses, written by Mr. Tickell, in the Year 1726, to the Memory of Earl Cadogan:

From

From his cold Coarse though every Friend be fled,
Lo! ENVY waits, that Lover of the Dead;
To blast the Living, gives the Dead their Due,
And Wreaths, herself had tainted, trims anew.

8 *Vel nos in Capitolium.*] Horace, after having shown the Cause of all their Calamities, namely, AVARICE and the Fear of POVERTY, proceeds to point out the Remedy proper to cure these Evils; and counsels the Romans to consecrate all their Gold and Jewels, to Jupiter. It was a very common thing to dedicate Gold in the Temples, and was practised by private Persons, by the Senate, and even by the Emperors. Thus Suetonius relates of Augustus Caesar, that, at one Time, he gave to the Treasury of Jupiter Capitolinus's Temple sixteen Thousand Pound Weight of Gold, and in Gems and Pearls to the Value of fifty Millions of Sesterces. See Suetonius in the Life of Octavius Caesar, Chap. 31.

16,000 Pound Weight of Gold amounts to	£.	600,000
50,000,000 of Sesterces (computing the Denarius at 9d. which was its true Value in the Reign of Augustus) amounts to		446,432
		1,046,432

It is to be observed too, that this was at a Time, when the intrinsic Value of Gold and Silver was probably much greater than now, and the latter particularly near twice as much. D.

9 *Quo clamor vocat et turba faventium.*] These Gifts were made with much Pomp and Solemnity: The People commonly attended those, who offered them, to the Temple with great Acclamations.

10 *Gemmae et lapides.*] The Romans distinguished *gemma* from *lapis*: By the former they meant Diamonds and all transparent Jewels; by the latter, opaque Stones. Even the Lawyers observed this Distinction: But the Greeks called both Sorts indifferently *lithoi*, Stones. DACIER.

11 *Aurum et inutile.*] *Inutile* signifies here pernicious, fatal, destructive: As in Cicero, and in Livy, *civis inutilis* denotes a Citizen born for the Ruin of the Commonwealth.

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12 *Summi materiam mali,
Mittamus.*]

Thus *Justin*, in his third Book: *Lycurgus aurum argentumque, velut omnium scelerum materiam, sustulit.* 'Lycurgus forbid the Use of Gold and Silver, as the Source of all Wickedness.'

13 — *Et teneræ nimis
Mentes asperioribus
Formandæ studiis.*]

Bentley observes, that the true Reading here is *firmandæ*, as appears from the Word *nimis*: 'The more tender the Mind, the more apt to be formed and moulded into any Shape; but, if it be too tender, it wants to be strengthened.' This Sense is also confirmed by the Word *asperioribus*. Thus also *Horace*, in the 4th Ode of the fourth Book:

*Dòctrina sed vim promovet instans,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.*

Dacier rejects this Reading, and yet (such is the Force of Truth) he has actually followed it in his own Translation: *Il faut inspirer à nos jeunes gens des inclinations plus mâles et plus nobles; il faut les endurcir à des exercices plus pénibles.*

14 *Venarique timet.*] Hunting was in high Esteem among the Romans: They looked upon it as the most natural Image of War.

15 *Nescit equo-harere.*] To remedy this Evil, *Augustus* ordered frequent Tournaments to be held by all young Persons of Quality. A beautiful Description of this Sport may be seen in the fifth *Æneid*.

16 *Seu Græco jubeas trocho.*] This was a Sport derived from the Greeks, as *Horace* here observes: 'It has been often thought the same as the Turbo, or Top; or else of the like Nature with our Billiards: But both these Opinions are now exploded. The Trochus was a Hoop of Iron, five or six Feet in Diameter; the Inside of which was set with Iron Rings. The Boys and young Men used to whirl this along, as our Children do the wooden Hoop, directing it with a Rod of Iron having a wooden Handle; which Rod the Greeks called *ἐλάτις*, and the Romans, *radius*. There was need of great Dexterity to guide the Hoop right. In the mean time the

the Rings, by the clattering which they made, not only gave the People Notice to keep out of the Way, but contributed very much to the Boy's Diversion. We must take care not to think this only a childish Exercise, since we find *Horace* ranking it with other manly Sports :

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis ;
Indoctusve pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit.*

De Arte Poet.

DACIER.

17 — *Vetita legibus alea.*] All Games of Chance, and especially with Dice, were forbidden the Romans by several Laws, under severe Penalties, except in *December*, during the Festival of the *Saturnalia*. Whoever was detected in playing, was sent to Prison, or to the Mines. *Suetonius* observes, that *Augustus* was so fond of this Game, that he not only played in the *Saturnalia*, and on every Festival, but indeed every Day. If therefore the Ancients had been as malicious in their Applications as the Moderns are, they might have censured this Line as a Reflection on *Augustus* himself. This sedentary Diversion was, at first, thought fit only for aged Men ; but, when a general Corruption of Manners prevailed, it was practised also by Youths and Boys, as is observed by *Juvenal*, in his 14th Satire :

*Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et hares
Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo.*

If Gaming does an aged Sire entice,
Then my young Master swiftly learns the Vice,
And shakes, in Hanging-sleeves, the little Box and
Dice.

DRYDEN.

The

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

COULD you *Golconda's* Treasures gain,
 Or wrest *Potosi's* Mines from *Spain*,
 Did your majestic Mansion stand
 In *Richmond's* Vale, the Work of *Jones's* Hand,
 Degenerate *Briton*! when the Dart
 Of Death is levell'd at your Heart,
 Not all your Power, not all your Wealth,
 Can ward the dreaded Stroke, or purchase Health.
 Happier the *Mohawk*, who for Food
 Trusts to the Forest, or the Flood;
 Far happier, with his Spear and Bow,
 The skin-clad *Laplander*, in Realms of Snow,
 In Winter, doom'd to endless Night,
 In Summer, blest with endless Light;
 No Daughter's * impious Arts prepare
 Destructive Powders for her Father there;
 No Niece * there shares *his* guilty Bed
 Who slits her Uncle's vital Thread:
 There, all the Produce of their Plains,
 Herds of Rein-Deer alone the Husband gains,
 With Chastity, a spotless Name,
 Which Slander never can defame;
 Adultery, Murder, Theft, are Crimes
 Unknown, unheard of in those virtuous Climes.

* See the Tryals of Miss Blandy at Oxford, and of Miss Jefferies at Chelmsford, both in the Year 1752.

Oh!

Oh! who will Luxury, the Bane
Of every prosperous State restrain?
Whoe'er in lively Tints would glow
On *Isis*' Banks, or grace the Shrines of *Stowe*;
Whoe'er, the Favourite of the Nine,
Would *Minister* and *Patriot* join,
Should by Example, Law, and Force,
Check (while he can) Corruption's rapid Course.
To those whom living we neglect,
When dead, we Monuments erect:
Thus many a Bard who wanted Bread
On Marble Pillows rests his laurell'd Head.
What can avert th' impending Storm,
Unless the Great themselves reform?
Or how can Vice be quell'd, if they
Who Statutes make, those Statutes disobey?
If from th' ideal Paths of Wealth,
Of Place and Power, nor Fame, nor Health,
Nor social Bliss, though sought by all,
Can Courtiers, Sages, Citizens, recall?
Strange! that a *Borough's* venal Charms
Should tempt the wisest to her Arms! —
But Oh! reflect, alarming Thought!
That they who buy, may in their Turn be bought.
Ere all your Gold be made the Price
Of Riot, Infamy, and Vice,
Your Guineas to the Bank convey,
A welcome Gift, the Nation's Debt to pay!
If of your own contagious Crimes
Convinc'd, you wish for better Times,
Inspire,

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Inspire, ye Great, with Virtue's Love
 Your lisping Babes, and bid your Sons improve !
 Our Youths, on fain'd *Newmarket's* Plain,
 Are taught betimes the Steed to rein ;
 Unskill'd in Science and in Arts,
Hoyle in their Heads, and *Arthur's* in their Hearts.
 To aggrandize this worthless Race,
 The Sire for Titles or a Place
 His Conscience sells ; but from his Bed
 Sleep flies indignant to yon happier Shed.

O D E XXV.

To BACCHUS.

By another Hand.

W HITHER, *Bacchus*, wouldst thou bear me ?
 To what Grott or hallow'd Grove ?
 Say, what sacred Cave shall hear me
 Sing great *Cæsar*, Son of *Jove* ?

Where, enraptur'd, shall I raise him
 To the Synod of the Sky ?
 In unrivall'd Songs I'll praise him,
 High as mortal Strains may fly.

Full of thy inspiring Potion,
 Glowing with a new-born Fire ;

All

All my Soul, in wild Commotion,
Louder Notes shall wake my Lyre.

Thus amaz'd, on airy Mountains,
 ² Rous'd from Rest, thy Votaries glow,
Viewing ³ *Hebrus*' fabled Fountains,
 ⁴ *Rhodopé* o'erwhelm'd with Snow.

⁵ How its solemn Prospects please me,
 Wandering through the silent Grove !
What ecstatic Transports seize me,
 ⁶ While o'er craggy Rocks I rove !

Hear me, *Bacchus* ! Power victorious
 O'er the fierce lymphatic Train ;
Nothing groveling, nor inglorious,
 Shall my sacred Song profane.

Though th' advent'rous Theme alarm thee,
 Still, my Muse, be blithe and gay ;
Let the Thought of Danger warm thee ;
 ⁷ Vine-crown'd *Bacchus* leads the Way.

NOTES.

According to *Sanadon*, this Ode was not written till after the Consecration of *Augustus* : And he seems to think That to be the Subject of it. If this be true, says he, the Date of it must be fixed in the Year of Rome 725.

¹ *Quæ in nemora aut quos agor in specus,
 Velox mente nova ?*]

Bentley says, that the best MSS. and old Copies, read *Quæ nemora* ; and he observes, that, when two Members
of

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of a Sentence are both governed by the same Preposition, it may be more elegantly omitted in the former of them, than in the latter. Thus *Virgil*:

Quas ego te terras, et quanta per æquora vectum
Accipio. *Æneid. vi. v. 692.*

And *Statius*:

Stat medius campis etiam nunc cuspide fixa
Bellipotens; jam hos clypeum, jam vertit ad illos.
Theb. viii. v. 314.

2 *Exsomnia.*] All the Critics (except *Dacier*) seem agreed to discard this innocent Word, without knowing what to give us instead of it. *Bentley* has displayed a great deal of Reading to show, 1st, That *exsomnia* is always used in the same Sense as *insomnia*, or *per-vigil* (*sleepless*, or *vigilant*); and, 2dly, to prove that Sense of it to be improper in this Place. Allowing the first Point; let us consider the Reasons he offers for rejecting that Sense of it. 'No Person (says he) can be said to be *sleepless*, who does not pass the Day and Night, or at least the whole Night, without Sleep.' Agreed. 'But (says he) the *Orgies*, here mentioned, were celebrated in the Day-time; and therefore this Priestess could not be styled *exsomnia*.' On the contrary, it is well known, that these Rites were frequently held in the Night: It may therefore be justly expected, that he should prove this Assertion. Accordingly, he thus attempts it: 'This is plain from the Words immediately following, where she (the Priestess) is said *prospicere*, to behold the River *Hebrus*, *Thrace* white with Snow, and *Rhodopé*; which it was impossible for her to do but in open Day.' This is so far from being true, that much smaller Objects than Rivers and Mountains may be seen by Moon-light, or even by the Rays of the Stars; especially when joined to the Light reflected from the Snow: And it may be proved from the allowed Sense of *exsomnia*, (which Word is warranted by all the Manuscripts and old Copies) that these *Orgies* were kept in the Night-time. This is also confirmed by the general Custom. Besides, *Horace* speaks of the Priestess as actually in her enthusiastic Fit, and not as just awakened in a calm State from a profound Sleep, as *Dacier* interprets *exsomnia*. In that Sense, the *Simile* will lose its true Strength and Beauty.

Bentley

Bentley (without the Authority of any Copy) reads *Edonis* (*Thracian*) for *Exsomnis*; but is doubtful whether it should be joined with *Evias* or *jugis*; yet neither of them seems elegant: e. g. The *Thracian* Priests—beholding *Thrace*; or, the Priests on the *Thracian Hills* beholding *Thrace*: And *Sanadon* reads *Exsomnis*: But there seems to be no Occasion for either of them. D.

3 The *Hebrus* is a River of *Thrace*: It rises from Mount *Rhodopé*, not far from *Adrianople*, and falls into the *Ægean Sea*, against the Isle of *Samothrace*, rolling over golden Sands.

4. *Rhodopé*.] This Mountain was the common Rendezvous of the *Thracian Bacchanals*.

5 *Ut mihi*.] *Crucius* and Bentley for *ut* read *ac*, (though *ac* is used just before, *ac pede Barbaro*) and connect this Line with the foregoing Sentence in this Manner: *Non fuscus stupet* (*miratur*) *Evias*, *ac ego nunc miror*. On which *Dacier* remarks; ‘They who can relish such an Interpretation, are very far from feeling the Enthusiasm of this fine Verse, which depends upon the Particle of Admiration, *ut*.’

6 *Ripas et vacuum nemus*

Mirari libet.]

All the Manuscripts and old Editions give *ripas* here. *Muret*, it is said, first introduced *rupes*; which many have since followed. Bentley says, there is no Instance where *ripas* is used absolutely, without the mention of a River or Waters. He therefore reads *rivos*, instead of *rupes*. *Rivos* and *nemus*, it is certain, agree very well together. Thus our Author:

Ego laudo ruris amœni

Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.

Ep. i. v. 10.

He adds, that *rivos* and *ripas* have been frequently confounded by the Transcribers and Printers. This Reading seems the more proper, as *Bacchus* is here styled *potens Naiadum*, King of the *Naiades*, or of the *Water-Nymphs*. If the Word *rivos* should be preferred, the Translation ought to run thus:

While near limpid Streams I rove.

7 *Cin-*

140 ODES of HORACE,

7 *Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.*] Thus, in the 8th Ode of the fourth Book, he describes *Bacchus* with a Vine-leaf Chaplet on his Head :

Ornatus viridi tempora pampino.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

*To the Rev. Mr. HIRST, F.R.S. Chaplain
to his Majesty's Ship the Lenox.*

W HITHER on the Muse's Pinion,
Fann'd by aromatic Gales,
Through old Neptune's wide Dominion,
Do I trace your flying Sails ?

Sportive Fancy now pursues you,
Round the Cape, to Southern Skies ;
Now beneath the Line she views you,
With your Galileo's Eyes,
Pointing the bright Path of *Venus*
To your Brethren of the Fleet,
Counting all the Leagues between us
And the Source of Light and Heat.

Your Companions, crown'd with Glory,
Now triumphant range the Main ;
Pondicherry, fam'd in Story,
Falls, and *Lally* raves in vain.

France,

France, who late, with Grief and Wonder,
Canada's dire Loss beheld,
 Sees her Sons, by *Britain's* Thunder,
 Now from *India's* Coasts expell'd.

How entranc'd are all your Senses
 Slumbering in a Cocoa Grove!
 What Perfumes each Gale dispenses,
 While through spicy Fields you rove!

If Philosophy your Labours
 With deserv'd Success shall crown,
 Both in Arts and Arms our Neighbours
Britain shall superior own.

Let not Foes nor Storms alarm you,
 Still the starry Regions view;
 Think, and let th' Example charm you,
Halley was a *Tar* like You,
 1761.

O D E XXVI,

To VENUS.

FIT for the Girls, in *Venus's* Cause
 I lately serv'd, and won Applause;
 But now her *Eastern* Wall shall bear
 My useless Arms, and Harp, discharg'd from War.

My

My dreaded Axe, whose sturdy Stroke
 Each bolted Door to Shivers broke;
² My Torch and Bow, here place on high,
 As Trophies of thy Champion's Victory.

‘ Goddess ! who with indulgent Smile
 ‘ Dost thy delightful *Cyprian* Isle,
 ‘ And ³ *Memphis*, free from Snow, command ;
 ‘ 4 Once tap proud *Chloë* with up-lifted Wand.’

NOTES.

This Ode was written after the 23d of the first, and the 9th of this Book. *Horace* might then be about 41, or 42 Years old.

¹ When the Ancients quitted any Trade or Art, they used to consecrate the Instruments of it to some God ; especially to him, who presided over the Profession they forsook.

*Ib. Barbitor hic paries habebit,
 Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
 Custodit.]*

‘ This Wall shall hold my Harp, which guards the left
 ‘ Side of Sea-born *Venus* :’ That is, says *Dacier*, the
Eastern Wall of the Temple ; for the Images of the Gods
 were placed on the North Side, which was therefore
 called the *Seat of the Gods*. Thus *Varro* : *A Deorum sede
 cum in Meridiem spectes, ad sinistram sunt partes mundi ex-
 orientes, ad dextram occidentes.* ‘ When you look from
 ‘ the Seat of the Gods towards the South, the *Eastern*
 ‘ Parts of the World are on your left Hand, and the
 ‘ *Western* on your right.’

² *Et vester, et arcus,
 Oppositis foribus minaces.]*

Bentley makes an Objection against the Word *arcus* here. Of what Use, says he, would Bows be in breaking open of Gates ? He would therefore have us read *securæque*, because Axes were very proper for that Purpose, and
 sic.

frequently so employed; as may be seen in *Theocritus*, *Plautus*, and *Virgil*. *Cunningham* and *Sanadon* prefer *barpas*, as not so remote from the Text. *Harpe* is a large Cutlass, or *Scymetar*. But *Dacier* defends the common Reading. 'The *Torches* and *Bars* (says he) were made ' use of to burn and break open the Gates, and the ' *Bows* to drive away those who might defend them; ' as, in assaulting a City, Engines were employed to ' beat down the Walls, and Arms to clear the Ramparts. ' *Horace* follows the same Image here.'

3 *Venus* was worshipped in several Cities of *Ægypt*, and particularly at *Memphis*, where she had a beautiful Temple.

Ib. *Memphim carentem Sithoniâ nive.*] ' *Memphis*, free ' from *Sithonian*, or *Thracian*, Snow;' for *Sithon* was a Mountain in *Thrace*. *Torrentius* and *Dacier* condemn *Horace* here as faulty: *Sanadon*, on the contrary, maintains this Passage to be truly poetical. *Horace* (says he) uses the *Species* for the *Genus*, as is frequent with him; And it is the more beautiful, because *Chloë* was by Birth a *Thracian*; *Thressa Chloë*, as he calls her in the 9th Ode of this Book.

4 *Regina sublimi flagello,*

Tange Chloën semel arrogantem.]

Horace gives *Venus* here a Rod or *Scourge*. Some think, that *sublimi flagello* ought to be construed, *with thy Rod raised aloft*, in order to give the smarter Blow; others, that it means no more than *tu sublimis tange flagello*; as *Tibullus* speaks, in the 8th Elegy of his first Book:

*Hanc Venus ex alto flentem sublimis Olympo
Spectat.*

DACIER.

Sanadon observes the Address of *Horace* in this Line: He begs of *Venus*, that the Blow to be given her may be light: *tange*, touch, or tap her; *semel*, once. He fears lest it should be repeated. This Tenderness (as he observes) is no very strong Proof of the Poet's Resentment.

One Mr. J. R — n, after having interpreted this Passage in the same Manner as *Sanadon* (whose Notes he seems not to have read), makes the following Remark:

' A modern Translator, a Gentleman of the Birch, ' renders it,

' On

144 ODES of HORACE,

‘ On scornful *Chloë* lift thy Wand,
 ‘ And scourge her with UNPITYING Hand;
 ‘ But *Horace* was a Man of too much Gallantry ever to
 ‘ be guilty of such a Piece of Barbarity to a Lady.’ D.
 See the STUDENT, Vol. I. p. 89.

O D E XXVII.

To GALATEA,

*Setting out for Brundisium, in order to em-
 bark for Greece.*

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

W Hene’er the Wicked roam abroad,
 May ¹ Magpies chatter on the Road;
 The ² pregnant Bitch, or ³ Fox, whose Young
 Are newly cast, disast’rous pass along!

May red Wolves from ⁴ *Lanuvium* stray,
 Or ⁵ Serpents dart across the Way,
 To fright their Steeds! But, round the Sky,
 For Thee I’ll watch with ever-wakeful Eye.

‘ Before the Crow, presaging Rain,
 Flies to the dank and marshy Plain,
 The lucky Raven I will rouse,
 From the fair *East*, by my prevailing Vows —

May Fortune still thy Choice attend,
 (Yet, Oh be mindful of thy Friend!)

‘ Nor

7 Nor croaking Crows, of Omen dire,
Nor noisy Peckers, warn Thee to retire!

8 Yet mark *Orion*!—How he lowers,
And setting shows the gathering Showers!

9 Too well I know what Storms arise
On *Adria's* fable Gulph, from smiling Skies.

10 Oh! may the Children of our Foes
The Tempest feel, that loudly blows,
When springs the *South*; the Waves that roar,
And with dread Fury lash the trembling Shore!

11 *Europa* thus the Bull caress'd,
And his broad Back, advent'rous, press'd;

12 But when the Monsters of the Main
She saw, her Heart was fill'd with throbbing Pain.

13 She, who, along the flowery Meads,
Wove Wreaths for her Companions Heads,
Now in the Gloom 14 sees nought around,
But twinkling Stars and Ocean's Waves profound.

Soon as at *Crete* arriv'd, where rise

15 A hundred stately Towers, she cries,

16 How has my frantic Rage suppress

17 The filial Piety, that warm'd my Breast!

18 From whence? where am I?—Once to die

19 Is, sure, too slight a Penalty!

‘ Do I deplore, with waking Thought,
 ‘ Some shocking Crime, which I indeed have
 wrought ?

‘ Or, ¹⁸ from the Ivory Gate of Night,
 ‘ Does some vain Dream my Fancy fright ?
 ‘ Fond Wretch ! to traverse thus the Main,
 ‘ Rather than weave fresh Garlands on the Plain,

‘ Would now the wicked Steer return,
 ‘ While thus with just Revenge I burn,
 ‘ I’d rend the Monster, ¹⁹ once so dear,
 ‘ And break his Horns, or pierce him with a Spear !

‘ Shameless ! thy Father’s House to fly ;
 ‘ Shameless ! so guilty, not to die ;
 ‘ O hear my Prayer, some righteous Power !
 ‘ Let savage Beasts my naked Coarse devour !

‘ ²⁰ Ere hollow Wrinkles mar the Grace,
 ‘ And bloomy Lustre of my Face,
 ‘ May the fierce Tyger’s Maw become
 ‘ Of my still-beauteous Limbs the living Tomb !

‘ Thy ²¹ absent Sire, degenerate Maid !
 ‘ Demands thy Death, too long delay’d :
 ‘ ²² To that tall Elm thy Body tie ;
 ‘ This friendly Girdle will the Means supply.

‘ Or, should it give thee more Delight,
 ‘ From some high Rock to take thy Flight,
 Behold

Behold yon jutting Precipice ;
 Thence headlong plunge into the foaming Seas !

Else must thou weave, with humble Mind,
 The Web, by some proud Dame assign'd,
 (Born as thou art of Royal Line),
 And serve, her lordly Husband's Concubine !

Love's faithless Queen stood smiling by,
 And listen'd to her soothing Cry ;
 And *Cupid*, with his Bow unbent,
 Seem'd at her mournful Sorrows to relent.

Enough when she had mock'd her Pain,
 Cease, cease, said *Venus*, to complain ;
 Suppress thy Sobs, thy Grief assuage ;
 Nor longer give a Loose to groundless Rage.

This wicked Steer shall soon extend
 His glossy Horns, for Thee to rend.
 Thy Rank with Temper learn to prove,
 For know, thou art the Wife of sovereign *Jove* !

Exalted to this glorious State,
 With grateful Heart accept thy Fate ;
 For of the World's divided Frame
 One Half shall soon adopt *Europa's* Name !

NOTES.

This Ode has very much perplexed the Interpreters, who all complain of the Difficulty of it. 'The celebrated *Dacier*,' says *Dr. Bentley*, 'who thinks himself wiser than all the rest in his Explanation, has erred from the Truth more egregiously than any of them.' *Sanadon* is of the same Opinion. *Bentley* gives this Account of the Argument of it:

'Our Poet addresses himself to *Galatea*, a Mistress, as it seems, of his; who had resolved to leave *Rome*, and sail to some other Country. However (says he) be not over hasty; and take heed that you do not set out with ill-presaging Birds: For, I believe, you are not so obstinately bent upon the Voyage, as to proceed, though you should meet with a *Magpye*, a *Bitch*, a *Wolf*, or a *Fox*. Rather let the Impious, and our Enemies, travel under such sinister Auspices. Besides, a Serpent, obliquely crossing the Road, is wont to break an intended Journey. I indeed, as a provident Soothsayer, would suffer no one, for whose Safety I am solicitous, to set sail, till I had raised up the Raven, croaking from the East, for a good and clear Augury. Wait, therefore, a little, till we consult the Omens.—The Voices of the Birds indeed are favourable. You may go with safe Auspices, and lead a happy Life, wherever you will. Nor does the ill-presaging *Magpye*, nor the wandering *Crow*, forbid you to proceed. But, however, do you not observe, (which is of more Weight than all Auspices,) that the Season of the Year is dangerous for sailing? At this Time *Orion* is near setting, a baleful Star, and dreaded by the Sailors: Even now he meditates a Storm, though the calm Sea and the fair North-west Wind flatter you. Believe me, I know by Experience what Tempests the faithless *Adriatic* Sea, and the first Whistling of the rising South, prepare. Be not, therefore, deluded by the Smiles of this treacherous Element. For thus *Europa* committed herself to the Bull, being at first charmed with the Smoothness of the Sea, and the Serenity of the Sky: But soon after being borne away by him into the midst of the Waves, she too late repented, trembled, turned pale with Fear, and broke forth at last into

unavail-

unavailing Complaints, &c.—You see here the whole
Drift of this Ode.

1 *Impios parra recinentis omen*
Ducat.]

I own I do not know what Bird it is, which the Ancients styled *parra*. Some think it was a *Wren*, others a *Lark*, and some a *Lapwing*. But it is sufficient for the understanding of this Passage, to know it was a Bird of bad Augury. DACIER.

The *Parra* seems to have been a noisy Bird, by the Epithet *recinentis*: I have therefore given the *Magpie* for it. DACIER has translated it by *le hibou*, the *Owl*. D.

The Auguries were taken from Birds in a twofold Manner; viz. either from their *Voice*, or from their *Flight*. The Birds, of whom the *Voice* was consulted, were properly called *oscines* (*quasi oricines*); such were the *Raven*, the *Crow*, and the *Owl*; and those, whose *Flight* alone was regarded, were called *alites* and *præpotes*, as the *Eagle*, the *Buzzard*, the *Vultur*, &c. Some Birds were both *oscines* and *alites*, as the *Wood-pecker*, the *Raven*, and this *Parra*: For which Reason *Horace* adds the Epithet *recinentis* here, to determine the Kind of Augury he intends to speak of.

The Word *Omen* denotes the Augury, which is taken from the Voice of Men, or from the Singing of Birds; *ab ore, orimen, omen*. DACIER.

2 — *Et pragnans canis.*] This and the two following Lines relate to the Auguries taken from four-footed Beasts, which were called *pedestria auspicia*. It was thought a fatal Omen to meet on the Road a Bitch big with Young. It would be vain, I think, to enquire the Reason of a Custom, which had no other Foundation but some casual and very uncertain Accidents. The Romans carried this Superstition so far, that when the Soothsayers went out to perform their Office, Orders were given that no Person should keep Oxen paired together, nor Horses harnessed, that they might not have the Augury, which they called *the Yoke*, to signify *the Augury of Bondage*: And when a Magistrate went abroad, Care was taken to prevent his meeting a Plough drawn by two Oxen; or, if that could not be avoided, the Man who drove them, as soon as he saw him approaching, took them out of the Traces till he was gone by.

3. *Fœtus vulpes.*] The Word *fœta* does not here signify *gravida* (as *Acron* interprets it); for that would be the same as *prægnans* (the Epithet applied just before to *canis*); but *enixa*, *partu liberata*, *onere levata*, delivered of her Burden. See *Servius* and *Nonius Marcellus*. The Fox was always a bad Omen, but especially after breeding; as was also the Crow, of which *Pliny* writes, *inauspiciſſima fœtus tempore*.

4. *Lanuvium* was a small Town on the *Appian Way*, not far from *Rome*, now called *Lavina*. *Horace* supposes this Wolf to issue from the Territory of *Lanuvium*, because *Galatea* was to take that Road, in order to embark at *Brundisium*. Perhaps too some Forest in the Neighbourhood of *Lanuvium* might be noted for harbouring Wolves.

5. This is what the *Romans* called *auspicio ex anguibus*, *Auspices from Snakes*.

Horace here alludes to a particular Sort of Snake, called by the *Greeks* *ἀσπίς*, and by the *Romans* *jaculus*, the Dart; because they usually kept upon Trees, from whence they shot themselves on Travellers, like an Arrow from a Bow. See *Pliny*, Book viii. Chap. 23.

[*Ib. Rumpat et serpens iter institutum.*] Thus the common Editions: But, says *Dr. Bentley*, this gives a Sentiment inconsistent with what goes before, and plainly contrary to the Design of the Poet: For he had before said, *Impius ducant mala auspicio, parva, canis, lupa, vulpes; Impios, inquam, ducant; non te, O Galatea!* 'Let bad Auspices lead forth the Wicked' (as the Mag-pye, the Bitch, the Wolf, and the Fox): 'Let these, I say, lead forth the Wicked, but not Thee, O Galatea!' And then he adds,

Rumpat et serpens iter institutum;

hoc est, rumpat impiorum iter.

'Let a Snake break (or prevent) the Journey of these wicked Men.' But this is entirely contrary to the foregoing Wish: For it would be happy for the Wicked to break off a Journey inauspiciously undertaken, and to return home, when they are sure to meet with Misfortunes abroad. The Word *ducat* (as above) ought rather to have been used here than *rumpat*. A very ancient Manuscript of *Grævius* solves the Difficulty, as it distinctly offers this Reading;

RUMPIT

RUMPIT *et serpens iter institutum.*

Thus far Dr. Bentley. For a fuller Explanation of this Passage, see the first Note. This Reading (*rumpit*) is adopted by Sanadon: But Dacier rejects it, with Scorn, in the following Words: 'We must take care not to read *rumpit*, with Mr. Bentley, who labours to destroy my Interpretation: But he does it so unfortunately, that he quite spoils the Beauty of the Ode.' Thus also, in other Places, Dacier seems to think his Authority sufficient to make the Reader reject Dr. Bentley's happiest Corrections, without offering any Reasons for his Opinion:

6. *Antequam flantes repetat paludes*

Imbrium divina avis imminentum,

Os cinem corvum preces suscitabo

Solus ab ortu.]

• Before the Bird, prophetic of impending Showers, repairs to the standing Waters, I will call up by Prayer the croaking Raven from the rising Sun, or from the East.

By *imbrium divina avis*, Horace means the Crow, which, in the 17th Ode of this Book, he calls *aqua augur*. See the Notes there.

The *Augurs* always began their Office with a Prayer.

Horace says, he will take his *Auspices* before the Crow returns to the Pools (as it does in the Time of Rain), because that Duty was always performed in fair Weather.

Dacier pretends, and attempts to prove, that a Raven flying from the East was always a bad Omen; and, consequently, that Horace wishes for it here, in order to prevent Galatea's intended Voyage. But Sanadon has clearly confuted the Reasons alleged by him to support this Notion: For, after having demonstrated, by Authorities drawn from Varro, Festus Pompeius, Servius, Rofinus, and others, that the Ancients had not, in all Times and in all Places, one general and uniform Rule about the Manner of taking the *Auspices*, he shows,

1st, That when Dacier asserts, that a Raven from the East was an unlucky Augury, he evidently puts a Force upon the Poet's Thought, which is determined by what goes before, and by what follows, to a Sense entirely happy; and,

2dly, That a Raven appearing in the *East* was not a bad Augury. since *Rosinus* expressly maintains the contrary: *Corvi, si ab ortu occinerent clarâ voce, præsentem felicitatem significabant*; which is also the Opinion of *Acron*, *Landini*, *Figulus*, *Alexander of Naples*, *Mancinelli*, and *Cbabot*, who, in Support of it, quotes the following Passage from *Suetonius*, on Occasion of the Journey from *Bebriacum*: *Duas aquilas in conspectu omnium conflixisse, viâque alterâ supervenisse tertiam à solis ortu, ac victricem abegisse*. From whence *Cbabot* concludes; *Fauslum habebatur si quid à solis ortu prodiret*.

Rueus, the learned Editor of *Virgil in usum Delphini*, observes, in his Remarks on the first and ninth Eclogues, that Omens from the *East* were held, both by the *Greeks* and *Romans*, to be the most favourable; probably (says he) because the Principle of Light, Heat, and Motion, takes its Rise from thence: But the *Romans* called these *left hand*, and the *Greeks right hand Auspices*; which is thus to be accounted for: The *Roman* Augurs, in making Observations, turned their Faces towards the *South*, and the *Greeks* towards the *North*. But as the *Roman* Writers seem to speak sometimes according to the *Greek*, and sometimes according to their own Custom, it occasions a good deal of Perplexity and Confusion in their Discourses on this Subject.

7 *Teque nec laevus vetet ire picus,*

Nec vaga cornix.]

Dacier tortures these Words, to make them confess the Truth of his Hypothesis concerning *Auguries*. It is certain, says he, that a *Wood-pecker* appearing on the left Hand, that is to say, in the *East*, was always reckoned a happy Omen. *Horace* therefore wishes that the *Wood-pecker* and the *Crow* may appear on the left, and permit *Galatea* to embark. In the construing, *nec* is to be joined with *vetet*; and *nec vetet* stands for *jubeat, admittat*. This is the true Sense.—Accordingly he translates this Passage thus: *Que le pivert et la corneille en se montrant à votre gauche, vous permettent de vous embarquer*. ‘May the *Wood pecker* and the *Crow*, ‘showing themselves on your left Hand, allow you to ‘embark.’ And yet (if we will believe him) *Horace* had, just before, wished for a bad Omen, in order to prevent her embarking.

Sanadon

Sanadon (without insisting on the Authority of several learned Commentators on *Horace*, who say a Woodpecker on the left was a bad Omen) understands *laevus* to signify here only, in general, *unfortunate*; as in these Phrases of the Poets, *si mens non laeva fuisset: aliquam tempore laevo interpellare.*

We use the Word *sinister* in the same Sense; and thus it was also frequently used by the *Romans*, as in the following Line of *Virgil*:

Saepe sinistra corvæ prædixit ab ilice cornix. Eclog. 1.

This is also confirmed by *Cicero*: *Haud ignoro, quæ mala sunt, sinistra nos dicere, etiamsi dextra sint.* De Divinatione, Lib. ii. 'I am sensible (says he) that we call ill Omens *sinister*, even though they appear on the right Hand.'

Sanadon for *Teque* reads *Namque*, after Mr. *Cuningham*; and *vetat* for *vetet*, after *Bentley*. The latter is found in an ancient Manuscript belonging to the *Vatican Library*, and from thence inserted into the Text by *Bentley* and *Cuningham*. This Reading is followed, as the most rational, by the Translator.

The former Part of this Ode will probably seem very dry to an *English* Reader: But it is to be considered, that these Auguries made great Part of the established Religion of the *Romans*; and, on that Account, appeared to them sacred and venerable.

8 *Sed vides quanto trepidet tumultu
Pronus Orion?*]

Orion is a Constellation of seventeen Stars near the Bull. Both the Rising and Setting of it are generally attended with Storms. *Pronus* here is the same as *de-vexus* in the 28th Ode of the first Book, *declining*. See also the 10th and 15th Epodes. *Orion* sets about the End of *November*.

9 *Ego, quid sit ater
Adriæ, novi, sinus.*]

Horace was acquainted with the *Adriatic Sea*, because he had embarked at *Brundisium* for *Athens*; and still knew its Treachery better on his Return, after the Defeat of *Brutus*. DACIER.

Sanadon observes, that *Dacier* contradicts himself here, in making *Horace* return to *Italy* through the *Adriatic Gulph*, since he elsewhere says, that he came back through

the Sea of Sicily, and had like to have been cast away near the Cape of *Palinurus*.

10 *Hosium uxores puerique cecos
Sentiant motus orientis Austri, et
Æquoris nigri fremitum, et trementes
Verbere ripas.*]

Horace warns *Galatea* of the Danger of the South Wind in particular, because it generally rises when *Orion* sets: For which Reason he calls it, in the 28th Ode of the first Book, *deveni rapidus comes Orionis*, 'The impetuous Companion of setting *Orion*.'

Bentley observes the Singularity of the Phrase *orientis Austri*, for *nascentis, surgentis, venientis*:

Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri:

Virg. Eclog. v. v. 82.

Which Word (says he) I should prefer, if any Manuscript of *Horace* favoured it.

Sanadon takes Notice of the admirable Address of the Poet, who, the better to paint the Violence of a Tempest, repeats the Letter *r*, in this single Stanza, eleven Times. He makes the same Remark on the three last Lines of the 12th Stanza:

*Lacerare ferro, et
Frangere enitar modo, multum amati
Cornua monstri.*

There is the same Artifice in the following celebrated Lines of *Virgil*:

*Unâ omnes ruerè, ac totum spumare reductis
Convulsam remis rostrisque tridentibus æquor
Æneid. viii. 689, 690.*

And in *Horace's* 10th Epode throughout.

Many Examples of similar Beauties might be produced from *Milton*. I will beg Leave to quote one:

————— About her Middle round,
A Cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide *Cerberian* Mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal——Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd *Scylla*, bathing in the Sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse *Trinacrian* Shore.

Par. Lost, B. ii. v. 653, &c.

See the like Instance of jarring Sounds, chiefly occasioned by the Repetition of the Letter *r*, in Book vi.

206—211, where he describes the Noise made by the clashing of Arms, and brazen Chariots.

Dryden is no less happy in the following Lines, where he uses the Liquid L, to paint the softer Passions;

Seraph and Cherub, careless of their Charge,
And, wanton in full Ease, now live at large;
Unguarded leave the Passes of the Sky,
And all dissolv'd in Hallelujahs lie!

And again, in another Place,

Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay,
And steal myself from Life, and melt away!

Every one must be sensible of the Sweetness of these Lines; but every one does not know to what Cause it is owing. However, Mr. Francis has made an Observation, relative to the fore-cited critical Remark of Sanadon, which merits our Regard: 'There is (says he) in very many Instances, a Kind of natural Agreement between Sounds and the Things represented by them, which, without our intending it, gives to the Language a Music expressive of the Thought.' D.

Ib. There is a Difference between *ripa* and *litus*. This signifies the *Sea-shore*, and That the *Bank of a River*. But the Poets have often employed *litus* in speaking of Rivers, and *ripa* of the Sea; and these Variations have a beautiful Effect. Florus takes the same Liberty in the 11th Chapter of his fourth Book: *Purpuram aurumque in ripam assidue mota ventis maria removebant.* DACIER.

II Sic et Europæ niverum doloso
Credidit tauro latus.]

Europa was the Daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnicia. What gave Occasion to the Fable was this: A King of Crete named TAURUS, making War in Phœnicia, took Europa Captive, and carried her into his own Country; or (as others write) TAURUS was the Name of the Ship he commanded, which had the Figure of a BULL on the Head, or Stern, of it. Jupiter had by Europa, Rhadamanthus, Sarpedon, and Minos. She was so celebrated for the Fairness of her Complexion, that the Ancients invented a little Fable to account for it: One of Juno's Maids of Honour stole (they say) her Cosmetic Wash

from that Goddess, and made a Present of it to *Europa*. Horace alludes to this distinguished Fairness in the Words *niveum latus*. DACIER.

12 — Et *scatentem*
Belluis pontum.]

Bentley reads at for *et*; which seems more proper here.

13 *Nuper in pratis audiosa florum.*] The Comparison of *Galatea* to *Europa* ends here, and consequently the Subject of the Ode is finished. But the Idea of *Europa* fires the Imagination of the Poet, who diverts himself in painting the Rage, which possessed that Princess, after she had been violated by *Jupiter*.

All the Authors, who have mentioned this Story, agree, that *Europa* was gathering Flowers in a Meadow on the Sea-shore, when she was taken. See, in particular, the beautiful *Idyllium* of *Moschus* on this Subject.

14 — *Nihil astra prater*
Vidit et undas.]

Horace here imitates these two fine Lines of *Moschus*:

Φαίvero δ' ἔτ' ἀλλή τις ἀλιγγοῖ, ἔτ' ὅρῃ αἰπύ,
Ἀλλ' αἶψ' μὲν ὑπερδεν, ἐνερδὲ δὲ ποτὶς ἀπείρων.

Nor Sea-beat Shore she views, nor Mountain high,
Nor aught but spreading Waves, and boundless Sky.

15 *Centum potentem urbibus Creten.*] *Jupiter* and *Juno* were both born in *Crete* at a Birth; on which Account it may be justly called *divine*, though Horace does not use that Epithet here.

Homer in the *Iliad*, and *Virgil*, both speak of *Crete* as having a hundred Cities:

Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.

Æneid. iii.

16 — *Pater O relictum*
Filiæ nomen pietasque, dixit,
Victa furore.]

The Construction is somewhat intricate here. Bentley observes, that *filie* is the Dative Case, and the Sense is, *O pater, nomen relictum mihi filie, sive a me filia; et O pietas victa furore!* But *Dacier* makes *victa* to agree with *Europa*; and says, that *relicta*, or *proditæ*, must be understood as applied to *pietas*.

Cunningham

Cunningham reads here,

— Cretam, O patris, O relictum
Filiae nomen.

This gives a much clearer Sense than the common Reading, and is followed by *Sanadon* and the Translator.

17 Unde? quo veni? It may be worth while to observe how *Horace* treats this Subject. The first Thoughts he gives to *Europa*, are those of a Father forsaken, and her filial Duty violated. The next arise from the Place she has left, and That where she now is: And this last Reflection brings to her Remembrance the infamous Act she has committed with *Jupiter*: But she takes Care not to name it, and is contented to give a frightful Image of it, by confessing that a single Death is not sufficient to expiate her Fault. DACIER.

18 — An —

Ludit imago

Vana, quæ portâ fugiens eburnâ

Somnium ducit?

‘Or does a vain Image delude me, which, flying from the Ivory Gate of Hell, brings with it a Dream?’ As it seems more natural for a Dream to bring an Image, than for an Image to bring a Dream, *Sanadon* reads here *quam portâ*; and, to justify his Correction, quotes this Line of *Petronius*:

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris.

Ib. *Horace* here follows *Homer*. See the 19th Book of the *Odyssey*; which is also imitated by *Virgil* in the 6th *Eneid*:

Sunt geminae Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur

Cornea, quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris:

Alterâ, candenti perfectâ nitens elephantis;

Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia manes.

Two Gates the silent House of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd Ivory this, that of transparent Horn:
True Visions through transparent Horn arise;
Through polish'd Ivory pass deluding Lies.

DRYDEN.

19 *Europa* doated so much on this beautiful Steer, while he was in the Meadow, that she gave him Herbs to eat, crowned him with Flowers, gently clapped his Sides with her Hand, and kissed him.

Ib.

Ib. *Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvenum
Dedat iratæ, lacerare ferro, et
Frangere enitar modo multum amati
Cornua tauri.*]

Bentley and Cuninghame, after the Venice Edition of Horace, 1478, and all the best Manuscripts, read here,
Cornua monstri;

Which Reading is also followed by Sanadon. This is more emphatic, and removes the disagreeable Repetition of *juvenus* and *taurus*. However, Dacier is very angry with Bentley on this Occasion. 'Mr. Bentley (says he) has found *monstri* in some Manuscripts, and he immediately foists it into the Text. I cannot approve of this: *Monstri* is insufferable.' But why he should be more displeased with *monstri* than with *infamem*, I know not. This Word may, surely, be properly applied to one, who assumes a different Character from what he really is. There seems to be much the same Cast of Thought here, as there is in the Speech of *Pythias*, (a Servant of *Thais*;) in Terence. After *Chærea* had been introduced into the House of *Thais*, instead of the Eunuch, and had deflowered *Pamphila*, *Pythias* cries out in a Passion,

*Qui nunc si detur mihi,
Ut ego unguibus facili illi in oculos involem venefico!*

And *Dorias*, another Maid servant, says;

Au! observo, mea Pythias, quod istuc nam monstrum fuit?

The Words *venefico* and *monstrum* both refer to *Chærea*'s having acted a different Part from what he appeared to be. See the Eunuch of Terence, Act iv. Scene iii. D.

20 *Antequam turpis macies decentes
Occupet malas.*]

Horace has here drawn a true Picture of the Temper of the Ladies, who had rather die than lose their Beauty.

DACIER.

How true soever this Picture may be, Dacier has gone out of his Way to present us with it; since *Europa* here only wishes to die in the Flower of Youth, as a just Punishment for her Offence.

21 *Pater urget absens.*] The Meaning is, 'The Consciousness of my Crime makes my provoked Father (though absent) seem always present to my Eyes.'

These

These Words remind me of a beautiful short Speech in *Shakespeare*, though on a different Subject. *Constance* thus laments the Imprisonment of her Son Prince *Arthur*:

Grief fills the Room up of my absent Child;
Lies in his Bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty Looks, repeats his Words,
Remembers me of all his gracious Parts.

SHAKESPEARE, Vol. III. *King John*, Act iii.

D.

22 ————— *Potes hac ab orno*

Pendulum zonâ bene te sequitâ.

Ladere collum.]

Bentley observes, that none of the Ancients have ever used the Word *ladere* for *elidere*, *oblidere*, *frangere*. He therefore reads, with some of *Lambinus's* Copies,

Pendulum zonâ bene te sequuta e-

-Lidere collum.

Horace has elsewhere thus divided a Word between two Verses;

Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante, ux-

-Ortus amnis.

Lib. i. Ode 2.

Grosphæ, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-

-Nate, nec auro.

Lib. ii. Ode 16.

And thus also *Nicholas Heinsius* had corrected this Passage, in the Margin of his Book. *Bentley* proves also, by many Quotations, the Propriety of *elidere* here.

23 ————— *Aderat querenti*

Perfidum ridens Venus, et remisso

Filius arcu.]

Horace very seasonably introduces *Venus* and *Cupid* here, who explain to *Europa* this whole Adventure. I think this Ode might serve as a Sketch for a Picture in an excellent Taste. DACIER.

24 *Cupid* had his Bow unbent, that he might not terrify *Europa*, and because he had no farther Occasion to use it. The whole Affair is finished, when she is acquainted that the Bull was *Jupiter*.

25 *Mox ubi lusi satis.*] That is, After she had sufficiently diverted herself; or rather, after she had long enough deluded this poor Princess, by making her believe she had been ravished by a Bull. The latter Interpretation appears to me the most beautiful. DACIER.

It

160 ODES of HORACE,

It is surprising to find this Remark from such a Scholar as *Dacier*; since (as *Bentley* observes) all the Ancients, who have treated of this Story, are agreed, that when *Jupiter* arrived at *Crete*, he assumed a human Form. Thus *Moschus* says, that, when he had reached *Crete*,

— Ζεὺς δὲ πάλιν ἑρπυῖα ἀνελήκετο μορφήν,
 Ἀὐτοὶ δὲ οἱ μῆτρην; καὶ οἱ λεῖχος ἔκτυνον ὤρας.

Jove strait assumes another Form and Air,
 And loos'd her Zone: The *Hours* his Couch prepare.

Where one cannot forbear observing, by the Way, how beautifully *Moschus* has here described the simple Circumstance of his employing the present Opportunity.

— The *Hours* his Couch prepare.

Thus also *Ovid*:

Littoribus tactis stabat sine cornibus ullis

Jupiter; inque *Deum de-bovæ* versus erat. *Fast.* v. v. 615.

Soon as they touch'd the *Cretan* Shore, he stood
 Shorn of his Horns: The Bull appear'd a God.

And *Lucian*, in his Dialogue of *Zephyrus* and *Notus*: 'As soon (says he) as he was landed in *Crete*, the Bull vanished: But *Jupiter*, seizing *Europa* by the Hand, led her, blushing, with her Eyes fixed upon the Ground, to the *Diæan* Cave.'

26 ————— *Abstineto,*

Dixit, irarum, calidaeque rixæ.]

Sanadon observes, that this is an *Ellipsis* for *Abstineto à negotio irarum*.

27 *Quum tibi inivisus laceranda reddet*

Cornua taurus.]

Bentley would read here,

Jam tibi injussus, &c.

According to which, the Translation ought to run,

Now will th' unbidden Bull extend

His Horns, &c.

But *inivisus* makes the Irony stronger than *injussus*.

28 *Uxor inivicti Jovis esse nescis.]* This Verse may signify,

You do not know that you are the Wife of *Jupiter*; i. e. 'You do not know that this Bull, against whom you are so outrageous, was *Jupiter*, the King of the Gods;' or, with a Point of Interrogation, it may be translated

translated, *Dost thou not know to be the Wife of Jupiter?*
i. e. 'Have you not Spirit to bear so great an Honour?'
 The first Interpretation seems to agree best with the
 Context, and is also the most natural and simple.

DACIER.

29. ——— *Tua seſtus orbis*

Nomina ducet.

Seſtus orbis ſignifies *divided into two Parts, the Moiety of the World.* Horace here follows the Opinion of ſome ancient Writers, and particularly of *Moſchus*, who included the whole World under the Names of EUROPE and ASIA; as may be ſeen in the Beginning of his *Idyllium* on *Europa*. This Paſſage of *Horace* is explained more at large in my Commentary on *Festus*. DACIER.

Mr *Addiſon*, in a ſhort Supplement to his Tranſlation of this Story in *Ovid*, makes *Jupiter* convey *Europa* through *Storms* and *Tempeſts*. But *Moſchus* preſents us with a fine Picture of *Sea Nymphs*, mounted on *Whales*, ſwimming before him. *Neptune* riſes in *Pomp*, ſmooths the *Waves*, and conducts his Brother. The *Tritons* attend, and ſound a *Nuptial Song* on their hollow *Shells*. This ſeems much more agreeable to the Character of the King of the Gods, than Mr *Addiſon*'s Comment.

After a frequent Peruſal of this Ode, I am inclined to think that the Commentators have miſtaken the Plan which *Horace* here follows. They take it for granted, that *Jupiter* had already enjoyed *Europa*; and ſuppoſe That to be the Subject of her Complaint. On the contrary, I think ſhe only condemns herſelf for her Raſhneſs and Folly, in playing ſo indecently with the Bull, and in giving him an Opportunity to carry her over the Seas, and leave her in a ſtrange Land: For this Opinion I would offer the following Reaſons:

1. *Horace* ſays, that *Europa* broke forth into this Complaint, *ſimul tetigit Creten*, as ſoon as ſhe arrived at *Crete*; and conſequently ſeems not to allow Time for the Violation ſuppoſed to be complained of.

2. It is plain from *Horace*, and allowed by *Dacier* and other Critics, that ſhe did not then know the Bull to be *Jupiter*. But ſince all the Ancients are agreed (as has been before obſerved) that he conſummed his Marriage with her, not in a Brutal, but in a Human Form, her Ignorance of the Perſon, and her Complaints againſt the

the Bull only, seem scarce reconcilable with this Notion.

3. If, on the other Hand, it should be allowed that *Jupiter* had embraced *Europa*, and that she knew him to be the Person, her Complaints are contrary to the Rules of *Decency* and *Decorum*; and she ought rather to have been thankful for the Honour done her by the King of the Gods. At least, she should only have upbraided him for leaving her so soon.

4. If we examine the Ode itself, we shall find *Europa* complains only of the Bull and of her own Folly in giving him an Opportunity to carry her away. Thus she cries out,

*Si quis infamem mibi nunc juvencum
Dedit irata, &c.*

And,
Impudens liqui patrios Penates.

But she does not utter a Word against *Jupiter*, nor of the pretended Violation. Upon the whole, I guess that *Horace's* Scheme was this: *Jupiter* had, in the Shape of a Bull, carried away *Europa*, and landed her in *Crete*; after which he immediately vanished: Whereupon she breaks out into the Complaint imagined for her by the Poet: Towards the Conclusion of which, *Venus* appears, with her Son *Cupid*, to comfort her, to unravel the whole Mystery of this Adventure, and to confirm her Marriage with *Jupiter*; and, as she is speaking, or immediately after, *Jupiter* returns in a human Form. This I take to be implied in these Lines:

*Abstineto,
Dixit, irarum, calideque rixa,
Abstain, said Venus, from this hot Transport of Rage,*

*Quum,
Since, or Forasmuch as (not When, as Dacier translates
tibi invisus laceranda reddet
Cornua taurus;*

this detested Bull will soon present himself to you. And then she proceeds to discover (very properly according to this Scheme) who had been concealed under that Form.

I know but one Objection to this Interpretation, which, however, it must be owned, is very plausible.

It is said that *Europa* plainly alludes to her being polluted by *Jupiter*, in these Lines:

— Lewis

— *Levis una mors est
Virginum culpa: & Vigilansque ploro
Turpe commissum, an, &c.*

But as *Europa* is here aggravating her own Guilt, why may not *culpa virginum*, and *turpe commissum*, be applied to the indecent Freedom she had taken with the Bull, in decking his Head with Flowers, kissing him, and getting upon his Back? This seems as natural as her calling herself *impudent* (in the Verse before quoted) merely because she had left her Father's House. *Moschus* says, that the Bull fell down upon his Knees to receive her, and that, as she was placing herself on his Back, she cried out to her Virgin Companions to mount him also; but springing up at once, he carried her off. In the Transport of her Affliction she might justly call this a *foamful Action*. To be sure, it would have been indecent in any Virgin of a liberal Education, and was much more so in a King's Daughter.

Bentley, to fix the Sense here, corrects the Line following those above in this Manner:

— *As vitio carentem
Ludit imago
Vana?*

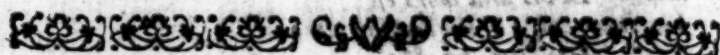
Though he owns that all the Copies he has ever met with read *vitiis*. But (says he) *quantumvis ille reclament, sine dubio corrigendum est VIRIO*. 'How much soever they may reclaim against it, without Doubt this Passage must be corrected with the Word *VIRIO*.' And *vitium* in the Singular (as he shows) signifies *stuprum*, or Fornication.

I shall only observe upon this, that if *Horace* intended to follow the Plan I have mentioned, he would purposely avoid the Word *vitio* here. And I can see no Reason why we should not translate *vitiis carentem*, *without Faults*, or *blameless*; i. e. without any intentional Fault.

To conclude; I dare not assert any thing positively, but submit these Conjectures to the Judgment of the Learned, by whom I shall be always glad to be instructed.

As this is the most obscure Ode in *Horace*, it is hoped the Reader will excuse the Length of the Notes. D.

This Ode is omitted by Mr *Creech*.



O D E XXVIII.

To LYDÉ.

WHAT Honours, ¹ *Lyde*, shall we pay
 To ² *Neptune* on his Festal Day?
 Produce your old *Cæcubian* Wine;
 And each grave Thought for frolic *Airs* resign.

You see, from Noon declines the Sun;
 And yet, as if he ceas'd to run,
 You spare to broach the tardy Jar,
 Laid up in Consul *Bibulus's* Year.

Our Voice, by Turns, to *Neptune's* Praise,
 And to the ³ Sea-green Nymphs, we'll raise:
⁴ *Latona*, to the tuneful String,
 And ⁵ quiver'd *Cynthia*, You alone shall sing.

In *Chorus* Her we'll praise, whose Sway
 The ⁶ shining *Cyclades* obey;
 Who, drawn by Swans, her ⁷ *Paphian* Plain
 Revives; and favouring ⁸ *Night* shall close our
 Strain.

 NOTES

N O T E S.

This seems to have been written some Years after the 11th Ode of this Book.

1 In the 11th Ode of this Book *Lyde* is described as a Girl quite wild :

*Quæ, velut latis equa prima campis,
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum experta, et adhuc protervo
Cruda marito.*

But here she appears thoroughly tamed and gentle. It seems probable that this was not the first Feast of *Neptune* she had given to her Lover. DACIER.

2 *Festo die Neptuni.*] The Feast of *Neptune* was celebrated on the 23d of July. There was so great a Concourse of People at Rome on this Festival, that the Streets and Suburbs of the City were filled with Booths for the Entertainment of Strangers. *Horace*, who hated a Crowd, chose rather to pass the Day with *Lyde*. DACIER.

3 *Virides Nereïdum comas.*] The Hair of the *Nereids* was painted of a greenish Colour, like the Waves of the Sea.

4 *Lyde* was to sing *Latona* and *Diana*, because the Courtezans often wanted the Aid of those Goddesses, who were the Patrons of Lying in Women.

5 *Celeris spicula Cynthia.*] *Diana* was called *Cynthia*, and *Apollo*, *Cynthius*, from a Mountain in *Delos*. *Horace* speaks here of the Arrows and Swiftmess of *Diana*, because she delighted in Hunting.

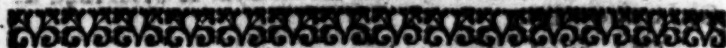
6 The *Cyclades* are Islands in the *Ægean* Sea ; which were so named because they encompassed *Crete*. But *Horace* here speaks of the *Sporades* (for they were also called *Cyclades* by the Ancients) fifty-three Islands of the *Ægean* Sea from *Tenedos* to *Crete*. He very accurately calls them *fulgentes* here, and *nitentes* in the 14th Ode of the first Book ; for the *Sporades* are white and luminous, from the Chalk with which they abound : On which Account *Dionysius* the Geographer compares them to Stars : ' After the *Cyclades*, says he, we see the *Sporades* shine, like Stars in a serene Sky, when the furious North Wind has chased away the moist Clouds.'

DACIER.

7 *Paphos*.

7 *Paphos* was a City in *Cyprus*.

8 *Horace* says, that after they have sung *Venus*, they will also sing the Goddess of Night, to thank her for the Pleasures she gives them an Opportunity of enjoying.



ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuscan* Sceptre sway'd,
Make Haste to meet the generous Wine,
Whose Piercing is for Thee delay'd:
The rosy Wreath is ready made;
And artful Hands prepare
The fragrant *Syrian* Oil, that shall perfume thy
Hair.

II.

When the Wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, *Come away*;
Make Haste, and leave thy Business and thy Care,
No mortal Interest can be worth thy Stay.

III.

Leave, for a while, thy costly Country-Seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous Pleasures of the Great:

Make

Make Haste, and come;
 Come, and forsake thy cloying Store;
 Thy Turret, that surveys from high
 The Smoke, and Wealth, and Noise of Rome;
 And all the busy Pageantry,
 That wise Men scorn, and Fools adore:
 Come, give thy Soul a Looser, and taste the Plea-
 sures of the Poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
 A short Vicissitude, a Fit of Poverty.
 A favoury Dish, a homely Treat,
 Where all is plain, where all is neat,
 Without the stately spacious Room,
 The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
 Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
 The *Sirian* Star
 Barks from afar,
 And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky;
 The Ground below is parch'd, the Heavens above
 us fry.
 The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock
 Beneath the Covert of a Rock,
 And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh:
 The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire,
 Those

168 ODES of HORACE,

Those very Shades and Streams, new Shades and
Streams require ;

And want a cooling Breeze of Wind, to fan the
raging Fire.

VI.

Thou, watchful o'er the City's Weal,
For Her a thousand Cares dost feel ;
And what the *Batavian* Arms will do,
And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know,
But *Jove* has wisely hid from human Sight
The dark Decrees of future Fate,
And sown their Seeds in Depth of Night ;
He laughs at all the giddy Turns of State,
When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling Hour,
And put it out of Fortune's Power.
The Tide of Business, like the running Stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet Ebb, or a tempestuous Flow ;
And always in Extreme.
Now, with a noiseless gentle Course,
It keeps within the middle Bed ;
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous
Force ;
And Trunks of Trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown :

Both

Both House and Homestead into Seas are borne,
 And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
 And Woods, made thin with Winds, their scat-
 ter'd Honours mourn.

VIII.

' Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call To-day his own;
 He who, secure within, can say,
 ' To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-
 ' day;
 ' Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
 ' The Joys I have possess'd, in spite of Fate are
 mine:
 ' Not Heaven itself upon the Past has Power;
 ' But what has been, has been, and I have had
 ' my Hour.'

IX.

Fortune, who with malicious Joy,
 Does Man, her Slave, oppress,
 Proud of her Office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless.
 Still various, and inconstant still,
 But with an Inclination to be ill;
 Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
 And makes a Lottery of Life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;
 But when she dances in the Wind,
 And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the Prostitute away:

The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd.
 Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;
 And Virtue, though in Rags, will keep me
 warm.

X.

'What is't to Me,
 Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,
 If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black;
 If the Masts split, and threaten Wreck?
 Then let the greedy Merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten Gain,
 And pray to Gods, who will not hear,
 While the debating Winds and Billows bear
 His Wealth into the Main.
 For Me, secure from *Fortune's* Blows,
 (Secure of what I cannot lose)
 In my small Pinnacle I can sail,
 Contemning all the blustering Roar;
 And, running with a merry Gale,
 With friendly Stars my Safety seek
 Within some little winding Creek,
 And see the Storm ashore.

NOTES.

This Ode was written a little Time after the 8th of this Book, and while *Mæneas* was still Governor of *Rome*. I take it to be of the Year 730. The Subject of it is very clear, and wants no Explanation. It is one of the most beautiful in *Horace*, both with regard to the Conduct of it, which is very judicious, and of the Diction, which is sublime. DACIER.

Sanadon thinks that the Date of this Ode may probably be referred to the Month of July, when *Mæneas* was

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 Dryden

was sole Governor of *Rome* and of *Italy*. *Augustus* was then in *Greece*, in his Way to *Asia*; and *Agrippa* was obliged to quit *Rome*, and to take upon him the Government of *Gaul*, where the People, disturbed by the *Germans*, threatened to revolt.

Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of this Ode will give the *English* Reader a just Idea of the Beauties of the Original. With Regard both to the Elegance and Correctness of the Style, and the Harmony of the Numbers, it is one of the most finished Pieces in our Language. Though it may be unfashionable to own it, there are still some who dare subscribe to the Encomium given *Dryden* in the following Lines;

Most that remain (for so to Me they seem)
Are but the Shadows and the Ghosts of Him;
'Tis true, their Diction's pure, their Style is clear,
And Art and Labour through the Whole appear;
But where, if well we search them, shall we find
His Strength of Thought, his Energy of Mind;
The Words, that move us with mysterious Charms,
The Soul that actuates, and the Fire that warms?

1 *Horace* promises Essences to *Macenas*, who was very fond of them, and extremely profuse in that Article. The Care he took to perfume himself had, in some measure, injured his Character; and it was in Allusion to this, that *Augustus* called his Style *μυροειπῆς*, *cincinnatios*, *Hair crisped and shining with Oyl*, to signify that his Style was no less effeminate and finical.

2 *Molem propinquam nubibus arduis.*] *Macenas* had a lofty Tower, or Turret, on the *Esquilian* Hill, from which *Nero* is said to have beheld the Conflagration of the City. *Suetonius* says, 'He took a View of the Fire from *Macenas's* Turret, being delighted, as he said, with the Beauty of the Flames.'

3 The *Dog Star* is called in *Greek* *Συριανός*, and in *Latin* *Sirius*: but I do not remember to have seen this Phrase (*The Sirian Star*,) used for it by any other Author: And perhaps it is an Example not fit to be followed, because the Word *Sirian* is liable to be confounded with *Syrian*, derived from *Syria*. D.

4 *Horace's* own Thought is restored here, and three of *Dryden's* Lines are discarded: They run thus;

I 2

Thou

Thou what befits the New Lord Mayor,
And what the City's Factions dare,
And what the Gallic Arms will do, &c.

But what Business can the Lord Mayor have with the Quiver-bearing Foe? It is evident to common Sense, that the Ode should have been all of a Piece, viz. entirely Modern, or entirely Antique. But Dryden never scrupled to transgress the Rules of Propriety and Decorum for a satyrical Stroke. There is a remarkable Instance of this Kind in his OPERA, entitled *The State of Innocence*, which was written at a Time when it was fashionable to speak ill of the Dutch. *Lucifer* thus opens his Speech to the Devils assembled in Council,

Most High and Mighty Lords, who better fell
From Heaven to rise States General of Hell,

5 Mr. Hughes, in a Letter to Lord Chancellor Cowper, (alluding to his own unhappy State of Health at that Time,) makes the following Remark on the Sentiment of Horace in this Passage; 'I do not find my Philosophy fail me so much in any Article, or leave me to regret the Want of Health more, than when I reflect on those Favours of your Lordship, which have rendered it chiefly desirable to me, and which, more than any thing, would give Relish to the Enjoyment of it. But I must submit to my Lot, with the Satisfaction that I can say, *I have been happy*; and I agree with my Friend Horace, that he has had no ill Portion,

Cui licet in diem

Dixisse, VIXI.

'But for the rest, viz. his recommending a total Unconcern for what may happen *To-morrow*, it is a fine Thought, but, I believe, was written in perfect Health.' Lord Cowper, in Answer, says, with his usual Good-Sense; 'I am of your Opinion, that your Friend Horace's Unconcern for the *Morrow* was a Rant written in good Health, when he had Reason to believe the *Morrow* would be agreeable. All that can be desired from one under Sickness, is to keep from a Degree of Dejection, which will help to increase the Distemper.' D.

Mr. Dryden seems, by some Lines, to have had the old Translation of this Ode by Sir Richard Fanshawe in View, which in the main is a very good one,

Sir

Sir Richard says ;

Now peeps *Andromeda's* small Star,
And *Procyon* shows the *Dog* not far ;
He barks ; and *Phœbus*' kindling Rays
Haste to bring back the sultry Days.

Dryden,

The *Sirian* Star
Barks from afar.

But it is a more proper Metaphor to say, a *Dog* barks,
than a *Star* barks.

Sir Richard,

And let *To-morrow* shine, or rain,
Yet can it not the Past make vain ;
Nor uncreate, and render void
That which was *Yesterday* enjoy'd.

And Dryden,

To-morrow _____
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine, &c. D.

6 *Non est meum si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis.*]

All the modern Commentators seem to have quite mistaken the Meaning of *Horace* in the two last Stanzas of this beautiful Ode. They are a Continuation of the philosophical Rant begun four Stanzas above. In this Conclusion he is a perfect *Epicurean*: He treats a principal Branch of Religion, namely, *Prayer to the Gods*, and *Trust in them for Succour in Distress*, with the greatest Ridicule, by using the most contemptuous Expressions, and the severest Irony ; ad *miseras preces decurrere*, & *votis pacisci* ; as mean and absurd ; as equally unworthy of the Dignity of the Philosopher, and of the Divine Nature. *Tum me*, &c. ' Then forsooth, says he, (i. e. ' when I have struck a Bargain with them) *Castor* and ' *Pollux* will be sure to take Care, and carry me safe, ' even in a Wherry, through the most dangerous Seas, ' and the most dreadful Storm.' The whole Train of this Ode, in which consists its greatest Beauty, will sufficiently justify this Interpretation. If Authority is still wanting, take that of the old Scholiast, who remarks on the three last Lines, that they are an Irony. Dr. Bentley's arbitrary Alteration of *ferat* to *ferat* entirely destroys the Sense of the Passage. Dr. Lowth.



O D E XXX.

A¹ Monument on stable Base,
 More strong than Brass, my Name shall
 grace ;
 Than² Regal Pyramids more high,
 Which Storms and Years unnumber'd shall defy.
³ My nobler Part shall swiftly rise
 Above this Earth, and claim the Skies,
 Long as the⁴ silent Maid attends,
 While *Jove's* High Priest⁵ the Capitol ascends;
 Old⁶ *Aufidus*, who loudly roars,
 Where⁷ *Daunus* rul'd th' *Apulian* Shores,
 Shall hear that I, with deathless Praise,
 To⁸ *Grecian* Notes⁹ first tun'd the *Roman* Lays.
 With conscious Pride, ¹⁰ *Melpomenè*,
 Assume the Honours due to thee,
 And gladly round my Temples spread
 The Laurel-Wreath, that decks *Apollo's* Head.

NOTES.

Scaliger, speaking of this Ode, says, *Fastum miscuit cum majestate*; Horace has blended Vanity with Grandeur. There is indeed a great deal of Grandeur in it; but the noble Pride, here displayed, does not deserye the Name

Name of Vanity. See the Notes on the last Ode of the 2d Book. DACIER.

1 *Exegi monumentum.*] Ovid says, in Terms still more strong,

*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

‘ I’ve now compil’d a Work, which nor the Rage
‘ Of *Jove*, nor Fire, nor Sword, nor eating Age
‘ Can e’er destroy.’

2 The Pyramids of *Egypt* (here referred to) were built on a small Hill fifty Furlongs from *Memphis*. Three of them, in particular, were thought one of the Wonders of the World. They were the Work of several Kings. On which Account *Horace* uses the Epithet *Regali*, Royal. DACIER.

3 *Multaque pars mei.*] That is to say, *More than Half*, the better Part of *me*; for *Pars* by itself commonly signifies *Half*.

Thus Ovid;

*Parte tamen meliore mei super alta, perennis,
Astra ferar.* —

I shall be borne above the lofty Stars,
In my more noble Part, Immortal! —

4 *Cum tacita virgine.*] The Chief Priest was always accompanied in the public Sacrifices by one of the *Vestal* Virgins, who kept a profound Silence.

5 *Dum Capitolium scandet.*] There were a hundred Steps to the *Capitol*.

Horace here promises himself an immortal Reputation. *Rome* was then arrived at such a Height of Grandeur, that it was not doubted she would continue for ever Mistress of the World. On which Account these Inscriptions were very common, *Roma Aeterna*; *Imperii Aeternitas*: And it was familiar among the *Romans*, to describe Eternity by the Duration of their Empire, and of the *Capitol*. Thus *Virgil* (in the 9th *Aeneid*) concludes the Story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* with these Lines,

*Fortunati ambo! — Si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo;*

*Dum domus Æneæ Capitolî immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit.*

Hail happy Pair!—If aught my Verse avails,
Each grateful Age for ever shall record
Your Fame; long as Æneas' Race shall hold
The *Capitolian* Rock, immoveable;
And *Roman* Fathers rule the conquer'd World!

But the Verses of *Virgil* and *Horace* have long survived the *Capitol* and that renowned Empire. Nothing, indeed, but the Works of the Muses, and what they consecrate, can justly expect to live for ever. D.

6 *Aufidus* is a River of *Apulia*. It rises in the Mountains of *Hirpini*, and passing by *Canusum* and *Cannæ*, falls into the *Adriatic* Sea. *Horace* uses the Epithet *violens*, on account of its Rapidity. It is now called *O-fanto*.

7 *Daunus* (the Son of *Pilumnus* and *Danaë*, and the Grandfather of *Turnus*) was thought to have reigned in *Daunia*, and that it received its Name from him. By the *Aufidus*, *Horace* intends the *Pucetian Apulia*, from that River to *Calabria*; and by the Kingdom of *Daunus*, the *Daunian Apulia*, from the *Samnites* to the River *Cerbalus*. And, in general, he comprehends all *Italy*. But he mentions *Apulia* in particular, because it was his native Country; and the Applause we there receive is the most soothing. DACIER.

8 *Æolium carmen*.] *Sappho* and *Alcæus* (whose Numbers *Horace* copies) were both of *Mitylenè*, a City of *Æolia*: See the Notes on the 13th Ode of the second Book.

9 *Princeps*.] *Primus*, the First.

10 *Melpomenè*.] *Horace* puts *Melpomenè* for the Muse in general; for *Melpomenè*, properly speaking, presided only over Tragedy and Rhetoric. See the first Verse of the 3d Ode, Book IV.

*The SAME ODE Imitated.**By a Batchelor of Arts.*

TIS done:—I tower to that Degree,
 And catch such heavenly Fire,
 That *Horace* ne'er could rant like Me,
 Nor is *King's* Chapel higher.

My Name in sure recording Page
 Shall Time itself o'erpower,
 If no rude Mice, with envious Rage,
 The Buttery-Books devour.

A * Title too, with added Grace,
 My Name shall now attend,
 Till to the Church, with silent Pace,
 A Nymph and Priest ascend.

Ev'n in the Schools I now rejoice.
 Where late I shook with Fear,
 Nor heed the *Moderator's* Voice,
 Loud thundering in my Ear.

Then with *Æolian* Flute I blow
 A soft *Italian* Lay,
 Or, where *Cam's* scanty Waters flow,
 Releas'd from Lectures, stray.

* Batchelor.

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Mean while, Friend * *Banks*! my Merits claim
Their just Reward from You;
For *Horace* bids us challenge Fame,
When once that Fame's our Due.

Invest me with a Graduate's Gown,
'Midst Shouts of all Beholders;
My Head with ample Square-cap crown,
And deck with Hood my Shoulders!
C. C. C. C. 1748.

* A celebrated Taylor.

The END of the THIRD BOOK.



THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ODES
OF
H O R A C E.



THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
HORN

OF THE
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OF THE
HORN

TO
ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq;

[This FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODES of HORACE

Is Inscribed

BY

His affectionate

Humble Servants,

W. and J. DUNCOMBE.

TO
ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq.

THE FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODES OF HORACE

Is inscribed

BY

His affectionate

Friend & Servant,

W. and J. Duncombe.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ODES of HORACE

ODE I.

To VENUS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE *sen.*

O Spare me, *Venus!* — Goddess, spare!
Nor wake the long-suspended War;
For chang'd I am, since first thy Chain
I wore, in gentle *Cynara's* Reign.
Mother too fierce of soft Desires,
Warm not my Breast with youthful Fires;
For, see! around my silver'd Head
Full fifty Years their Snow have spread,
To persecute thy Poet cease,
And let his Life decline in Peace.
Rather to blooming Youths repair,
Who seek thy Aid with ardent Prayer.

Would'ft

Would'st thou a worthy Heart inflame,
 Young *Paulus* for thy Pupil claim :
 And, gently wafted through the Sky
 By ² purple Swans, to *Paulus* fly ;
 There from the golden Car alight,
 And with thy Presence bless his Sight.
 For he is graceful, nobly born ;
 A hundred Arts the Youth adorn ;
 A zealous Pleader in Defence
 Of unbefriended Innocence :
 He widely shall extend thy Sway,
 And make the beauteous Nymphs obey.
 Should his rich Rival strive in vain,
 By Gifts the Maid he loves to gain,
 Near *Alba's* Lake, by *his* Command,
 Beneath a Citron Roof shall stand
 Thy Marble Statue ; Lovers there
 The copious Incense shall prepare,
 To scent thy Nostrils ; and around,
 The Harp, the Flute, and Haut-boy sound,
 In Concert with the joyous Lays,
 Which ³ twice a-Day, to chant thy Praise,
 * The Youths and Virgins shall repeat ;
 And, springing thrice with ⁵ snowy Feet,
 The Ground in ⁶ *Salian* Measures beat. }
 Nor Maid I court, nor Matron now,
 Nor gather Flowers to bind my Brow :
 No more in Drinking I delight,
 Nor pass in Revels half the Night ;
 Nor,

Nor, vainly-fond, can hope to prove
The long-lost Joys of mutual Love.

But why, alas ! say, *Delia*, why
Starts this fond Moisture from my Eye,
And trickles down my glowing Cheek ?
Why do I falter as I speak ?
Why drops, in Words abrupt, my Tongue,
Which us'd to flow so smooth along ?
I grasp you now, in nightly Dreams ;
Now labour through the rolling Streams,
As swift you glide ; or, o'er the Plain,
My cruel Fugitive pursue in vain.

NOTES.

1 *Mater seva Cupidinum.*] *Horace* has taken this Line from the 19th Ode of his First Book.

2 *Purpureis oloribus*] The Ancients applied the Epithet *Purple* to every thing that was of a bright and lively Colour : In this Sense the Swans are so called, who are of a shining White. *Albinovanus* applies it to Snow,

— *Purpureâ sub nive terra latet.*

And, in another Place,

Brachia purpureâ candidiora nive.

3 *Bis die.*] Hymns, in Honour of the Gods, were sung in the Temples, Morning and Evening.

4 *Pueri cum teneris virginibus.*] The Ancients had no Children educated on purpose to sing in the Temples, like those which are now called *Choiristers* ; neither did they employ for that Purpose the public Musicians, who sung on the Stage ; but a certain Number of Boys and Girls were selected out of the best Families, and stately sung, till others were chosen to succeed them. These Places were much coveted, and it was held a very great Honour to be chosen. DACIER.

5 — *Pede candido.*] The Arms and Feet of Boys and Girls were naked in Dancing.

6 *In morem Salium ter quatient humum.*] The Salii were the Priests of Mars, instituted by Numa. They carried every Year in solemn Procession the sacred Bucklers through the fourteen Divisions of Rome, singing, dancing, and clattering their Shields, like our Castanets, as they marched along. DACIER.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

Inscribed to

The Right Hon. HUGH Lord POLWARTH,*
now Earl of MARCHMONT.

VENUS! call'st thou once more to Arms?
Sound'st thou once more thy dire Alarms?
Annoy'st my peaceful State again?—
Oh! Faith of Treaties sworn in vain!
Seal'd with the Signet of thy Doves,
And ratify'd by all the Loves.
Spare, Goddess; I implore, implore!
Alas! thy Suppliant is no more
What once he was in happier Time,
(Illustrated by many a Rhyme)

* Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the Cause of Liberty. PORR.

When,

When, skill'd in every ruling Art,
Maria sway'd his yielding Heart:
 Love's Champion then, and known to Fame,
 He boasted no inglorious Name.
 Now, cruel Mother of Desires!
 Who Doubts and anxious Joys inspires,
 Ah! why, so long defy'd, again
 Thus leviest thou thy dreadful Train;
 That, when in daring Fights he toil'd,
 So oft his youthful Ardor foil'd?
 Oh! let thy hostile Fury cease,
 Thy faithful Veteran rest in Peace,
 In the laborious Service worn,
 His Arms decay'd, and Ensigns torn.

Go, go, Swan-wing'd! through liquid Air,
 Where the bland Breath of youthful Prayer
 Recalls thee from the long Delay,
 And, weeping, chides thee for thy Stay.
 My lowly Roof, that knows no State,
 Can ne'er receive a Guest so great:
 In *Polworth's* Dome, majestic Queen,
 With better Grace thou shalt be seen,
 If, worthy of the *Cyprian* Dart,
 Thou seek'st to pierce a lovely Heart:
 For he to noble Birth has join'd
 A graceful Form and gentle Mind;
 And, to subdue a Virgin-Breast,
 The Youth with thousand Arts is blest;
 Nor silent in his Country's Cause,
 The anxious Guardian of her Laws.

He;

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He, in thy noblest Warfare try'd,
 Shall spread thy Empire far and wide;
 Confirm the Glories of thy Reign;
 And not a Glance shall fall in vain:
 Then, when each Rival shall submit
 The Prize of Beauty and of Wit,
 And Riches yield to fair Desert
 The Triumph of a female Heart;
 Graceful, thy Marble Form shall stand,
 Fair-breathing from the Sculptor's Hand,
 Beneath the Temple's pillar'd Pride,
 Fast by a sacred Fountain's Side,
 Where *Tweed* sports round each winding Maze:
 There, Song shall warble, Incense blaze;
 Nor dumb shall rest the Silver Lyre,
 To animate the festive Choir:
 There, twice a Day, fond Boys shall come,
 And tender Virgins in their Bloom,
 (With fearful Awe, and Infant-Shame,)
 To call upon thy hallow'd Name,
 As thrice about the wanton Round
 With snowy Feet they lightly bound.

For Me, no Beauty now invites,
 Long recreant to the soft Delights:
 Lost to the winning Arts that move,
 Ah! dare I hope a mutual Love?
 The fond Relief of pleasing Pain,
 That hopes, fears, doubts, and hopes again?
 No Garlands on my Forehead bloom,
 Where Flowers their vernal Souls consume:

No

No more the reigning Toast I claim ;
 I yield the fierce contended Name,
 'Though daring once to drink all up,
 While *Bacchus* could supply the Cup.

Farewell, delusive, idle Power !
 And welcome, Contemplation's Hour !
 Now, now I search, neglected long,
 The Charms that lie in moral Song,
 How to assuage the boiling Blood,
 The Lessons of the wise and good ;
 Now with fraternal Sorrows mourn ;
 Now pour the Tear o'er Friendship's Urn :
 Or higher raise the Wish refin'd,
 The generous Prayer for Human Kind ;
 Or anxious for my *Britain's* Fate,
 To Freedom beg a longer Date,
 To calm her more than Civil Rage,
 And spare her yet one other Age.
 These, these the Labours I pursue :
 Fantastic Love, a long Adieu !

—Yet why, O beauteous *Laura*, why,
 Thus heaves the long-forgotten Sigh ?
 Why down my Cheeks, when you appear,
 Steals, Drop by Drop, th' unbidden Tear ?
 Once skill'd to breathe the anxious Vow,
 Why fails my Tongue its Master now,
 And, faltering, dubious, strives in vain,
 The tender Meaning to explain ?
 Why, in the Visions of the Night,
 Rises thy Image to my Sight ?

Now,

Now, seiz'd, thy much-lov'd Form I hold,
 Now lose again the transient Fold;
 Unequal, panting far behind,
 I chase thee faster than the Wind,
 Whether the dear Delusion strays
 Through fair *Hope-Park's* enchanting Maze;
 Or, where thy cruel Phantom glides,
 Along the swiftly-running Tides.

ODE II.

To ¹ ANTONIUS JULUS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

W^Hoe'er would soar to ² *Pindar's* Height
 Attempts a bold but dangerous Flight
 On waxen Wings, and, lost to Shame,
 Will give, like ³ *Icarus*, the Sea a Name.
 As, rais'd above its Banks by Showers,
 A River from a Mountain pours,
 Rolls *Pindar* his impetuous Song,
 And with resistless Fury sweeps along.
 Justly he claims *Apollo's* Bays,
 Whether in free unfetter'd Lays,
 Through ⁴ *Dithyrambic* Metre bold,
 New Words with lawless Energy are roll'd;
⁵ Or whether he, in measur'd Verse,
 Of Gods, or Chiefs, the Praise rehearse;
⁶ Chiefs,

6 Chiefs, sprung from Gods, whose Force could
tame

The *Centaur's* Might, and quench *Chimæra's* Flame.

If with some Bride, in moving Strains,

He of her Consort's Loss complains,

And to the Stars exalts the Youth,

For Courage, Piety, and ancient Truth ;

7 Or if the Hero, crown'd with Palms,

Or Victor Courser he embalms,

His lasting Lays in Worth surpass

The breathing Marble, and sepulchral Brass !

When the 8 *Dircæan* Swan would rise,

A Whirlwind bears him to the Skies :

But as the Bee, with ceaseless Toil,

From each fair Flower collects her balmy Spoil ;

Laborious thus my weaker Muse

Light Themes in *Tibur's* Bower pursues :

But 9 You shall to a bolder String

The just Applause of matchless *Cæsar* sing ;

While round his Head the Laurel weaves,

For Conquests won, her verdant Leaves ;

And the 10 *Sicambrian* we survey

In Fetters dragg'd along the Sacred Way.

Never was Gift so good and great

Bestow'd on Man by Heaven, or Fate,

Nor shall again, should Time be roll'd,

With backward Course, to his primæval Gold.

And You shall sing, in grateful Lays,

The Feasts that *Rome* to *Cæsar* pays ;

The

192 ODES of HORACE,

The City's public Sports ; the Bar
 Freed from litigious Suits, and noisy War.
 I too, with feeble Voice, will join
 My Song to Your's ; ' O *Phæbus* ! shine
 ' Auspicious, with thy brightest Ray,
 ' And grace the Rites of this distinguish'd Day.'
 Then Incense to the Gods shall rise,
 And shouting *Iôs* rend the Skies ;
 All *Rome* shall join in choral Song,
 As *Cæsar*'s Train triumphant moves along.
 Your Vow ten Bulls, as many Kine
 Absolve ; a sportive Heifer *mine*,
 Wean'd from his Mother ; " on whose Brows,
 Full in the Front, a Star its Lustre shows ;
 A Gloss of fallow Hue adorns
 His Skin ; the Crescent of his Horns,
 So sharply turn'd, salutes the Sight,
 Like *Cynthia*'s Fires, the third revolving Night.

NOTES.

1 *Antonius Julius* was one of the Children of *Mark Antony*, by *Fulvia*. *Augustus*, after defeating his Father, not only pardoned the Son, but graced him also with the Priesthood, and the Dignities of *Prætor* and *Consul*. He received him besides into his own Family, by marrying him to one of the Daughters which his Sister *Octavia* bore to her first Husband, *Marcellus*. But all these Favours were thrown away on this ungrateful Man, who polluted the House of his generous Benefactor ; for he was one of the first who debauched his Daughter, *Julia*. This, with some Proofs of a Conspiracy, to which he was privy, so highly incensed *Augustus*, that he condemned him to Death. Some Historians relate, that,

that, to avoid public Infamy, he killed himself with his own Hand.

2 *Pindar* was of *Thebes* in *Boeotia*. He lived about the 75th Olympiad, 476 Years before the Christian *Æra*, and was contemporary with *Xerxes*. A small Part only of the Works mentioned by *Horace* is come down to us; but the four Books still remaining are sufficient to justify the Encomium here given him by *Horace*, and to show that the Ancients were not mistaken in proclaiming him with one Voice, *The first of Lyric Poets*.

Quintilian had this Ode in View, when he gave the following Character of *Pindar*, in the first Chapter of his tenth Book: *Novem Lyricorum longe Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentiâ, sententiis, figuris, beatissimâ rerum verborumque copiâ, et velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine.*

Pindar is indisputably the first of the nine Lyric Poets by the Elevation of his Spirit, by the Boldness of his Figures and the Beauty of his Sentences, by the Copiousness of his Words and Thoughts, and by his rapid Eloquence, which flows like a Torrent; on which Accounts *Horace* rightly thought him inimitable.

A Lady, who does Honour to Female Genius, gives his Character in these nervous Lines:

Bold *Pindar* * next, with matchless Force and Fire,
Divinely careless, wak'd the sounding Lyre;
Unbound by Rule he urg'd each vigorous Lay,
And gave his mighty Genius Room to play:
The Grecian Games employ his daring Strings,
In Numbers rapid as the Race he sings.

Poetical Calendar for March, 1764.

3 The History of *Dædalus* and *Icarus* has been already explained in the Notes on the third Ode of the first Book. *Ovid* gives this Story at large in his second Book *De Arte amandi*.

4 The *Dithyrambics* were Hymns in Honour of *Bacchus*. It appears by this Passage (for none of them are now extant) that they were written in irregular Numbers, and not confined to any set Measure. It was (as *Mr. Cowley* observes,) a bold enthusiastical kind of Po-

* i. e. After Homer.

etry, as if written by Men inspired by *Bacchus*, that is, half-drunk; from whence came the Greek Proverb, *You are as mad as a Dithyrambic Poet.*

5 *Seu Deos, regesque canit, Deorum Sanguinem.*]

After the *Dithyrambics* of *Pindar*, *Horace* alludes to his *Hymns* and his *Panegyrics*; the former were written in Praise of the Gods, the latter of Heroes. It has been usual, in all Times, to call Kings the Sons of God; but *Horace* designs here, in particular, *Hercules*, the Son of *Jupiter*; *Theseus*, the Son of *Neptune*; and *Pirithoüs*, who was descended from *Mars*.

6 *Hercules, Theseus, and Pirithoüs, slew the Centaurs.*

7 *Sive quos Elea domum reducit Palma, caelestes.*]

Horace speaks here of those Odes where *Pindar* sings the Praise of the Victors at the *Olympic Games*, &c. which are the only Part of his Works now extant.

8 *Multa Dirceum levat aura cycnum.*] *Pindar* is called *Dircean* from *Dirce*, a Fountain near *Thebes*, where he was born.

9 *Antonius* was the Author of several Works in Verse, and had written an Heroic Poem, in twelve Books, entitled *Diomedea*.

10 *Sicambria, now Guelderland.*

11 *Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
Quæ notam duxit niveus videri,
Cætera fulvus.*]

Horace here imitates a beautiful Passage in *Moschus*, where he describes the Bull, which carried *Europa* over the Sea on his Back.

His love-inspiring Eyes with lively Blue
Sparkled: His Hair was all of golden Hue.
Full in his ample Front a Silver Star
With its bright Ray distinguish'd him afar:
Two equal Horns on his bold Temples rose,
Whose polish'd Arch like the fair Crescent shows.

D.

The following Idea of a *Pindaric Poet* may perhaps entertain the Reader.

A PIN.

‘ A PINDARIC POET, according to the Notion I have formed to myself, must exceed the common Rate of Mankind, in an abundant Flow of Animal Spirits; and hence, instead of traversing the Brain with a cool and methodical Genius to start proper Thoughts, or hunt after Images to adorn them, he is fired and transported with some noble Hint, and sees, at the same Moment, every thing that has any Relation to the principal Subject offering itself, unsought and uncalled, and, as it were, crowding upon his Imagination; making so deep an Impression there, that he views them all, as actually present before him, and mistakes them for real.

‘ He is seized with a kind of prophetic Inspiration, and, transported with the Grandeur and Beauty of the mimic Shapes and pleasing Visions, eagerly grasps at all, discourses of all, (as in an Ecstasy), and pours them out of the inexhaustible Stores of his Soul, with a rich Profusion, and, as *Marvel* calls it, *Expense of Thought*; but in no other Method or Order, than as he is hurried from Image to Image, with the utmost Connection indeed of Ideas, but without any Warning or Preparation of the Reader, in the hasty Transition from one Object to another, or from Ideas to warmest and justest Reflections upon them.

‘ An Instance of the first, viz. the View of different Objects at one and the same Moment, we meet with in the greatest of the Prophets, in his Description of the sudden March and Invasion of the *Assyrians*, and the Terror of *Israël*: *He is come to Aiath, he is passed to Migron; at Michmash he hath laid up his Carriages. They are gone over the Passage; they have taken up their Lodging at Geba; Ramah is afraid, Gibeah of Saul is fled. Lift up thy Voice, O Daughter of Gallim. Cause it to be heard unto Laish, O poor Anathoth. Madmenah is removed, the Inhabitants of Gebim gather themselves to flee.* ISAIAH I. 28—31. We have an Instance of the latter, viz. (the passing from one Object to another, without any regular Connection) in the 21st and 23d Verses of the Song of *Deborah*, JUDGES V. *The River of Kishon swept them away, that ancient River, the River Kishon: O my Soul, thou hast trodden down Strength! Curse ye Meroz, (said the Angel of the LORD) curse ye bitterly the Inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the*

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' *Help of the LORD, to the Help of the LORD against the
Mighty.*

The Rev. Mr. SAMUEL SAY, in a Letter to
Mr. HUGHES.

Part of the SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

*To the Rev. Dr. DOUGLAS, now Canon of
Windsor.*

W^Hoe'er, with impious Hand, essays
To sully *Milton's* spotless Lays,
In grisly Form will soon appear,
Like *Lauder*, touch'd with your *Ithuriel-Spear*.
As from *Plinlimmon*, swoln with Showers
And wintry Snows, *Sabrina* pours
Down *Cambria's* Vales ; so *Milton's* Song
With unresisted Fury sweeps along.
Th' *Homeric* Wreath he well may claim,
(Like Him in Fortune as in Fame,)
Whether high Heaven resound th' Alarms
Of Angels and Archangels, clad in Arms ;
Or whether he through *Eden* leads
Our Steps, o'er Lawns and flowery Meads,
Where the fring'd Bank green Myrtles crown,
And Shades, unpierc'd, the noon-tide Bowers im-
brown.
Whene'er, to vain Delights a Foe,
He pensive strikes the Strings of Woe ;

Or

Or bids *Euphrosyné* the Lyre
 Resume, and warble to the dancing Choir;
 Or crowns lov'd *Lycidas's* Shrine,
 Or bids us *Comus's* Revels join;
 Not *Hayman's* nor *Roubilliac's* Art
 Such Life, such Grace, such Energy impart!
 Through Tracts conceal'd from mortal Sight
 Our *British* Eagle wings his Flight,
 And basks, undazzled at the Blaze,
 Like his own *Uriel*, in the Solar Rays.
 My Muse, with weak but arduous Toil,
 Culls, like the Bee, her balmy Spoil,
 Ambitious, in these classic Bowers,
 To draw *Horatian* Sweets from *British* Flowers.
 Mean while 'tis yours, with patriot Zeal,
 This dark Imposture to reveal,
 And deathless *Amaranth**, which grew
 Fast by the Tree of Life, now blooms for You, . . .
 C. C. C. 1751.

* See PARADISE LOST, B. III. V. 354.



O D E III.

To his MUSE.

By Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, late Lord
Bishop of ROCHESTER.

HE, on whose Birth the *Lyric Queen*
Of Numbers smil'd, shall never grace
The *Isthmian* Gauntlet, or be seen
First in the fam'd *Olympic* Race.
He shall not, after Toils of War,
And humbling haughty Monarchs Pride,
With laurell'd Brows conspicuous far,
To *Jove's Tarpeian* Temple ride.
But Him the Streams, that warbling flow
Rich *Tibur's* fertile Meads along,
And shady Groves, his Haunts, shall know
The Master of th' *Æolian* Song.
The Sons of *Rome*, majestic *Rome*!
Have plac'd me in the Poets Choir,
And Envy now, or dead, or dumb,
Forbears to blame what they admire.
Goddess of the sweet-sounding Lute,
Which thy harmonious Touch obeys,
Who can't the finny Race, though mute,
To Cygnets dying Accents raise;

Thy

Thy Gift it is, that all with Ease
 Me Prince of *Roman* Lyrics own;
 That, while I live, my Numbers please,
 If pleasing, is thy Gift alone!

NOTE.

For *Scaliger's* Opinion of this Ode, see the Notes on
 Ode 9. B. III.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By a Fellow of a College.

WHOE'ER, to studious Leisure train'd,
 Has once a FELLOWSHIP obtain'd,
 In *Granta's* learn'd Retreat,
 No more with *Syllogistic* Cares
 Perplex'd, at Dinner and at Prayers
 Assumes a loftier Seat.
 No more he echoes in the Hall,
 With loud declamatory Brawl,
 The Fame of *Rome* and *Greece*,
 And crowns with a triumphal Car
 Returning Heroes, great in War,
 And amiable in Peace.
 Now with his Brethren view him roll,
 With many a Shrug, the winding Bowl
 Along the level Green;

Now, unrestrain'd, behold him rove
On *Cam's* fair Borders, through the Grove,

Where * Scholars ne'er are seen.

When seven long Years are now complete,
He in the Senate takes his Seat

Each Congregation-Day ;

And envies no applauded Wits,

While there on equal Terms he sits

By *Mason, Hurd, and Gray.*

By thy blest Aid, O powerful † GRACE !

The Sons of Lords obtain a Place

Among the Sons of Art ;

Thou point'st a ready Way to Fame,

And ev'n to Dukes the sacred Name

Of Doctors can't impart !

From thee our Votes and Voices flow,

To thee the silken Hoods we owe

That float adown our Shoulders ;

By thee, on festal Days, the Gown

Of Scarlet charms the gaping Town,

And dazzles all Beholders.

Though thou hast oft bestow'd Rewards

On Statesmen, Sages, Peers and Bards,

And crown'd their high Deserts ;

Yet wond'ring Strangers stare to see

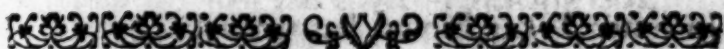
Full many a Blockhead made by thee

A MASTER OF THE ARTS.

C. G. C. C. 1751.

* Every College consists of a Master, Fellows, and Scholars.

† A Grace is an Act of the Senate, conferring Degrees, &c.



ODE IV.

The Praises of DRUSUS and TIBERIUS.

By GEORGE JEFFREYS, Esq;

AS *Jove's* imperial Bird, to whom the Sway
 O'er all the feather'd Race was given,
 (For so did he his faithful Favourite pay,
 For wafting ¹ *Ganymed* to Heaven)
 With native Vigour join'd to youthful Prime,
 Springs from the Nest, though check'd by Fear,
 Unwonted Heights with tender Wing to climb,
² The Sky when Summer Breezes clear!
 With hostile Rage the Spoiler next descends,
 Impetuous, on the bleating Fold;
 Thence, more assur'd, reluctant Dragons rends,
 With Love of Prey and Combat bold:
 Or as a Kid, on Pastures fair to graze
 Intent, the Lion's Progeny,
 Wean'd from his yellow Mother's Milk, surveys;
 By Fangs in Slaughter new, to die;
³ Such *Drusus* the *Vindelici* beheld
 Beneath the *Alps*, ⁴ unmatched in War!
 And, by a sage and youthful Leader quell'd,
 The Troops, victorious long and far,
 Prov'd what a Genius and a Mind could dare,
 By Precept and Example taught;

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And what, *Augustus* ! thy Paternal Care
In either *Nero's* Bloom has wrought.

* The Brave beget the Brave : The Bull, the Steed,
Are stamp'd upon their generous Race ;
Nor is the Dove's unwarlike Brood decreed
The Royal Eagle to disgrace.

But Culture calls the hidden Vigour forth,
And Virtue, when on Learning built,
Confirms the Heart : In Blood, devoid of Worth,
The conscious Shame enhances Guilt.

What *Rome* her *Neros* owes, let *Asdrubal*
Be Witness, that decisive Day,

The first, that near *Metaurus* by his Fall
From *Latium* chas'd the Night away :

When the dire *African* to *Mars*, among
Th' *Italian* Cities gave the Rein,
Impetuous as the Flame, that runs along
The Pines, or *Eurus* o'er the Main.

From that bright Dawn the *Roman* Youth sustain'd,
With better Fate, the Toils of Fight ;

And the sad Shrines, by *Punic* Foes profan'd,
Now found their Guardian Gods upright.

When *Hannibal* at length desponding spoke :

* Like Stags, the Prey of Wolves, are We,

* And rashly to the Fight such Foes provoke,

* As to elude were Victory.

* The Warrior Race, who to the *Latian* Coast,

* From *Ilium* sunk in *Grecian* Fires,

* Convey'd their Gods, on *Tuscan* Billows tost,

* Their Offspring and their aged Sires,

* Un-

- ' Uninjur'd, ' like the widely-spreading Oak
 ' On *Algidus*, with Shade embrown'd,
 ' Defy the sturdy Steel's repeated Stroke,
 ' And draw new Vigour from the Wound.
 ' Not baffled *Hercules* receiv'd a Foil
 ' More grievous from the sprouting Store
 ' Of *Hydra's* Heads; no greater Pest the Soil
 ' Of *Thebes* or *Colechis* ever bore.
 ' Plung'd in the Deep, more graceful thence they
 ' spring,
 ' The Sons of dearly-purchas'd Fame!
 ' Though thrown, with vast Applause the Victor
 ' fling,
 ' And Matrons their Exploits proclaim.
 ' With lofty ' Tidings I shall ne'er again
 ' My long-triumphant *Carthage* hail;
 ' ¹⁰ Lost, lost, in *Asdrubal* untimely slain,
 ' Our Name's best Hope and Fortune fail!
 The *Claudian* Hands all Wonders shall perform,
 By *Jove's* indulgent Aid secur'd,
 And, by sagacious Care, to rule the Storm
 Of well-conducted War, inur'd.

NOTES.

Scaliger gives the following Character of this Ode;
*Quarta nec Pindaro cedit: Totâ verò cantione hæc et seipsum et
 omnem Græciam superavit.* ' The fourth Ode of the
 ' fourth Book is not inferior even to *Pindar*: In this
 ' little Piece *Horace* has excelled himself and all the
 ' *Grecian Poets.*'

1 *Ganymedes* was the Son of *Tros*, King of *Troy*. *Ho-*
mer says he was the most beautiful Person in the World,

on which Account the Gods translated him into Heaven, and *Jupiter* made him his Cup-bearer. The Truth of the Story is, this young *Trojan* was carried away by *Tantalus*, King of *Lydia*, whose Troops bore an Eagle on their Ensigns. DACIER.

2 *Vernique, jam nimbis remotis,
Insolitos docuere nifus
Venti paventem;*

But *Bentley* and *Sanadon* read it thus:

Vernisque jam nimbis remotis,

which is confirmed by several excellent Manuscripts.

The Spring Season is generally very showery; and, besides, the Eagles are not hatched till the Summer.

3 This Passage in most Copies runs thus:

*Videre Rheti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem Vindelici.*

But as it is clear from the Historians that the *Rheti* and *Vindelici* were two distinct People, the Critics have corrected the last Line thus:

—— gerentem et Vindelici.

But it will not even this Way agree with History, since *Drusus* conquered only the *Vindelici*, and *Tiberius* the *Rheti*. *N. Heinsius* therefore read *Rhetis Alpibus*, for *Rhetitis*, which Contraction is common with our Author: And he is followed by *Bentley*, *Cunningham*, and *Sanadon*. This Reading is also confirmed by some old Copies, and entirely removes the Difficulty.

4 This Stanza follows in the Original:

—— quibus
*Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet, quærere dissuli:
(Nec scire fas est omnia) sed diu, &c.*

Which may be thus almost literally translated: *Whose Custom it has been from Time immemorial to wield an Amazonian Axe in their right Hand; but whence this Custom first arose I have not enquired, nor is it possible to know all Things.*

On this Passage the late Archbishop of *Cambray* makes the following Remark: 'When I read that admirable Ode of Horace,

Qualem

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

‘ I am always sorry to find these Lines in it,

————— *quibus*

Mos unde deductus, &c.

‘ Take away this Passage, and it is complete and perfect. If it should be said, that *Horace* designed to imitate *Pindar* in this sort of Parenthesis, which is agreeable to the Transport of an Ode; I will not dispute that; but, for my Part, I am not so fond of Imitations as to relish this flat and needless Digression. I allow of a noble Disorder flowing from Transport and secret Art, but cannot approve of such an Excursion, on a frivolous Subject: It flattens the whole Ode.’ Thus far the Archbishop of *Cambray*.

Sanadon is of the same Opinion: He cannot think these Lines genuine; for which he also offers several critical Reasons, too long to be here repeated. He has therefore struck out this Stanza, and thus, in an easy Manner, connects the Sense;

————— *Vindelici, et diu*

Latèque victrices, &c.

On these Authorities the Translator has also omitted it.

5 *Tiberius Nero* died the same Year, in which he gave up his Wife *Livia* to *Augustus*; and by his Will he not only made that Prince Guardian to his Son *Tiberius*, who was then about four Years old, but also to *Drusus*, of whom *Livia* was delivered, in the Palace of *Augustus*, three Months after her Marriage with him. So that *Augustus* was, in a double Sense, the Foster-Father of these two Princes, both by marrying their Mother, and as their Guardian: On which Account *Horace* uses the Phrase, *paternus animus*, paternal Tendernefs; in which Sense he also employs it in the second Ode of the second Book;

Vivet extento Proculèius ævo,

Notus in fratres animi paterni.

It is to be observed, it was publicly reported at *Rome*, that *Augustus* had some Commerce with *Livia*, while she cohabited with her first Husband, and that *Drusus* was really his Son; and, on the Birth of *Drusus*, three Months after *Augustus* had married *Livia*, this Proverb arose, *The Fortunate have Children three Months after Marriage*. If therefore *Horace* had applied the Words *paternus*

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ternus animus to *Drusus* only, it might have occasioned some Raillery that would not have been at all agreeable to his great Patron. He therefore prudently includes both the *Neros*;

— *quid Augusti paternus*

In pueros animus Neronēs. DACIER.

6 *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis:*

Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum

Virtus.]

The very same Thought occurs in *Shakespeare*:

O Worthiness of Nature! Breed of Greatness!

Cowards father Cowards, and base things sire the
Base. *Cymbeline*, Act IV.

7 *Horace* speaks here of the Consul *Claudius Nero*, who, when he was encamped in *Lucania*, in Sight of *Hannibal* and his Army, stole away secretly with six thousand Foot, and a thousand Horse, and arriving in a few Days in *Umbria*, there joined *Salinator*, his Colleague, to oppose the Passage of *Asdrubal*, who was bringing a considerable Reinforcement to his Brother *Hannibal*. This Diligence saved *Italy*; for *Asdrubal* was defeated near the River *Metaurus*; and *Nero* being returned to the main Army, before the *Carthaginians* knew he had left it, he caused the Head of *Asdrubal* to be thrown into *Hannibal's* Camp, who from that Moment was only contriving how best to make his Retreat. This happened in the Year of *Rome* 546, about two hundred Years before *Horace* wrote this Ode; and, among many glorious Actions of the ancient *Neros*, he chose particularly to celebrate this, not only as one of the most memorable, but also because *Drusus* and *Tiberius* were derived from those two Consuls: For they were descended, both by Father and Mother, from *Claudius Nero*; and their Grand-father, by the Mother, was adopted into the *Livian* Family, which was the same with that of *Salinator*. On this Account *Claudius Nero* and *Livius Salinator* were considered as the true Ancestors of *Tiberius*.

DACIER.

8 *Daris ut illex tonsa bipennibus*

Nigra feraci frondis in Alcido,

Per damna, per cedes, ab ipso

Ducti oper animumque ferro.]

Mr.

Mr. Prior, in his noble Ode on the Battle of Ramillies, has happily imitated several fine Passages in this Ode, and particularly this and the following Stanza.

Envy'd *Britannia*, sturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain-top she proudly bears,
Eludes the Axe, and sprouts against the Stroke,
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars,
And, as those Teeth, which *Cadmus* sow'd in Earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and furnish'd fresh Supplies;
So with young Vigour and succeeding Birth,
Her Losses more than recompens'd arise;
And every Age she with a Race is crown'd,
For Letters more polite, in Battles more renown'd.

9 After the Battle of *Cannæ*, *Hannibal* dispatched his Brother *Mago* to *Carthage*, with an Account of his good Success, who reported to the Senate, that their General had defeated six Consular Armies, slain above two hundred thousand *Romans*, and taken more than fifty thousand Prisoners; and he concluded with saying, that, for so many and so great Victories, it was meet to return solemn Thanks to the immortal Gods. Then, to confirm the Truth of what he had said, he poured out in the Senate-House (as some Historians write) three Bushels and an half of Gold Rings, taken from *Roman* Knights and Senators slaughtered in the Battle. *LIVY*, B. xxiii. Ch. 11. *Horace* here makes *Hannibal* allude to these Particulars.

10 — Occidit, occidit

Spes omnis—]

When *Hannibal* saw the Head of his Brother *Asdrubal*, he only said, *Agnosco fortunam Carthagini*; 'I see the Misfortune of *Carthage*.'

This Ode is omitted by Mr. Creech.

The

*The SAME ODE Imitated.**By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.**On the Conquest of LOUISBOURG, QUEBEC, and
all CANADA,**By the Generals AMHERST and WOLFE.*

AS Western Orellana, King of Floods,
Swoln with the cloud-capt *Andes* endless
Snows,

Through devious Vales and unfrequented Woods,
In foaming Cataracts, impetuous, flows ;
And thence round fragrant Isles and Citron
Groves

Serenely winds, where, in his Plantane Bower,
Sleeps the rude *Indian*, or securely roves,

Unknown our Avarice, unfelt our Power :
Or as *Vesuvius*, with terrific Sound,

Rolls flaming Rocks adown his craggy Sides,
Shakes the firm Earth for many a League around,
Obscures the Sun, and heaves the distant Tides ;
Then from his vast Abyss, with rapid Force,

Pours fiery Streams, which deluge all the Plain,
And Swains, and Herds, and Hamlets, in their
Course,

O'erthrow, and sweep, promiscuous, to the Main:
So *Britain's* Chiefs, amidst th' united Roar

Of Winds, Waves, Cannons, though the *Gallic*
Host,

Aided

Aided by Art and Nature, lin'd the Shore,
 Rush'd to the * *Royal Isle's* tempestuous Coast;
 And *France*, till then victorious in the West,
 At length by *Amherst* and young *Wolfe* subdu'd,
 The Fruits, matur'd in each sagacious Breast,
 Of *William's* Counsels and Example view'd.
 Th' Instructor's Skill his Pupils Labours show;
 A well-trac'd Copy speaks a Master's Hand:
 Thus to *Turenne* their *Churchill Britons* owe,
 And thus to Royal *Frederick, Ferdinand*.
 So his young Progeny with Thirst of Blood
 The Lion fires, and points the promis'd Spoil;
 So the fierce Eagle trains his tender Brood,
 Directs their Course, and animates their Toil.
 Culture improves each Hero's generous Mind;
 All Arts a diligent Attention claim:
 To martial Practice Science must be join'd:
 Hence rose a *Wolfe's*, a *Howe's*, a *Cesar's* Fame!
 What to her *Wolfe*, this grateful Nation owes,
 Be Witness, *Abraham's* Height, that glorious
 Day,
 When ev'n in Death he triumph'd o'er his Foes,
 And bade *Quebec*, like *Louisbourg*, obey!
 When from a tottering Tower, just wing'd for
 Flight,
 Thy Genius, *France*, saw all Resources vain,
 Saw, forc'd to try the dubious Chance of Fight,
 Thy Army routed, and its † Leader slain.

* *Cape Breton*, so called by the *French*.

† The Marq. de *Montcalm*.

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Fir'd with like Zeal, our Troops with better Fate
The Toils of War in those rough Climes sustain'd;

Montreal last unbarr'd her lingering Gate,

And *GEORGE* in *Canada* sole Sovereign reign'd.

On that bright Morn, despairing **Vaudreuil* cry'd,

' Like Fawns, whom our *Canadian* Wolves
' devour,

' Are we; Morasses deep, and Forests wide,

' Lakes, Falls, and Mountains yield to Eng-
' land's Power.

' These stubborn Islanders, whom *Henry's* Frown

' Forc'd to deny *Christ's* Vicar here on Earth;

' Who, since, one King have slain, and of the
' Crown

' Despoil'd his Race, their *Right Divine* by Birth;

' Unhurt, uninjur'd, like those envy'd Oaks,

' Their Navy's Source, which on their Moun-
' tains grow,

' Derive new Strength from our repeated Strokes,

' Elude, defy, or sprout beneath the Blow.

' Fresh Legions *Hannibal*, with less Surprise,

' Saw ancient *Rome* supply from each Defeat;

' The modern *Polypus* our Sages Eyes

' Amazes less; divided, yet complete.

' What War exhausts by Commerce they regain;

' To borrow'd Millions, Millions still succeed:

' At once the *Wefer*, *Ganges*, Land and Main,

' From Pole to Pole, record some daring Deed.

* The French Governor-General of *Canada*.

‘ No more shall Conquest’s Voice Great *Lewis*
‘ hail ;

‘ No more shall ³ Scalps adorn my stately Hall :
‘ *Amberst* appears — our Hope and Fortune fail —

‘ All, all was lost by valiant *Montcalm*’s Fall !’

With Union blest, by Heaven’s indulgent Aid,

To *Britain* thus all foreign Foes shall yield :

But Oh ! may Peace to her lov’d Olive Shade

Soon lead our Chiefs returning from the Field !

1760.

NOTES.

¹ In Justice to Mr. *Joseph Warton*, it should be acknowledged that this first Simile (of the River of the *Amazons*) is in a great measure borrowed from his sublime *Ode on Mr. West’s Translation of Pindar*. See *Doddley’s Misc.* Vol. IV. p. 212.

² This *Phænomenon* (as it may justly be styled) cannot be better described than in the following Lines, in a Poem written some Years ago by the late *Sir William Yonge* :

It is a Reptile of so strange a Sort,
That if ’tis cut in two it is not dead,
Its Head shoots out a Tail, its Tail a Head ;
Take out its Middle, and observe its Ends,
Here a Head rises, there a Tail descends ;
Or cut off any Part that you desire,
That Part extends, and makes itself entire.

³ When *Montreuil* surrendered, it is affirmed that many such barbarous Trophies were found hanging in the *Marg. de Vaudreuil’s Palace*.

ODE

ODE V.

To AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

O BORN when Stars auspicious smil'd ;
 Of joyful *Rome* thou Guardian mild !
 No longer let the Senate mourn,
 But, faithful to thy Word, return !
 Indulgent Chief, Oh ! chear our Hearts,
 For, as the Spring new Life imparts,
 So, in thy Presence, smother run
 The Hours, and brighter shines the Sun.
 As some fond Mother begs of Heaven,
 Her Boy may to her Arms be given,
 Whom Winds, with envious Blast, detain
 Beyond the rough *Carpathian* Main ;
 Her Hands she raises to the Skies,
 Nor from the Shore can turn her Eyes ;
 Thy Country, smit with warm Desires,
 Devoutly thus her Lord requires !
 For safe our Oxen graze the Plain,
 And *Ceres* crowns with golden Grain
 Our smiling Fields. From Shore to Shore,
 The Merchant wafts his costly Store.
 Justice her Head unblemish'd rears,
 Nor any Violation fears.

² Adul-

* Adultery, that spotted Crime,
No more pollutes our happy Clime.
Example has a powerful Sway,
The People Thine with Joy obey !
To the chaste Mother's just Renown,
† By his like Son the Sire is known.
The Pains, to flagrant Vices due,
The bold Offender strait pursue.
If *Cæsar* be but safe, who fears
‡ Th' enormous Sons *Germania* rears ?
Who trembles at th' *Iberian* War,
Or *Parthians*, shooting from afar ?
§ In his own Vineyard each Man spends
The Day ; and with sweet Labour tends
His rural Task ; to prune, or twine
Round the tall Elm the fruitful Vine ;
Then takes a simple cheap Repaste ;
And, ere he will presume to taste
¶ The second Course, Libations pours,
And with his † Household Gods adores
Cæsar belov'd !—We bless thy Name,
And join Thee living to the Fame
Of † *Castor* and † great *Hercules*,
The tutelary Gods of *Greece* !
' † May'st thou, indulgent Chief, prolong
' Our Joy with many a Festal Song !'
Thus, sober in the Morn, we pray ;
And, mellow, thus we close the Day.

NOTES.

As the former is one of the sublimest Odes in Horace, this is one of the most tender and affectionate, and seems to flow from a Heart thoroughly warmed with a grateful Sense of the Happiness the Romans enjoyed under the mild Administration of Augustus. Sanadon fixes the Date of it to the Beginning of the Year of Rome 741, and the very Day on which the Consuls addressed solemn Prayers to the Gods for the happy Return of the Emperor.

In the common Editions, these Lines, in the Original, run thus,

*Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat;
Nutrit rura Ceres almaque Faustitas.*

But Le Fèvre and Sanadon read *prata perambulat*, which removes the ungraceful Repetition of *rura*; and the Word *prata* seems more naturally to follow *perambulat*, which, says Sanadon, is never employed to express such laborious Work as tilling the Ground. Dacier, on the contrary, pretends it may be so employed, and, in Proof of it, produces a Passage from Catullus, where, speaking of Mamurra, he says,

Perambulabit omnium cubilia;

But Sanadon says this Quotation is nothing to the Purpose, *perambulare cubilia* signifying *desultoriam voluptatem carpere*, which needs not be explained.

The amiable Picture Horace here gives of the Happiness the Romans then enjoyed, is confirmed by all the Historians, and particularly by Paterculus, whose Words may pass for a Comment on this Ode; *Finita vicesimo anno bella civilia, sepulta externa, revocata pax, sopitus ubique armorum furor, restituta vis legibus, judiciis auctoritas, Senatui majestas, &c. Prisca illa et antiqua Reipublice forma revocata: rediit cultus agris, sacris honos, securitas hominibus, certa cuique rerum suarum possessio: Leges emendatæ utiliter, latæ salubriter.* — In his twentieth Year, all Wars both Civil and Foreign were happily extinguished; Peace returned; the Rage of Arms ceased; Vigour was restored to the Laws, Authority to the Tribunals, Majesty to the Senate, &c. The ancient and venerable Form of the Republic revived: The Fields were again cultivated, Religion respected,

and

and every one enjoyed his own Possessions with the utmost Security: The old Laws were revised and improved, and excellent new ones added.

Faustitas (of whom the Romans made a Goddess) is derived from *faustus*, and signifies, as *Le Fèvre* observes, the benign Influence of the Heavens, or, in other Words, seasonable Showers and wholesome Air: It is the same Thing with what *Horace*, in his *Secular Ode*, calls *aquæ salubres et Jovis aura*.

2 *Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:*

Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas.]

Horace often complains of the Corruption of Manners in that Age: He even ascribes the Judgments, with which the Gods visited the Romans, to the frequent Violation of the Marriage-Bed. See the 6th and 24th Odes of the third Book. *Augustus* restrained these Disorders by the *Julian Law*, *De adulteriis*; on which Account *Horace* says of him in the last Ode of this Book,

et ordinem

Rectum evaganti fræna licentiæ

Injecit, amovitque culpas.

He has curbed that Licentiousness, which surpassed all Bounds, and has chased away Vice.

Ib. *Maculosum nefas.]*

Dacier observes that *Horace* by this Word comprehends not only Adultery, but also a libidinous Commerce with Boys, which is properly denoted by *macula*. *Catullus*, speaking of *Mamurra* and *Cæsar*, says, *maculæ pares utrisque*.

3 *Laudantur simili prole puerperæ.]* The Ancients had a good Opinion of the Chastity of those Wives, whose Children were like their Husbands, and pretended they were able to discover the true Fathers by this Resemblance; and they carried this Matter so far, as to look on those as illegitimate, in whom they could find no such Likeness. *Hesiod* reckons it among the Felicities of good Men, that their Wives bear Children like them. Thus *Catullus* wishes, that *Manlius's* Son may be so lively a Picture of him, that every one may know who was his Father, and that he may carry evident Proofs of his Mother's Chastity on his Face;

Et pudicitiam suæ

Matris indicet ore.

An

An Accident happened in the Reign of *Augustus*, not altogether foreign to our present Purpose, which was the Subject of much Discourse: A Farmer in the Country was so very like *Augustus*, that every one took Notice of it, which reaching his Ear, he had the Curiosity to send for him up to Court. When he came into his Presence, he was so affected with the striking Likeness, that he asked the Man if his Mother had not formerly sometimes come up to *Rome*. The Man, who understood the Drift of the Question, readily answered, that his Mother had never been at *Rome*, but his Father had often been there.

He might perhaps have more consulted his own Interest by a different Reply; but it is probable, that the honest Countryman was piqued by the intended Reflection on his Mother's Character.

4 *Florus* takes Notice of the large Size of the *Germans*, and calls them *immania corpora*.

5 *Condit quisque diem collibus in suis.*] The holy Prophets, in describing the Peace and Happiness the World should enjoy at the Time of the Coming of the *MESIAH*, (which happened in the Reign of *Augustus*,) use just the same Phrase: Thus *Micah*, Chap. iv. Ver. 3 and 4. *Nation shall not lift up Sword against Nation; but they shall sit every Man under his Vine and under his Fig-tree, and none shall make him afraid.*

6 ————— *et alteris*

Te mensis adhibet Deum.]

The *Romans* made use of two Tables. On the first, the Meat and solid Provisions were served; and when they had done with that, another was brought in, covered with Fruit: At this second Table they sung Hymns, and offered Libations. *Virgil* mentions both these Tables,

*Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaque remota,
Crateras magnos statuunt, et vina coronant.*

Æneid. L. Ver. 717.

From the first Course they pause; the Table change;
Then place huge Jars of Wine, and crown the Bowls.

7 The *Lares* were not only the tutelary Gods of private Persons, but also of the whole Empire; on which Account *Augustus* was ranked among them.

8 *Castor*

8 *Castor and Hercules* were the tutelary Gods of Greece, and were called *Σωτῆρες* and *Dii communes*, the *Saviours* and *common Gods*, because their Influence extended over all the World, and every one worshipped them.

9 Great was the Epithet commonly ascribed to *Hercules*.

10 *Longas O utinam, Dux bone, serias*
Præstes Hesperia!]

These Words were taken from the Hymns commonly used on these Occasions.

Bentley was inclined to have read here *Rex*, instead of *Dux*, only because *Horace* uses the Word *Dux* at the Beginning of the Ode; but, as *Dacier* rightly observes, the Word *Rex* would have been shocking to a *Roman Ear*.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

*To his MAJESTY.**

GUARDIAN of *Britain!* come away,
Your anxious People mourn your Stay:

Haste, *Anson*, and restore

(From faithless Foes and wintry Skies
Secure) a far more precious Prize

Than what you brought before.

Chase, best of Kings, these Shades of Night,
And bid once more returning Light

Her balmy Influence shed!

Thus chear'd, the Birds more blithe will sing;

The Sun new Glories wear; and Spring

Weave Flowers for Autumn's Head.

* King George II.

As some fond Mother, lost to Joy,
 From *China's* Coast, her darling Boy
 Expecting, Day by Day
 Stands trembling, praying, on the Shore,
 Ev'n so your Absence we deplore,
 Ev'n so for You we pray.

For *Freedom* guards her favourite Isle,
 By You secur'd ; and with her Smile
 Fair *Plenty* crowns our Toil :
 While *Justice* deals her warmest Rays,
 And *Commerce* to your Realm conveys
 The Wealth of every Soil.

When You are safe, in vain will *France*
 Her Standards and her Sails advance ;
 Her Threat'nings we disdain ;
 For soon our Fleets shall scour the Sea,
 And soon, we trust, our Arms shall free
 The *Ohio* from her Chain.

Then the rude *Indian*, undismay'd,
 Shall smoke, beneath his Plantane Shade,
 The *Calumet* of Peace ;
 By Ambuscades alarm'd no more ;
 For Conflagrations shall be o'er,
 And scalping Horrors cease.

At Your dread Name the Chief shall bow
 The plummy Honours of his Brow,
 And, pleas'd, That Sovereign own,

Who

BOOK IV.

219

Who bids him lay his Hatchet by,
And let his harmless Arrows fly
At Birds and Beasts alone.

While in his unpolluted Grove,
Each Morn, each Night, his fable Love
Shall *Britain's* Praises sing;
And every *Sachem* of the Plain
A spicy Bowl to You shall drain,
Their FATHER and their KING!

1755.

ODE VI.

To APOLLO.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE,

O ¹ *Phæbus!* (whose unerring Darts,
With speedy Vengeance, pierc'd the Hearts
Of ² *Niobe's* opprobrious Crew,
And, bent on Rape, lewd ³ *Tityus* slew,
And the proud ⁴ *Phthian* Chief, whose Hand
No *Trojan* Hero could withstand!
Great as he was, in thee he found
A greater; ⁵ prostrate on the Ground,
⁶ Like some tall Pine, which long had stood
Untouch'd, the Glory of the Wood,
Or Cypress, towering o'er the Field,
By Winds or Axes forc'd to yield.

L 2

⁷ He

7 He would not in *Minerva's* 8 Horse
 Have basely pent the *Grecian* Force,
 Pretending, at the parting Hour,
 To pacify her hostile Power;
 Th' unguarded City to destroy,
 While *Priam* gave a Loose to Joy:
 But, in the Sun's Meridian Light,
 With open Force, in generous Fight,
 Had storm'd the Town! His ruthless Rage
 Had doom'd to Death both Youth and Age;
 And Infants, in their Mother's Womb,
 Had found (O Shame!) an early Tomb;
 9 Unless, in Pity to thy Prayers,
 And lovely *Cytherea's* Tears,
 Great *Jove* had to *Aeneas'* Toil
 New Walls assign'd in *Latium's* Soil:
 O thou! 10 who lead'st the sacred Choir
 Of 11 *Greece*, now tune the 12 *Daunian* Lyre:
 Hear, 13 smooth *Agyieus!* pleas'd to 14 lave
 Thy flowing Locks in *Xanthus'* Wave.

* To the two CHOIRS.

By *Phœbus'* heavenly Aid I claim
 My Genius, and a Poet's Name.
 Illustrious 15 Maids! who *Rome* adorn,
 And Youths! of noble Parents born,
 Whom 16 *Delia* (with unerring Bow
 Skilful to pierce the Lynx or Doe,)
 Still loves to cherish and defend,
 To my Advice with Care attend!

Keep

Keep Measure with the ¹⁷ *Lesbian* Foot,
 And to ¹⁸ *my* Lyre your Voices suit !
 If with due Rites *Latona's* Son,
 And Night's fair Lamp, ¹⁹ th' increasing Moon,
²⁰ Powerful to bless the springing Ground,
 And ²¹ swift to roll the Seasons round,
 You sing devout ; in holy Bands
 Each Maid shall join her plighted Hands,
 And ²² married boast, ' When festal Days
 ' Began this ²³ Age, I join'd in Praise
 ' Of all the Gods ; well-skill'd to sing
 ' Notes fitted to th' *Horatian* String.'

NOTES.

After displaying the awful Power of *Apollo*, the Poet here begs him to grant the more solemn Vows, which are to be addressed to him by the Choir of Youths and Virgins in the *Secular Hymn*.

In the four last Stanzas (which seem entirely distinct from the former Part) he applies himself to the two Choirs, whom he exhorts carefully to discharge their Office, and, in singing, to keep Time with the utmost Exactness.

1 *Dive, quem proles Niobæe magnæ
 Vindicem linguæ, Tityosque raptor
 Sensit.*]

All the Lines between *quem* in the first Verse, and *Doctor arguta fidicen Thalia* in the seventh Stanza, are a Parenthesis, so that the whole Invocation to *Apollo* is contained in four Lines.

2 *Niobe*, the Daughter of *Tantalus*, and the Wife of *Amphion*, was so proud of being the Mother of twelve Children, that she even dared to 'contemn *Latona*, and reproached her for having but two. This Goddess was so provoked at her Insolence, that she complained to her Son *Phæbus*, who killed *Niobe's* Children with his

Arrows: *Niobe*, transported with Grief, dissolved into Tears, and was at last changed into a Rock. *Homer* relates this Story in the last Book of the *Iliad*.

3 *Tityus* attempted to violate *Latona*, and pretended to have received Favours from her.

4 *Horace* here accuses *Achilles* of having spoken insolently to *Apollo*; and no doubt he had in his Eye that Passage of the *Iliad*, where *Achilles* thus addresses him:

Ἐβλάψας μ' Ἐκάεργε, Θεῶν ὀλοώτατε πάντων,

Ἢ σ' ἄν τισαίμην, εἰ μοι δυνάμεις γέ παρῆν.

Thou hast deceiv'd me, faithless God of Light!

But, if I had the Power, I would requite

This Wrong with Vengeance due!

This is one of the Passages in *Homer*, which *Plato* censures in the third Book of his *Commonwealth*. DACIER.

Achilles was born in *Phthia*, a City of *Phthiotis*, a Province of *Thessaly*.

5 *Procidit laté.*] *Laté*, to show the huge Bulk of *Achilles*'s Body. This is also taken from *Homer*, who, in the last Book of the *Odyssey*, introduces *Agamemnon* thus accosting him:

Κεῖσο μέγας μεγάλῳσι.

Thy mighty Bulk o'erspread a Length of Ground.

Horace here follows the Opinion of those who tell us, that *Apollo* had a great Share in the Death of *Achilles*, and that he guided the Arrow, which *Paris* aimed at him.

DACIER.

6 *Mordaci velut iſta ferro*

Pinus.]

Horace here also imitates *Homer*, who compares his Heroes slain in Battle to huge Trees, torn up by the Roots by Winds, or cut down by Axes.

7 *Ille non inclusus equo.*] *Horace* praises *Achilles* with great Address. If *Achilles* had lived (says he) the *Grecians* would not have been reduced to the Necessity of employing a shameful Stratagem to make themselves Masters of *Troy*. He, on the contrary, would have taken their City in open Day, and have reduced it to Ashes, without sparing Women or Children.

8 *Equo*

8 *Equo Minervæ sacra mentito.*] The Greeks, tired with the Length of the Siege, caused a prodigious wooden Horse to be built, which they filled with their choicest Troops, and pretended to consecrate it to *Minerva*, thereby to prevail on her to grant them a happy Return. Some old Authors say that this is only a Fiction, which has been variously explained: Some assert that this Horse meant a warlike Machine, like the Ram, with which their Walls were battered: Others, that the Gate, which *Antenor* opened to the Greeks, had the Figure of a Horse painted on it. See the Remarks of *Servius* on the 14th Verse of the second Book of the *Aeneid*. DACIER.

9 *Ni tuis victus, Venerisque grata Vocibus.*]

Horace says that *Jupiter*, listening to the Prayers of *Apollo* and *Venus*, resolved on the Death of *Achilles*, to give *Aeneas* an Opportunity of founding elsewhere a happier City than *Troy*. This Compliment could not but please the *Romans*.

10 *Doctior argutæ fidicen Thalia.*] *Torrentius*, one of the most learned Commentators on *Horace*, reads here, on the Credit of some ancient MSS, *Duclior*; and thinks that by *Duclior Thalia*, *Horace* alludes to the Word *Musægerus*, which is a famous Epithet applied to *Apollo*, and signifies *Dux Musarum*, the Leader of the *Muses*, or him who presides over the Choir of the *Muses*. As this Reading gives a very good Sense, it is followed by the Translator.

11 Mr. *Cuninghame* reads *Argeæ Thalia*, instead of *argutæ*.

12 *Daunia defende decus Camæna.*] He calls his Muse *Daunia*, because he was of *Apulia*. Thus the Verses of *Simonides* were called *Cæa Camæna*, because he was of *Ceos*; those of *Anacreon*, *Tæia Musa*, because he was of *Teos*; and those of *Ennius*, who was of *Calabria*, *Calabræ Pierides*.

13 *Levis.*] That is to say, *unshaven* or *beardless*, to signify that *Apollo* is always young, and always beautiful. Thus *Callimachus*:

Καί κεῖ αὐτὸ καλὸς καὶ αἰνέος, ἔτολε Φόβου
Θηλείας, εἰ δ' ὅσσον ἐπὶ χροὸς ἦλθε παρμαῖς.

Phæbus is deck'd with every youthful Grace,
No tender Down e'er shades his blooming Face.

Agyia is a Greek Word, which signifies the Streets of Cities. *Apollo* was called *Agyieus*, i. e. *vici præpositus*, or the Guardian of the Streets; on which Account the Greeks erected Altars and Statues to him in the Streets, before the Doors of their Houses, and in all the Cross Ways.

DACIER.

14 *Qui Xantho lavit amne crines.*] By these Words *Horace* means that *Apollo* frequented the Borders of that River. Thus a Person was said, in the same Sense, to drink the Waters of the Rhone; meaning that he lived near the Rhone. In like Manner, in the 4th Ode of the third Book, *Horace* uses these Words:

*Qui rore puro Castalie lavit
Crines solutos,*

to signify the God, who inhabits *Parnassus*. But when *Horace* here says, that *Apollo* washes his Hair in *Xanthus*, he is to be understood in the same Sense as when he says in the said 4th Ode of the third Book,

— *Qui Lyciæ tenet
Dumeta.*

For he does not here intend to describe the *Xanthus* of Troy, which was not the Patrimony of *Apollo*, but the *Xanthus* of Lycia, which was consecrated to him.

DACIER.

15 *Virginum primæ.*] The two Chæirs consisted of twenty Youthfuls and as many Virgins; they were all to be of the best Families in Rome, and to have both their Parents living.

16 *Delicæ tutela Deæ.*] Youthfuls and Virgins were under the Protection of *Diana*, till they were married: On which Account they say in *Catullus*,

*Dianæ sumus in fide
Puellæ et pueri integri.*

We, unpolluted Youthfuls and Maids,
Depend on chaste *Diana's* Care.

Diana was called *Delia*, because she was born at *Dæos*.

17 *Lesbium*

17 *Lesbium servate pedem.*] He calls the Measure of the Verses of his *Secular Ode* (which are *Sapphic*, like those of this *Ode*) the *Lesbian Foot*, because that Metre was invented by *Alcaeus* and *Sappho*, who were of *Mitylené*, the Capital of *Lesbos*. DACIER.

18 *Meique pollicis ictum.*] He exhorts the Choir to keep Time with his Harp, which is signified by *ictum pollicis*, for they touched the Strings with the Thumb and Forefinger; and the Thumb commonly denoted the End of the Cadences and Measures. *Horace* here speaks, as if he himself played on the Harp, while the two Choirs sung. DACIER.

19 *Ritè crescentem fac noctilucam.*] The *Secular Ode* was sung in the new Moon, on which Account they then called it *crescentem fac*: For the same Reason *Horace* calls her in the *Secular Ode* *Regina bicornis*.

Noctilucam] The Moon which enlightens the Night. *Simonides* calls the Moon *νυκτιλαμπή*. *Varro* has made use of the same Word to signify a Lamp, *noctilucam tollo; ad focum fero; inflo; anima reviviscit*.

20 *Prosperam frugum.*] The Moon has an Influence in the Growth of Plants and Fruits. This Expression is *Elliptical*, for *prosperam frugum* stands for *prosperam*, or *propitiam*, *proventui frugum*: Thus, in the following Phrase of *Dicys*, *ventorumque flatus navigandi prosperos*, we must understand *tempori*. DACIER.

21 *Celeremque pronos volvere menses.*] The Moon runs through the whole *Zodiac* in 29 Days, which is the Measure of Months.

22 *Nupta jam dices.*] The Romans were of Opinion, that the Virgins who had the Honour to bear a Part in the *Secular Ode*, stood the fairer Chance of being happily married.

23 *Seculo.*] A hundred and ten Years were reckoned to make up an Age. See the Remarks on the *Secular Ode*.

O D E VII.

To MANLIUS LUCIUS TORQUATUS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

THE Snow is melted. See! the Ground
Fresh Verdure wears; the Trees with
Leaves are crown'd.

Earth smiles reviv'd. The Rivers know
Their Bounds, and gently in their Channels flow.

The *Graces* and the *Wood-Nymphs* dare,
With Face uncover'd, dance in open Air.

The Hours, that whirl along the Day,
Admonish us of fleeting Life's Decay.

To *Zephyr's* soothing Power succeeds
Fierce *Summer's* Rage, and burns the thirsty
Meads:

Then *Autumn*, crown'd with Apples, rears
His jovial Head: Slow *Winter* last appears,
Loaded with Ice, and Storms, and Rain,
Till *Spring* rolls round the various Year again.

The waning Moons their changeful Face
Monthly renew, and shine with wonted Grace.

But to the dreary Realms below
Who sink; must no Return for ever know!

Enroll'd among the mighty Dead,
Our Body will be Dust, our Soul a Shade.

Old

Old *Charon* to the *Stygian* Shore
Pious *Aeneas*, † *Tullus*, † *Ancus*, bore.

What Mortal can presume to say,
The Gods to this will add another Day?

Indulge your Genius then, nor spare
Your Treasure, to enrich a greedy Heir!

When you among the Shades are cast,
And *Minos* has the solemn Sentence past;

Nor Birth, *Torquatus*! Eloquence,
Nor Piety, can e'er recall you thence.

The † *Sylvan* Goddess wish'd in vain,
Her chaste *Hippolytus* from *Styx* to gain;

In vain great *Theseus* strove to rend
The Adamantine Fetters of his * Friend.

NOTES.

† ——— *Et decrefcentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt.*]

This Passage has perplexed some of the Critics. The Difficulty is, to know how decreafing Rivers can overflow their Banks, which is the literal Translation of the Words. 'Very eafily, fays *Dacier*; for if they overflow 'their Banks to deluge the Country, they muft re-pafs 'again, when they return into their own Channels.' But this feems forced and unnatural.

The Construction of *Sanadon* is undoubtedly right.

Præter muft be feparated from *eunt*, and the Words placed thus, *flumina eunt præter ripas*, that is, *flumina fecundum ripas fluunt*; and *præter*, fays he, does not here fignify *ultra* nor *intra*, but *juxta*, i. e. *near*, or at no great *Distance* from their Banks: Thus in *Livy*, *præter amnem Aëum*, means, *along the River Aëus*.

This will not be thought unnatural by one who confiders how widely the *Po*, and other Rivers in *Italy*, overflow the Lands all around them.

* *Piritboüs.*

L 6

2 The

2 The Seasons pass away and return again, but Man, once dead, shall rise no more! This Subject is elegantly treated by *Moschus*, in his *Idyllium* on the Death of *Bion*:

Αἰ αἰ, τὰι μαλ' ἄχαι μὲν ἔπ' αὖ κατὰ καὶ ποτὶ ὄλωται, &c.

The tender Rose, which seems in Winter dead,
Revives in Spring, and lifts its dewy Head;
But we, the Great, the Glorious, and the Wise,
When once the Hand of Death has clos'd our Eyes,
In Earth forgotten lie, and never more shall rise! }

J. D.

3 *Tullus Hostilius*, the third King of the Romans.

4 *Ancus Martius*, the Grandson of *Numa*. He succeeded *Tullus Hostilius*.

' Since pious *Aeneas*, rich *Tullus*, and valiant *Ancus*
' have submitted to Fate, why should meaner Mortals
' repine at the Summons of Death?'

This Argument is placed in a very strong Light by *Lucretius*:

Hoc etiam tibi tūte interdum dicere possis:

Lumina sis oculis etiam bonus Ancu' reliquit.

Tu vero dubitabis, et indignabere obire,

Mortua quoi vita est, prope, jam vivo, atque videnti?

Qui somno partem majorem conteris ævi,

Et vigilans stertis; nec somnia cernere cessas?

Lib. iii. prope finem.

—When Thoughts of Death disturb thy Head,
Consider, *Ancus*, Great and Good, is dead,
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy Breath,
Whose very Life is little more than Death?

More than one half by lazy Sleep possessest,
And, when awake, thy Soul but nods at best,
Day-dreams and sickly Thoughts revolving in thy
Breast. } DRYDEN.

5 Even in the Time of *Horace*, the Romans offered sacrifices, in the Forest of *Ericia*, to *Diana* and *Hippolytus*, who were supposed to have been raised from the Dead by *Æsculapius*. But *Horace*, who was not over-credulous, ridicules those superstitious Rites.

DACIER.

6 *Horace* here follows the true History, and not the Fable: *Theſeus* and *Pirithous* went into *Epirus*, in order to carry away the Daughter of *Adonius*, King of the

Mo-

Molossians, but were discovered, and prevented. *Adoneus* caused *Pirithous* to be torn in Pieces by a Mastiff, and imprisoned *Theseus*, who was afterwards delivered by *Hercules*. DACIER.

Mr. *Dacier* need not have given himself the Trouble to reconcile the Sentiments of *Horace* with History. The Truth of the Matter is, *Horace*, in this Ode, writes as an *Epicurean*; now, according to *Epicurus*, there could be no Resurrection; consequently, all the popular Opinions about *Hippolytus*, *Theseus*, and others, who were supposed to have arisen from the Dead, are mere Fictions. SANADON.

Though *Horace* was, in Fact, an *Epicurean*, he occasionally adopts the fabulous Theology. *Sanadon* seems to have overlooked this Line,

— et de te splendida Minos

Fecerit arbitria —

D.

O D E VIII.

Inscribed to J. P. SHARD, Esq;

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *Jen.*

COULD I *Parrhasius*' Works command,
Or those which own great *Scopas*' Hand,
(A Hero *This*, or God, display'd
In Marble; *That* with Light and Shade;) *;*
A Cauldron, curiously imboss,
A Tripod, or a Bowl of Cost,
Rewards, which *Grecian* Leaders gave,
To crown the Merits of the Brave,
I gladly to my Friends would give,
Nor You the meanest should receive.

But

But these rich Gifts my Power exceed,
 And such You neither prize nor need.
 You Verse admire ; I Verse can send,
 And of the Gift the Worth commend.

The Pillars in the *Forum* plac'd
 At public Charge, with Titles grac'd,
 By which great Chiefs themselves survive,
 And after Death with Honour live ;
 And *Hannibal*, driv'n back with Shame,
 Less widely spread that Hero's Fame,
 Who gain'd from *Afric's* conquer'd Plains
 His Name, than *Ennius'* deathless Strains.
 Unless the Muse your Worth record,
 That Worth will meet no just Reward.
 Who would have known, if left unsung,
 The Son of *Mars*, from *Ilia* sprung,
 Had envious *Silence* hid from View
 The Praise to *Rome's* great Founder due ?
 The Bards by Song and powerful Lays
 Did * *Æacus* from Darknefs raise,
 And consecrate, o'er happy Isles
 A God, where Spring eternal smiles.
 The Muse forbids the Man to die,
 Who merits Immortality :
 In Heaven she seats him ; thus, with *Jove*
Alcides feasts in Realms above :
 Thus *Castor* and his Brother save
 The shatter'd Vessel from the Wave ;
 And *Bacchus*, crown'd with Ivy, hears
 Our ardent Vows, and speeds our Prayers !

NOTES.

NOTES.

1 *Parrhasius*, a famous Painter, born at *Ephesus*, Contemporary with *Zeuxis*. He lived about 400 Years before the Birth of our Saviour.

2 *Scopas*, an excellent Statuary. He lived about 430 Years before the same *Æra*.

3 *Ennius*, an ancient Poet, of *Rudiae*, a small Town in *Calabria*: He wrote Annals of the *Roman History*, in which he celebrated the great Exploits of *Scipio Africanus*.

4 *Horace* says, that Poets are able to raise Men from the Grave, and to deify them; that *Æacus* enjoys an honourable Place in the *Elysian Fields*, *Hercules* feasts with *Jupiter*, *Castor* and *Pollux* preserve the tempest-beaten Ships from the Fury of the Waves, and *Bacchus* sits in Heaven, by the Credit of their Writings. He hereby clearly discovers what Thoughts Men of Sense entertained at that Time of the vulgar Theology.

DACIER.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By SOAME JENYNS, Esq;

To the Right Hon. PHILIP Lord Viscount Royston,
now Earl of HARDWICKE.

DID but kind Fate to Me impart
Wealth equal to my generous Heart,
Some curious Gift to every Friend,
A Token of my Love, I'd send;
But still the choicest and the best
Should be consign'd to Friends at *Wrest*.

An

An Organ, which, if right I guess,
 Would best please Lady Marchioness,
 Should first be sent by my Command,
 Worthy of her inspiring Hand :
 To Lady *Bell*, of nicest Mold,
 A Coral, set in burnish'd Gold :
 To You, well knowing what you like,
 Portraits by *Lely* or *Vandyke*,
 A curious Bronze, or Bust antique.

But since these Gifts exceed my Power,
 And You (who need not wish for more,
 Already blest with all that's fine)
 Are pleas'd with Verse, though such as mine ;
 As Poets us'd in ancient Times,
 I'll make my Present all in Rhymes :
 And, lest you should forget their Worth,
 Like them, I'll set their Value forth.

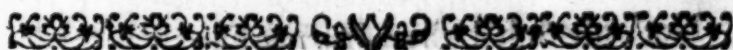
Not monumental Brasses or Stones,
 The Guardians of heroic Bones,
 Not Victories won by *Marlb'rough's* Sword,
 Nor Titles, which those Deeds record,
 Such Glories o'er the Dead diffuse,
 As can the Labours of the Muse.
 But if she should her Aid deny,
 With You your Virtues all must die ;
 Nor Tongues unborn shall ever say,
 How wise, how good, was Lady *Grey* !

Nay, what would now have been the Doom
 Of him, who built imperial *Rome* ?

Or

Or him, whose Virtues all adore,
 Who fed the Hungry, cloath'd the Poor,
 Clear'd Streams, and Bridges laid across,
 And built the little Church of *Ross*;
 Did not th' eternal Powers of Verse,
 From Age to Age their Deeds rehearse?

The Muse forbids the Brave to die,
 Bestowing Immortality:
 Still by her Aid, in blest Abodes,
Alcides feasts among the Gods:
 And royal *Arthur* still is able
 To fill his high-pil'd generous Table
 With *English* Beef, and *English* Knights,
 And looks with Pity down on *White's*.



ODE IX.

To LOLLIVS.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

Inscribed to the Memory of Sir JOHN BARNARD.

THINK not, my *Lollius*, that the Song
 Shall perish, which I chant, along
 Rough ¹ *Ausidus's* founding Shore,
 With ² Art, to *Roman* Ears unknown before!

The

The noblest Wreath though *Homer* claim,
 Yet *Pindar* swells the Trump of Fame:
 The grave ³ *Stesichorus* still charms,
 And still to Battle, bold ⁴ *Alcaeus* warms.

⁵ *Simonides*, with soothing Flow,
 Trills forth his soft melodious Woe;
 And blithe ⁶ *Anacreon*'s sportive Lay
 Still lives, in spite of Time's destructive Sway.

Enchanting ⁷ *Sappho*'s Lyric Muse
 In every Breast must Love infuse;
 Love breaths on every tender String,
 And still in melting Notes we hear her sing.

Not only sigh'd the ⁸ *Spartan* Fair,
 Charm'd by a Lover's graceful Hair,
 Whom Splendor, Pomp, and rich Attire
 Fondly allur'd to fan the fatal Fire.

Nor ⁹ *Teucer* was the first, who knew
 With Skill to bend the *Cretan* Yew.
 Troy more than ¹⁰ once has been destroy'd,
 And vengeful Gods to raze her Walls employ'd.

Not great ¹¹ *Idomeneus* alone,
 And ¹² *Sthenelus* deserve Renown:
 Others before as boldly fought,
 And Actions worthy of the Muses wrought.

Not

Not *Hector* first, profuse of Life,
 Bore glorious Wounds to guard his Wife,
 And singly clear'd th' ensanguin'd Field,
 His much-lov'd Boy and aged Sire to shield.

Before *Atrides*, brave in Fight
 Reign'd many Kings ; but endless Night
 To all denies our Tears and Praise,
 For never were they grac'd with sacred Lays,

If worthy Deeds no Glory gain,
 Ah! what avail your Cares and Pain?
Virtue conceal'd, unknown to Fame,
 From *Indolence* scarce differs but in Name.

¹³ You shall not with the vulgar Throng
 Pass silent, unadorn'd in Song:
 Your various Toils shall crown my Page,
 And baffle Envy and forgetful Age.

Let Fortune smile, or prove unkind,
 You still maintain a steady Mind.
 Attractive GOLD, which all obey,
 Your purer Honour would in vain betray.

Not only ¹⁴ Consul for a Year,
 But long as, faithful and sincere,
 With noble Pride You Bribes despise,
 And a fair Fame above all Treasure prize.

Style

Style not those ¹⁵ happy who abound
 In Wealth, with Stores profusely crown'd :
 To him alone *that Name* be given,
 Who rightly knows ¹⁶ to use the Gifts of Heaven ;

¹⁷ Hard Poverty who dauntless bears,
 But, more than Death, Dishonour fears,
 And for his Friend's or Country's Good,
 Would generously dare to spill his Blood !

NOTES.

Horace has divided the foregoing Ode into three Parts ; in the *first* of which he refutes a common Error, viz. That in every Art none but the most eminent ought to be regarded ; in the *second*, he praises Poetry, and shows that this alone is able to consecrate Men to Immortality ; and, in the *third*, extolls the Virtues of *Lollius*.

Sanadon thinks it must have been written between the Year of Rome 731 (in which *Lollius* defeated the *Germani*) and the Year 746, which was the last of *Horace's* Life. The 2d and 18th Epistles of the 1st Book were addressed to the same *Lollius* ; but the second seems to have been written long before this Ode, and the 18th some Time after it.

1 ————— *Dye*

Longè sonantem natus ad Ausidum.]

Horace was of *Apulia*, which is watered by the River *Ausidus*, now called *Ofanto*.

2 *Non ante vulgatas per artes.*] He was the first Roman who imitated the Lyric Poetry of the *Greeks*.

3 *Stesichorus* was of *Himera*, a City in *Sicily*. He lived in the 42d Olympiad, 610 Years before *Christ*.

4 *Alcæi minaces Camæna.*] He uses the Epithet *minaces* (*threatening*) because *Alcæus* had written against the *Tyrants*, to whom he was a mortal Foe. His Style was strong

strong and noble, and admirably described the great Qualities of his Soul. See the 32d Ode of the 1st Book.

5 *Ceique Camena.*] The Muses of Céos, i. e. The Works of Simonides, a Native of Céos, an Island in the Egéan Sea. He lived about 500 Years before Christ.

6 *Nec, si quid olim lussit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas.*]

With Roses crown'd, on Flowers supinely laid,
Anacreon * there the sprightly Lyre essay'd;
In light fantastic Measures beat the Ground,
Or dealt the mirth-inspiring Juice around.
No Care, no Thought the tuneful Trifler knew,
But mark'd with Bliss each Moment as it flew.

Progreß of Poetry. By a Lady.

7 For the Character of Sappho, see the Notes on the 13th Ode of the 2d Book.

8 *Non sola comtos arsit adulteri
Crines, et aurum vestibus illitum
Mirata, regalesque cultus,
Et comites, Helene Lacena.*]

This is the second Part of this Ode. The Construction of this Passage must run thus: *Helene Lacena non sola arsit, mirata comtos crines et aurum regalesque cultus adulteri; not arsit comtos crines.*

Horace takes Notice of the lovely Hair of Paris in the 15th Ode of the 1st Book.

1b. The Beauty of this Stanza in a great measure depends on the Word *Lacena*, Spartan; for the Spartans affected the utmost Plainness both in Dress and Diet. Thus Ovid, in his Epistle from Paris to Helena,

Sceptra parens Asia—tenet, &c.

Wide Asia owns my Father's Sway,
And half her scepter'd Kings his Power obey.

The Walls of Troy you will admire,
Built by the Music of Apollo's Lyre!

Our Palaces are roof'd with Gold;
Our Temples worthy of the Gods they hold.

* In Greece.

238 ODES of HORACE,

Though lovely in itself, your Face
Deserves the Aid of every outward Grace.

Judge by the costly Robes we wear,
How elegantly drest our Wives appear.

D.

9 Horace had here in View a Passage of the *Iliad*, where Homer says, that Teucer was the most skilful Archer among the Greeks.

10 Troy was besieged three Times, first by Hercules, then by the *Amazons*, and lastly by the *Greeks*.

11 Idomeneus, the Son of Deucalion, and the Grandson of Minos, King of Crete, was one of the chief Heroes among the *Greeks*, at the Siege of Troy. Part of his Exploits may be seen in the 13th Book of the *Iliad*.

12 *Sthenelusæ.*] See the 15th Ode of the 1st Book.

13 — non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum fileri
— patiar.]

Here begins the third Part of this Ode: For *fileri*, Bentley reads *filebo*, which is adopted by Dacier.

14 *Consulque non unius anni.*] Lollius was Consul in the Year of Rome 732. That Office was only for a Year; but, according to the *Stoics*, the Wise and Virtuous stand always possessed of the most eminent Posts, nor is it in the Power of the Crowd to degrade them. Horace takes Occasion from this Doctrine to compliment his Friend Lollius, by telling him he was not Consul merely for a Year; but would continue so while he practised the Virtues worthy a Consul.

15 The Romans called a rich Man a happy Man; but the *Stoics* applied the Word *happy* only to those who were Masters of their Passions, and enjoyed a full Tranquillity of Mind. Thus with us, and especially in the City, a good Man means a rich one. See the Notes on the 2d Ode of the 2d Book.

16 To use the Gifts of Heaven wisely, is, in the Language of the *Stoics*, to acquiesce chearfully under all the Dispensations of Providence. DACIER.

17 *Duramque callet pauperiem pati.*] Epicurus was as much a Stoic in regard to his Sentiments on Poverty, as Zeno or Chrysippus; for he declares, that a State of chearful Poverty is preferable to the most affluent Wealth.

The

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of CORKE.

THINK not, my Lord, these Strains shall die,
 Or sink in *Lethe's* Stream;
 No—they shall Time's rude Grasp defy,
 Protected by their Theme.
 Though foremost in the Lists of Fame
 We matchless *Milton* place,
 Yet long will *Pope's* distinguish'd Name
 The Muse's Annals grace.
 Though Nature's own heart-melting Lyre
 Immortal *Shakespeare* won,
 Still deigns the Goddess to inspire
 Her favourite *Richardson*.
 Our *Edwards* and our *Henries* Praise
 Grows with increasing Years,
 And *Britons* shall attune their Lays
 To *Cressy* and *Poitiers*;
 Yet shall each Veteran Chief with Flowers
 Bestrew his *Anna's* Shrine,
 And long to Fame shall *Blenheim's* Towers
 Their *Marlb'rough's* Deeds consign.
 Before great *Alfred*, we could boast
 Of Princes wise and good,
 Yet all, by Bards unsung, are lost
 In dark Oblivion's Flood.

In

240 ODES of HORACE,

In *Marston's* Shades unseen, unknown,

Conceal'd thy Virtues lie;

Oh! let them now, in Senate shown,

Attract the public Eye.

Though every Muse her Spirit breathes

On Thee; and every Grace

Adorns thy Brow with Olive Wreaths,

Familiar to thy Race;

Yet now the Converse of the Dead

For active Scenes decline;

For Oh! the Living want each Head,

And claim each Heart like thine.

To *Laurentinum's* Grove retir'd,

Thy *Pliny* fled from Care,

Yet, when his Country's Voice requir'd,

He fill'd the Consul's Chair.

Then, like that Consul, lend thy Aid

To prop our tottering Walls;

For *Rome* demands thee from the Shade,

And hoary *Nerva* calls.

1757.

O D E X.

To LIGURINA.

By Mr. J. M.

BLEST as thou art with Beauty's Arms,
And proudly wanton in Excess of Charms,
What

What though kind *Venus* decks thy Face
With all the blushing Violet's purple Grace?

What though she taught that Hair to break
In easy Ringlets, o'er thy polish'd Neck?

Pale Age shall soon that Face invade,
And thy grey Locks forget their nut-brown Shade:

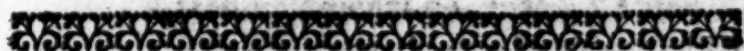
Then at thy Glass (if there that Day
Thou dar'st to look) repentant thou shalt say,

‘ Why were the Charms of Youth consign’d

‘ In vain Profusion to so proud a Mind?

‘ Or why, since now that Pride is o’er,

‘ Will Youth with all its Charms return no more?’



O D E XI.

To PHYLIS.

MY Vault exults a Cask to hold
Of *Alban* Wine, full nine Years old:

To weave a Chaplet for your Head,

My Garden is with ‘ Parsley spread

And Ivy; in a Knot behind,

The Tresses of my Fair to bind.

My Altar, crown’d with vervain Bands,

The Lamb’s devoted Blood demands.

‘ With shining Plate my Side-board’s grac’d;

My-Boys and Girls, with busy Haste,

VOL. II.

M

Run

Run to and fro—From trembling Fires
 The Smoke in dusky Clouds aspires.
 If You should now enquire, what Feast
 Demands the Presence of my Guest ;
 Know that this * Day the Month divides,
 O'er which the Queen of Love presides ;
 And first the Light this happy Day
 Did to *Mæcenas*' Eyes display,
 Ev'n than my own † almost more dear :
 This Day, through each revolving Year,
 I'll grateful every God implore,
 On him their choicest Gifts to pour.

Fair † *Telephus*, on whom you doat,
 (That noble Youth above your Lot)
 A rich and wanton Nymph detains,
 And holds fast bound in pleasing Chains,
 Proud *Phaëton*, from highest Heaven
 By angry *Jove* with Lightning driven,
 And *Pegasus*, who scorn'd to bear
 His † mortal Rider through the Air,
 † But headlong threw ; this Lesson teach,
 Not to aspire above our Reach.
 Come then, the last whom I shall love,
 (No † future Nymph my Heart can move)
 And with your tuneful Voice prepare
 To sing some soft and soothing Air.
 Music and Poësy compose
 The troubled Breast, and lull our Woes,

* The 13th of April.

† *Bellerophon*.

NOTES.

1 The Ancients thought there was a Virtue in Ivy and Parsley to dissipate the Fumes arising from Wine.

2 *Ridet argento domus.*] In the Days of *Horace*, the Romans were very profuse in Furniture and Plate. They had Tables, Chandeliers, Cisterns, Basons, &c. of solid Silver, curiously engraved. DACIER.

3 ——— *Sanctiorque*

Pene natali proprio.]

Horace adds the Modification *pene*, almost, for Fear of giving Offence to the Deity, who presided at his own Birth.

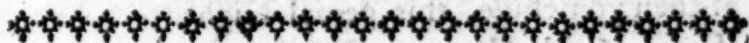
4 This is the same *Telephus*, who is mentioned in the 13th Ode of the first, and in the 19th Ode of the third Book.

5 The Story of *Bellerophon* may be seen at large, in the sixth Book of the *Iliad*.

6 *Non enim posthac aliâ calebo*

Fœminâ.]

Phyllis was his last Mistress, which shows that *Horace* was about forty when he wrote this Ode.



ODE XII.

To VIRGIL.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, sen.

THE Spring's Companions, *Thracian Gales*,
 Now fan the Sea and swell the Sails.
 The Meads no more with Frost are seen
 Deform'd, but shine in native Green.
 No longer in loud Torrents flow
 The Streams, increas'd with wintry Snow.

Her Nest the busy Swallow rears,
 And in ¹ harsh Notes her Woes declares.
 The Swain now tunes his rural Reed,
 Grateful to *Pan*; (while round him feed
 His fleecy Charge;) the Flocks who loves,
 And haunts ² *Arcadia's* shady Groves.
Virgil! (whom *Cæsar's* ³ princely Race
 With Patronage and Friendship grace,)
 The warmer Season Thirst excites,
 And gaily to soft Joys invites;
 But if the rich reviving Juice,
 Which the *Calenian* Grapes produce,
 You here expect with Me to share,
 You must the fragrant Oyl prepare;
 Of Spikenard a small ⁴ Box procures
 A Jar of Wine from *Galba's* Stores,
 Powerful to cheer the gloomy Soul,
 Raise languid Hope, and Care controul.
 If then you chuse, this genial Night
 To give with *Horace* to Delight;
 Hasten with your *Quota* to my Feast;
 I ask no empty-handed Guest:
 To treat you at my proper Cost,
 Requires more Wealth than I can boast.
 A while the ⁵ anxious Search of Gain,
 Indulgent to yourself, restrain.
 Mindful of Death, without Delay,
 Then seize the present passing Day;
 Severer Cares with Mirth relieve,
 And a few Hours to Folly give,

'Tis sweet to trifle with a Friend
In Season, and our Thoughts unbend.

NOTES.

1 Alluding to the known Story of *Progne's* being changed into a Swallow, after she had killed her own Son, *Itys*, and served him up at a Banquet to her Husband *Tereus*, in Revenge for his having ravished, and cut out the Tongue of her Sister *Philomela*. See *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Book VI.

2 It was pretended that *Pan* came into *Italy* the 13th of *February*, and returned to *Arcadia* the 5th of *December*. On both these Days the *Romans* held Festivals in Honour of him. See the Remarks on the 18th Ode of the 3d Book.

3 ——— *Juvenum nobilium cliens.*] *Drusus* and *Tiberius*, the Sons of the Empress *Livia*, and *Marcellus*, the Nephew, adopted Son, and Son-in-Law, of *Augustus*.

4 *Onyx* properly signifies a perfumed Shell, which was found in the Marshes of *India*. The Oysters there fed on the Plant *Nard*, growing in the said Marshes, which gave a Fragrance to their Shells. On this Account, the Ancients made use of them to hold Spice and Essences. Thus *Horace* in the 7th Ode of the 2d Book,

——— *Funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis.*

'Pour forth Essences from copious Shells.' But there was also a small *Onyx*, as appears from this Ode, and from *Martial*;

*Unguentum fuerat, quod onyx modo parva gerebat:
Olfecit postquam Papilus, ecce garum est.*

That little Box, with fragrant Essence stor'd,
Smelt to by *Papilus*, stunk like a T——d.

DACIER.

5 *Verum pope moras, et studium lucri.*] *Horace* knew how unwilling *Virgil* was to be drawn from his Study; but as he had been liberally rewarded for some of his Poems by *Augustus*, and the Roman Court, he pleasantly intimates he stuck so close to writing Verse, on Account

246 ODES of HORACE,

of the Profit he reaped by it. But, in Fact, he was so far from being of a covetous Temper, that he had refused a large forfeited Estate, which the Emperor offered him. DACIER.

Virgil made a Voyage into *Greece* in the Year of *Rome* 735, and died soon after. *Dacier* and *Sanadon* observe, that this must have been written before the 3d Ode of the 1st Book, which is addressed to him on that Occasion.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. WHALLEY, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

To CHARLES PRATT, Esq;
New Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

OBSERVE how calmly warm, my Friend,
O'er the smooth Plain the Zephyrs blow,
While Trees in gentlest Motion bend,
And Streams scarce murmur as they flow.

Sweet *Philomela* trills her Song
Of pleasing Sadness through the Groves,
Wailing a wretched Virgin's Wrong,
And a base King's incestuous Loves.

The Shepherds to the Shades repair,
And on the Grass their Lays indite;
Which the great Patron of their Care,
Arcadia's listening God, delight.

Thirte

Thirst, with the Season, *Charles*, comes on ;
 Would you not then in Thirst repine,
 Bring the sleek *Spal*, or *Turbot*, down,
 And well you shall be paid with Wine.

See ! as the sounding Cork bursts forth,
 Pale *Care* and *Sadness* startled fly ;
 And all Reflections, Foes to Mirth,
 Drown'd in the sparkling Brimmer lie.

If then you'll throw your *Coke* aside,
 To such enlivening Joys inclin'd,
 Quick mount your Steed, and briskly ride,
 And bid *Tom* bring the Fish behind.

For think not *gratis* to come off,
 Or tippie, scot-free, at my Board,
 As when o'er sumptuous Meals you laugh,
 With yon fair Villa's bounteous Lord.

Come then, nor rack your Brains to know
 How many Fees would *Wimple* buy ;
 Come ; and, considering as you go,
 That *HARDWICKE*'s 'self at last must die,

Severity for *Folly* leave,
 Best Successor to puzzling Laws ;
 In public Life however grave,
 Be gay in private with Applause.

1745.

M 4

O D E



O D E XII.

To LYCE.

By RICHARD RODERICK, Esq.

LYCE, at length my Vows are heard,
 My Vows so oft to Heaven preferr'd;
 Welcome, thy silver'd Hairs!

In vain thy Affectation gay,
 To hide the manifest Decay;
 In vain thy youthful Airs!

If still thy Cheeks preserve a Blush,
 With Heat of Wine, not Youth, they flush,
 Unamiable Stain!

If still thou warblest, harsh the Note,
 When trembling Age shakes in the Throat
 Th' involuntary Strain.

Think'st thou, can these my Love prolong?
 (Ungrateful Blush! untuneful Song!)
 Or rival *Hebe's* Charms?

Hebe melodious, *Hebe* fair,
 For Judgment swells *her* rapt'rous Air,
 And Youth *her* Blushes warms.

The rosy Cheek, the Forehead smooth,
 Those native Ornaments of Youth,
 Once lost, are lost for aye:

No

No Art can smoothe, no Paint repair
The furrow'd Face ; no Diamond's Glare
Give Lustre to Decay.

What now of all which once was thine,
Feature, Complexion, Mien divine,
Remains the Sense to charm ?
Why now command they not my Love ?
Once they prevail'd ; though *Cynara* strove
Their Empire to disarm.

Cynara ! — alas, thou much-lov'd Name !
Thou, full of Beauty, full of Fame,
Found'st an untimely Urn !

² While *Lyce*, 'rest of every Grace
T' enrich the Mind, t' adorn the Face,
Still lives the public Scorn !

NOTES.

¹ When the Dutchess of *Portsmouth* told the first Duke of *Ormonde* that she hoped to see his Head cut off, he calmly replied, ' And I hope to see your Grace an OLD WOMAN.'

² The contemptuous Sneer at the Conclusion of the Original is preserved in the *English* ; but a graver Turn is given to it, instead of the more ludicrous one of *Horace*.



O D E XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

HOW shall the Senate, how the People's
Care,

To faithful Annals thy Exploits consign,
What worthy Monuments prepare,

To make thy Virtues shine,
And to each future Age thy spreading Glory bear?

O greatest Prince, that in his annual Round
The Sun surveys ; whom ' late, though void
of Fear,

The fierce *Vindelici* have found
Invincible in War,

And felt thee less in Fiction than by Deeds re-
nown'd.

For *Drusus* led thy conquering Legions on ;
And oft the *wild Genaunian* Nation broke :
The nimble *Breunians* too, o'erthrown,
Confess the *Roman* Yoke ;

And their strong *Alpine* Forts his matchless Cou-
rage won.

Next,

Next, ⁹ elder *Nero* claims the like Applause,
 Who the ⁸ huge *Rhatians*, dreadful in the
 Field,
 With Slaughters tir'd : In Freedom's Cause,
 Unknowing how to yield,
 They generous Victims fell for their dear Coun-
 try's Laws.

As furious *Auster's* unresist'd Course
 Provokes the Billows when the ⁷ *Pleïads* glow
 Through parting Clouds ; with equal Force,
 He dauntless charg'd the Foe,
 And, 'midst the Heat of Battle, urg'd his foaming
 Horse.

Or as ⁹ horn'd *Aufidus* the Bounds disdains,
 Which guide him, rolling through *Apulia's*
 States,
 When, swell'd with melting Snow or Rains,
 He, rising, ¹⁰ meditates
 Swift with his Torrent-floods to deluge all the
 Plains ;

So *Claudius*, rapid in his wide Career,
 Forc'd the Barbarians, ¹¹ cas'd in Steel, to
 yield,
 And, with small ¹² Loss, from Front to Rear,
 Mow'd down the standing Field,
 While with ¹³ thy Counsel, Arms, and Gods, he
 led the War.

For on ¹⁴ that Day when *Ægypt's* empty Throne
Hail'd Thee her Lord, the Fates who love to
bless,

And thy unrival'd Title own,
By fifteen Years Success,

On that returning Day they now thy Glory crown.

The fierce ¹⁵ *Cantabrian*, not to be o'ercome

But by thy Arms, the ¹⁶ *Indian* and the ¹⁷ *Medæ*,

The ¹⁸ *Scythian*, lurking now at home;

Justly thy Prowess dread,

O tutelary God of *Italy* and *Rome*!

The ¹⁹ *Nile's* mysterious Springs thy Grace implore,

The rapid ²⁰ *Tigris*, the wide ²¹ *Danube* bends

To Thee! Ev'n to the ²² *British* Shore

Thy awful Sway extends,

Where Tempests rage, and ²³ monster-teeming
Billows roar!

Thy Name *Iberia's* hardy Sons alarms;

Alarms the ²⁴ *Gauls*, who Death undaunted
meet:

The wild ²⁵ *Sicambrian* lays his Arms,

Submissive, at thy Feet;

While Thirst of Blood no more his savage Ven-
geance charms.

NOTES.

Augustus had directed *Horace* to celebrate the Victories gained by his Sons-in-law, *Drusus* and *Tiberius Nero*: He had already performed the first Part of this Task in the 4th Ode of this Book, viz. so far as it regarded the Actions of *Drusus*.

In this Ode (which may be considered as a Sequel to the former) he resumes and prosecutes the same Subject: First, touching on the great Actions of *Drusus*, (who seems to have been his Favourite,) he then extolls the Victories obtained by *Tiberius* over the *Rhaetians*. At the same Time, he makes his Court to *Augustus*, in a very polite and artful Manner; ascribing the Success of these young Princes to the good Education they had received from *Him*, to his wife Counsel, and to the Protection of his tutelary Gods.

- 1 *Vindelici* didicere nuper,
Quid Marte posses.]

For *Drusus* subdued this People in the Year of Rome 738, and this Ode was written after the Return of *Augustus* from *Gaul*, towards the Spring of the Year 740.

By this Calculation, the preceding Invitation to *Virgil* must have been written above five Years before this Ode.

- 2 The *Vindelici* possessed the Country from the northern Part of the *Alps* to the *Danube*: It makes now Part of *Swabia* and *Bavaria*.

- 3 *Genaunos* —————
Breunosque.]

For so these Words are to be spelt; not *Geraunos* and *Brennos*. This Reading is confirmed by *Strabo*, and by an ancient Monument erected on the *Alps*. DACIER.

Ib. *Implacitum genus*.] *Strabo*, speaking of the Cruelty of this People, says, that, as soon as they had taken any City, they were not content to put to the Sword all the Men able to bear Arms, but they slew also all the male Children, and as many of the Women big with Child, as their Prophets told them would be delivered of Boys. The same is related by *Dion Cassius*: On which Account *Velleius Paterculus* styles them *feritate truces*, savagely fierce.

4 ———— *Et arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis.*]

We learn from *Velleius*, that they had fortified themselves on the *Alps*, in Places deemed inaccessible; from which, however, they were driven by *Drusus* and *Tiberius*, who took several of their Cities and strong Castles.

5 *Major Neronum.*] *Tiberius*, who was about four Years older than *Drusus*.

6 *Immanesque Rhætos.*] Now the *Grisons*. See the 4th Ode.

7 The *Pleiads* are seven Stars, between the Tail of the Ram, and one of the Knees of the Bull. The *Romans* called them *Vergilæ*. One of them is scarce ever seen. They were said to be the Daughters of *Atlas*, and Sisters of the *Hyads*. Their Rise and Setting are generally very stormy.

8 *Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus.*] The Ancients generally described and painted the River-Gods in the Form of old Men, with two Horns on their Forehead; perhaps on account of the bellowing Noise their Waters make. *Sanadon* thinks they are so described, because they frequently divide themselves into two or more Streams before they fall into the Sea. Thus *Virgil* styles the *Rhine*, *Rhenus bicornis*, the two-horned *Rhine*; because the *Rhine* had then only the two Channels which formed the Island of the *Batawi*; but *Drusus Germanicus* afterwards opened a third, to join its Waters with those of the *Iffel*.

9 *Aufidus*] Now the *Ofanto*. This Image, viz. the comparing a powerful Prince to a rapid River, is common both to the *Greeks* and *Oriental*s. Thus *Isaiab*, speaking of the King of *Assyria*; 'Now therefore behold, the Lord bringeth up upon them the Waters of the River, strong and many, even the King of *Assyria*; and all his Glory; and he shall come up over all his Channels, and go over all his Banks. He shall pass through *Judab*; he shall overflow; &c. *Isaiab* viii. 7. and 8. DACIER.

10 ———— *Horrendamque cultis
Diluvium meditatatur agris.*]

The Sublimity of this Passage depends on the Word *meditatatur*, by which *Horace* animates the River *Aufidus*,
de-

describing it as a God, forming and executing Schemes at pleasure. Take heed not to read *minitatur*, though Dr. Bentley has admitted it into his Text. DACIER.

11 *Ferrata agmina.*] Troops harnessed in Steel or Iron. They were armed with a Breast-plate and Helmet.

12 *Sine clade victor.*] This is setting the Merit of *Tiberius* in the strongest Light, viz. that he conquered such a fierce and obstinate Foe, without any considerable Loss on his Part. It was thought a Virtue in those Times for a Leader to spare the Lives of his own Soldiers. It were to be wished, that *Christian* Generals would imitate the Example of this *Pagan* Hero.

13 *Te copias, te consilium et tuos
Præbente Divos.*]

This whole Stanza, with the Alteration only of two or three Words, is taken from Mr. Creech.

Ib. When the General did not lead his Army in Person, it was said, that he lent his Gods and his Troops to his Lieutenant. *Ovid*, speaking of *Tiberius*, and addressing himself to *Augustus*, uses the like Expression;

Auspicium cui das grande, Deosque tuos.

14 *Horace* had said, that the tutelary Gods of *Augustus* had aided *Tiberius* to conquer the *Rhætiens*: To prove this, he observes, that they were overcome in the same Month, and on the very same Day, on which *Augustus* had triumphantly entered into *Alexandria*, fifteen Years before. From whence he infers, that the same Gods had been propitious on both these Occasions.

Ib. *Augustus* entered into *Alexandria* on the 29th of *August*, in the Year of *Rome* 723, which was then the first of the Month which the *Ægyptians* called *Tbot*.

DACIER.

15 The *Cantabrians*, though often overcome before, had always shaken off the Yoke; but, at length, *Agrippa* absolutely subdued them in the Year of *Rome* 734, four Years before this Defeat of the *Rhætiens*. This is what *Horace* means by *non ante domabilis*. See the Remarks on the 6th Ode of the 2d Book, and on the 8th Ode of the 3d Book.

16 *Horace* here refers to the Embassy which *Porus* King of *India* sent to *Augustus*, to desire his Friendship, and
that

that of the Roman People. *Augustus* received this Embassy at *Samos*, in the Year of *Rome* 734.

17 By the *Mede* he means the *Parthians*. In the Year of *Rome* 733, *Pbraâtes* King of *Parthia* sent back to *Augustus* the Ensigns taken from *Crassus*.

18 The *Scythians*, that is to say, the *Dacians*, *Sarmatians*, and *Gelons*; and, in general, all the People of the North. *Augustus* had conquered Part of them, and the most distant sent Ambassadors to beg Peace: *Suëtonius*, *Florus*, and *Victor* give an Account of this Embassy from the *Scythians*.

19 By the *Nile*, he means *Ægypt*, which, after the Battle of *Actium*, and the taking of *Alexandria*, was become a Roman Province, and an Apanage of the Emperor: Oh which Account the Governor of *Ægypt* was called *Præfectus Augustalis*.

Ib. — Fontium qui celat origines
Nilus.]

Touching the Source of the *Nile*, *Herodotus* owns that no Man of all the *Ægyptians*, *Libyans*, or *Grecians* he had conversed with, ever pretended to know any thing certain. Nor were the *Romans* better acquainted with it.

*Nile pater, quânam possum te dicere causâ,
Aut quibus in terris oculuisse caput?*

Tibullus, Lib. i. El. viii.

Thus also *Lucan*;

— non fabula mendax

Ausa loqui de fonte tuo est; ubicunque videris;

Quereris; et nulli contingit gloria genti

Ut Nilo sit lata suo.

Lib. x. ver. 182.

The Reason why this remained so great a Mystery to the Ancients undoubtedly was, because inaccessible Deserts lay between the Source of the *Nile* and *Ægypt*. But, of late Years, it has been happily discovered by some Portuguese Jesuits.

This River, to speak properly, has but two Sources, which are two Fountains, round and very deep, issuing on a Plain called *Sicut*, at the Top of the Mountain *Dengla*, in a Province of the Kingdom of *Gouam*, called *Sabala*. The Rivulet, which these two Mountains form, at the Foot of the Mountain, flows Northerly, and then winds about to the East, receiving in its Course three

three small Streams; then, turning to the South, it flows for about twelve Leagues between the Kingdoms of *Ragemder* and *Goyam*, which latter, *Goyam*, is still on the right Side of its Current. Then, winding itself round *Goyam*, it advances Westerly for about twenty-five Leagues. Now, being recruited with the Waters of many Rivers, it flows again Northerly, and leaving *Abyssinia* on the Right, it traverses the Kingdom of *Nubia*, by *Sennar*, or *Susa*; from whence it carries its fruitful Waters into the Bosom of *Aegypt*, which it commonly overflows in *June*. To conclude, after so long a Course, it discharges itself by two Mouths into the *Mediterranean* Sea. The Mountain in *Ethiopia*, where the Springs of the *Nile* rise, is in the 12th Degree of North Latitude, and in the 51st Degree of Longitude. The copious Showers, which fall in *Ethiopia*, from *June* even to *September*, are the sole Cause of the *Nile*'s overflowing *Egypt*. The Ancients seem not to have been entirely Strangers to this; at least, if they were, it must be owned that the *Greek* Historian, *Arrian*, had a very happy Guess, since, speaking of some Rivers in *India*, which are overflowed in the Summer by periodical Showers of Rain, he has this remarkable Passage; 'From hence it is easy to conjecture that the same Causes produce the Overflowings of the *Nile*; viz. the Showers which may fall on the Mountains of *Ethiopia*, during the Summer; and that the River, swelled with these Floods, overflows its Banks, and spreads its troubled Waters over all the Land.'

The *Nile* was not known by that Name in the Time of *Homer*, who always calls it *Aegyptus*.

20 At that Time the *Euphrates*, and not the *Tigris*, was the Boundary of the *Roman* Empire: But he here speaks of the latter as such, because the *Parthians*, from the Dread of *Augustus*'s Arms, had quitted *Armenia*, and sent back the Ensigns they had taken from *Crassus* and *Antony*, and all their Prisoners. On this Account, *Horace*, in the 5th Ode of the 3d Book, speaks of the *Persians* as subject to the *Roman* Empire. See the Remarks there, and on the 9th Ode of the 2d Book, where he speaks of *Augustus*'s new Trophies.

21 In the Reign of *Augustus*, the *Danube* was the Bounds of the *Roman* Empire to the North; so that when *Horace* says, the *Danube* owns the Power of *Augustus*, he means the

the People on this Side that River, namely, the *Dacians*, the *Pannonians*, the *Vindelicians*, &c. What he says in the next Ode is to be understood in the same Sense;

*Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
Edicta rumpent Julia.*

22. The Britons had sent Ambassadors to *Augustus* to beg Peace, and had put the whole Kingdom under his Protection.

23. ——— *Balluosus qui nemotis
Obstrepat Oceanus Britannis.*]

The monster-bearing Ocean, which roars round the remote Island of Britain. The Sea nourishes in its capacious Bosom various Animals of uncouth Form. *Pliny*, in the 9th Chapter of his 5th Book, writes, that the Tide, one Day, left above three hundred Monsters on the Coast of Britain. Dacier.

24. *Te non paventis funera Gallie
—— Tellus audit.]*

When *Horace* wrote this Ode, the Gauls, after many Wars and many Revolts, were entirely subject to the Roman Empire.

As the Britons and Gauls had imbibed from their Priests, the *Druids*, *Pythagoras's* Doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls, they esteemed it the utmost Baseness to be sparing of a Life, which, if they gave it up in the Cause of Virtue and their Country, should be restored to them again in a happier Form. *Lucan* describes the glorious Effects of this popular Opinion with great Spirit;

————— *Vobis auctoribus, umbrae
Non tacitas Erebi sedes, Ditisque profundi
Pallida regna petunt: regit idem spiritus artus
Orbe alio: longæ (canitis si cognita,) vitæ
Mors media est. Certè populi, quos despicit Arctos,
Felicis errore suo, quos ille timorum
Maximus, haud urget leti metus. Inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis; et ignavum reditura parcere vitæ.*

Lucanus de Bello Civili, Lib. i. Ver. 454.

* You

* You teach that Souls, from fleshly Chains unboud,
 Seek not pale Shades, and *Erebus* profound;
 But, fleeting hence, to other Regions stray,
 Once more to mix with animated Clay;
 That Death's a Point (if we may trust your Lore)
 'Twixt Lives behind, and longer Lives before.
 A blest Mistake! which Fate's dread Power disarms,
 And spurs its Votaries on to War's Alarms.
 Lavish of Life, they rush with fierce Delight
 Amidst the Legions, and provoke the Fight,
 O'ermatching Death, and freely cast away
 That Loan of Life, the Gods are bound to pay.

25 *Sicambri*] Now *Guelderland*, one of the seven United Provinces. The *Sicambrians* were defeated by *Drusus*, in the Year of Rome 742. But *Horace* cannot possibly speak of that Defeat here, since it was two Years after the writing of this Ode. This Passage must certainly be understood of the first Revolt of the *Sicambrians*, in the Year of Rome 737, when joining their Forces with some of the neighbouring Nations, they defeated the Army of *Lollius*. But being terrified by the Arrival of *Augustus* in *Gaul*, they laid down their Arms, sued for Peace, and accepted such Terms as he was pleased to grant them: On which Account *Horace* says,

Compositis venerantur armis.

* THE DRUIDS.

The SAME ODE Imitated,

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To his Majesty the King of PRUSSIA.

HOW shall *Voltaire's* recording Lay,
 How, mighty Prince, your own historic
 Page,

To

To distant Nations your Renown display,
And bear your *Prussia's* Fame to every future
Age ?

O greatest Chief, that *Europe* boasts ;
Though *Austria*, *France*, and *Sweden*, once re-
nown'd,
Combin'd, and *Russia*, with unnumber'd Hosts,
You brave as *Swedish Charles*, as *Peter* wise, they
found.

Like Walls, like Rocks, the *Russians* stood,
Yet through their thickest Ranks your Prowess
broke,
Made *Zorndorff's* Field, and *Oder*, stream with
Blood,
And ruin'd *Custrin* sav'd from her Destroyer's
Yoke.

How oft th' Imperial Eagle fled,
How oft in Fight th' Imperial Legions fell,
Dresden's Submission and *Vienna's* Dread,
Let *Lowofitz* record, and *Prague* and *Lissa* tell !

As, unresisted in their Course,
Earth's dire Convulsions shook promiscuous
... down
Fam'd *Lisbon's* Palaces ; with equal Force,
By your tremendous Shock were Men and Steeds
o'erthrown.

Or

Or as the *Maeſe*, when ſwell'd with Showers,
The Bounds preſcrib'd by *Belgia's* States diſdains,
And, ruſhing with impetuous Fury, pours
Deſtruction to the Herds, and Terror to the
Swains ;

So, dreadful in their wide Career,
Your Thunders, *Frederick*, ſwept the ſtanding
Field,
Mow'd down *Thereſa's* Ranks from Front to
Rear,
Made her ſage *Fabius* fly, and reſcu'd *Breſlau* yield,

For on that Day, when *Rosbach* hail'd
Your wond'rous Triumph o'er the *Gallic* Foe,
On that Day Month your Arms again pre-
vail'd,
And *Doun* at *Liffa* felt the like deſtructive Blow.

Your Frown the *Saxons*, *Auſtrians*, *Gauls*,
Th' allied Imperialiſts and *Ruſſians* fear ;
The *Swedes*, ſecur'd within their *Stralfund's*
Walls,
Your matchleſs Courage dread, your Diſcipline
revere.

The *Moldaw* and the *Elbe* implore
Your Grace ; to You the **Saale* and *Oder* bend ;
And ev'n from *Britiſh Thames's* diſtant Shore
To You our votive Lays, to You our Gifts we ſend.

* This River runs through *Saxony*.

Your

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Your Name the *Cossack* and *Hussar*,
Calmucks, *Croätians*, *Warasidins* alarms;
 At your Approach, those lawless Sons of
 War
 Are deaf to *Slaughter's* Call, and blind to *Plun-*
der's Charms.

1758.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, sen.

TO sing of Wars when I aspire,
 And conquer'd Cities; with his Lyre
 Apollo check'd me; 'Dare not brave
 'With thy weak Skiff the *Tyrrhene* Wave.'
 'Twas fix'd by Fate, that *Cæsar's* Reign
 Should cloath the Fields with plenteous Grain,
 And Trophies to our *Jove* restore,
 Which *Parthian* Pillars proudly bore.
 The *Fane*, that by *Quirinus* rose
 To *Janus*, free from War You close,
 'Licentious Crimes by Law subdue,
 And *Latium's* ancient Arts renew,
 By which, ev'n from his *Western* Bed,
 To *Phæbus* Rise, our Empire spread,

While

While ⁸ *Cæsar* reigns, nor civil Jars
 Shall break our Peace, nor foreign Wars,
 Nor *Discord's* Rage, that forges Arms,
 And fills the World with dire Alarms.

Who near the ⁹ *Danube* till the Lands
 Attend with Joy your just Commands :
 The faithless *Parthians* now obey ;
 The *Getes* and *Seres* own your Sway :
 The People, born where *Tanaïs* flows,
 Dare not your mighty Name oppose.

We, with our Wives and blooming Train,
 (Thus did our Sires of old ordain)
 Invoking first the Powers divine,
 With *Lydian* ¹⁰ Flutes our Songs will join,
 And, as thy Blessings, *Bacchus*, flow,
 Which cheer the Heart, and banish Woe,
 On common, as on festal Days,
 Of our old Heroes sing the Praise ;
¹¹ And *Troy*, *Anchises*, and the Race
 Of Beauty's Queen our Songs shall grace.

NOTES,

Horace, whose Gratitude made him think he could never do Justice to the Merit of *Augustus*, here intimates the Design he had to celebrate his Battles and Victories in a complete Poem, but that *Apollo* checked his Vanity, by showing how unequal his Muse was to so sublime a Subject.

Dacier is of Opinion, that this was the last Ode he ever wrote, and that he might then be in his 54th Year.

¹ *Augustus* affected to believe, that *Apollo* was his Father, or at least his Patron and Protector, and that he sought

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fought for him in Person, at the Battle of *Ætium*. *Virgil* has not forgot to place this Circumstance in his *Æneid*:

*Ætius hac cernens arcum intendebat Apollo
Desuper. ———*

This seen, *Apollo*, from his *Ætian* Height,
Pour'd down his Arrows ——— DRYDEN.

And *Propertius* also enlarges on it in the 6th Elegy of his fourth Book. *Horace*, therefore, could not more agreeably flatter *Augustus*, than by representing *Apollo* so jealous of his Honour, that he would not suffer his heroic Exploits to be celebrated in an unworthy Manner.

DACIER.

Ib. Increpuit lyrâ.] Struck or tapped him with his Lyre. This was to render him more attentive to the Advice he was about to deliver. Thus *Ovid*, in the last Verse of his 6th Book *De Fastis*,

Annuet Alcides, increpuitque lyrâ.

It was usual to give Persons a little Blow, or to pinch their Ear, to rouse their Attention. Thus *Virgil*, in his 6th Eclogue,

———— *Cyntbius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit.*

"*Apollo* twitched my Ear, and gave this Warning."

2 *Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor
Vela darem.]*

And admonish'd me must here be understood; in like Manner as *Virgil* uses the Word *admonuit*: To launch out on the Tuscan Sea in a small Skiff, signifies metaphorically, to attempt a great Undertaking with a little Genius.

3 *Tua, Cæsar, ætas.] Horace* does not fully express his Sentiment here; for he would intimate to *Augustus*, that the Blessings of Peace, which he has procured to the Romans, afford ample Matter for his Muse, &c. But he frequently omits a regular and close Connection, to preserve that Spirit of Enthusiasm so necessary to an Ode. DACIER.

4 *Et signa nostro restituit Jovi.] Augustus* treated the Regard the *Parthians* showed him, in sending back the Ensigns they had taken from *Crassus* and *Antony*, and restoring the Roman Prisoners, as a complete Victory over them.

them. A triumphal Arch was erected to him on this Account, the Medals of which are still extant with this Inscription; *Civibus et signis militaribus à Parthis restitutis*. See the Notes on the 5th Ode of the third Book.

Ib. *Augustus* had made a Vow, in the Year of Rome 711, to erect a Temple to *Mars* the *Avenger*, after he should have done Justice on the Murderers of *Cæsar*. But the Multiplicity of Affairs in which he was involved, or his Flow of Prosperity, made him forget his Vow, and he seems to have thought no more of it, till after *Phraates* had sent back the *Roman* Ensigns, in the Year 733. Then the Joy arising from this unhopèd-for Felicity, induced him to issue out Orders for the building this Temple on the *Capitoline* Hill; not so much for the Accomplishment of his Vow, as to place those Ensigns there, and to erect this Monument to his Vanity. From whence comes it to pass then, that *Horace* speaks here only of *Jupiter*, and says not one Word about *Mars*? The Truth of the Matter is this: This Temple, which had been vowed in 711, was not begun to be built till 733, nor finished till eighteen Years afterwards, viz. in the Year of Rome 751, under this Prince's 13th Consulship, who then made a solemn Dedication of it with great Pomp, treated the *Romans* with a magnificent Combat of Gladiators, and exhibited also a *Naumachia*, or Sea-Fight, in the *Circus*; as we learn from *Velleius*, who was present at these Sports. These Ensigns, therefore, were carried and placed in the Temple of *Jupiter Capitoline*, while this Temple was building. It was impossible for *Horace* to speak of the Temple of *Mars* the *Avenger*, since it was not finished or consecrated till six Years after his Death.

DACIER.

5 ——— *Vacuum duellis*
Janum Quirini clausit.]

There were at Rome three or four Temples of *Janus*; but that here referred to is the Temple of *Janus Bifrons*, or *Janus Geminus*, built by *Romulus*; on which Account *Horace* calls it *Janus Quirini*, the *Janus* of *Romulus*. This Temple was always open in Time of War, and shut in Time of Peace. It had no Gates during the Reign of *Romulus*. It was first shut by his Successor *Numa*, who added Gates to it;

VOL. II.

N

Portas

Portas Jano gemino Numa edificavit.

VICTOR.

This has led some Authors into a Mistake, who have imagined that this Temple was the Work of *Numa*. From *Romulus* even to *Augustus*, it was shut but twice; and *Augustus* shut it three Times in his Reign. *Janum Quirinum semel atque iterum à conditâ urbe memoriam ante suam clausum, in multo brevioris spatio temporis, terra marique pace partâ ter clusit.* SÜETONIUS, Cap. 22.

Janus was the same as *Mars*: He was drawn with two Faces, either to denote the Fickleness of that God, or the Prudence essential to a General, who should never engage his Enemy without being Master of the Country behind him, and securing a Retreat, if necessary. The Temple of *Mars* was kept open in Time of War, because the People resorted thither perpetually to offer Oblations, and to implore his Protection; but it has been too much the Practice of Mankind, in all Ages, to forget Providence in the Time of Prosperity.

DACIER.

Dacier is of Opinion, that *Horace* saw this Temple shut but twice, and that he was dead some Years before it was shut the third Time; but *Sanadon*, on the contrary, says, that *David Blondel* and Mr. *Masson* have shown, by the Authority of *Dion Cassius*, that *Horace* was then living, and an Eye-witness of it. On which Occasion he supposes he actually wrote this Ode towards the End of the Spring, in the Year of Rome 744.

6 *Fræna licentiæ*

Injecit.

This was the Subject of *Horace's* Wish in the 24th Ode of his third Book;

Si quæret pater urbium

Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat

Refrenare licentiam.

We have already often remarked the Disorders and Licentiousness of the Romans. *Augustus* restrained them both by wholesome Laws, and his own Example. See the Notes on the two following Lines in the 5th Ode of this Book;

Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:

Mors et lex maculosum edomuit nefas.

7 *Et veteres revocavit artes.*] By the *ancient Arts* of the *Romans*, *Horace* means the *Morals* of their *Ancestors*, namely, their *Veneration* for the *Gods*, their *Justice*, *Probity*, *Temperance*, *Patience*, *Frugality*, and all that *Train* of heroic *Virtues* which so *eminently* distinguished the old *Romans*. DACIER.

To apply this to ourselves: In vain would we be thought to honour the *Memory* of our *Edwards* and *Henries*; in vain do we extoll their *Virtues* and heroic *Actions*, while we mimic the *French* in all their fantastic *Fopperies*; while we waste our *Estates*, enervate our *Bodies*, and weaken our *Minds*, by *Gaming*, *Luxury*, and *Profusion* of all *Sorts*; and then, to repair our shattered *Fortunes*, sacrifice the *Interest* of our *Country*, for a precarious *Subsistence*. D.

8 *Custode rerum Cesare.*] As this *Passage* tallies exactly with the 14th *Ode* of the third *Book*, which was written a little before the second closing of the *Temple* of *Janus*, *Sanadon* draws a new *Proof* from it for his *Opinion*, viz. That this *Ode* was written after it was shut the third and last *Time*.

9 *Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt.*] This also seems to prove that this *Ode* was written in the *Year* of *Rome* 744; for, in the *Beginning* of that *Year*, *Tiberius* and *Drusus* entirely reduced the *Dacians* and the *Germans*, just before the closing of the *Temple* of *Janus*, which was only deferred till these *People* were quelled. *Augustus* had reduced the *Seres* (*Indians*), the *Persians* (*Parthians*), and the *Borderers* on the *River Tanais*, that is to say, the *Scythians* and the *Sarmatians*, when he was in the *Levant*, in the *Years* 733 and 734.

10 *Lydis remisso carmine tibiis.*] The *Lydian Air*, or *Tone*, was lively and chearful. It was used on *Occasions* of *Joy* and *Festivity*, and particularly at *Feasts* and *Banquets*: On which *Account* *Plato* calls the *Lydian Tunes*, ἀρμονίαν σπουδαίαν, *Festive Harmony*.

11 *Trojamque, et Anchisen, et almae Progeniem Veneris canemus.*]

Though *Horace* says, they extoll, at their *Meals*, the *Gods* and *Heroes*, he mentions, in particular, only *Anchises* and the *Descendants* of *Venus*, by which he compliments *Augustus* and his *Family*, who boasted to have derived their *Lineage* from *Aeneas* by that *Goddess*.

I shall conclude the Notes on this Book, with an obvious Remark.

Though *Horace* set out in the World with strong Notions of Liberty, and in his youthful Days had a warm Affection for the old Form of Government, insomuch that he left his Studies at *Athens* to follow the Arms and Fortune of *Brutus*; yet, when that great Man was defeated, and with him perished the Hopes of the Commonwealth, our Poet had the Address to recommend himself effectually to the Conquerors, swam with the Tide, and by the Help of his *Epicuræan* Philosophy, spent his Days with great Ease and Chearfulness: So that what he says of *Aristippus* is justly applicable to himself;

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res;
Tentantem majora ferè presentibus æquum.*

To every Habit, State, and Circumstance,
Could *Aristippus* decently conform,
Not fretting at his Lot, though aiming still
At higher Things. —

Whereas, on the contrary, the great Men of those Times, rigid Adherents to the *Stoic* Philosophy, were by that inspired with so much Pride and Haughtiness of Soul, that, when they were disappointed of their Hopes, and could not govern the State according to their own Humour, they found no other Remedy for their Distresses, but in a splenetic Fit to quit the World in Despair, by plunging their Daggers into their own Breasts.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To his MAJESTY.

WHEN stretch'd beneath the Beechen Shade,
In chearful Lyrics I essay'd
Of *Brunswick's* Prince, and *Prussia's* King,
And conquer'd *Canada*, to sing,
A Nymph,

A Nymph, most beauteous, on the Hand
 Soft tapp'd me with an Olive Wand,
 And cry'd, ' Forbear, nor rashly brave
 ' In thy weak Bark th' *Atlantic* Wave ;
 ' Forbear, till *George* to *Albion's* Shore
 ' My long-lost Empire shall restore :
 ' Then freely, in *Horatian* Lays,
 ' *Augustus'* milder Glories praise !'

And see ! the Nymph's auspicious Train
 Now crowns, Great Prince, your gentle Reign :
 See ! *Plenty*, from her copious Horn,
 Profusely showers her Fruits and Corn ;
 See ! *Trade* revives, and *Arts* prevail :
Justice and *Mercy* hold the Scale ;
 Your Deeds, your Councils *Prudence* guides,
 And *Temperance* at your Board presides ;
 While every Wreath, by *Peace* insur'd,
 Is now by *Fortitude* secur'd,
 And Lakes and Seas before unknown
 Exulting *Commerce* calls her own,
 The Lakes that swell, the Seas that roll,
 From *Mississippi* to the Pole.

Who drink, *Quebec*, thy Stream profound,
 By *Britain's* righteous Laws are bound ;
 The faithless *Cherokee* obeys ;
 Rich *Senegal* her Tribute pays ;
 And *Ganges'* Tyrant shakes with Fear,
 For *Vengeance* whispers, ' *Clive* is near.'

And Oh ! no more may dire Alarms
 Excite the madding World to Arms !

270 ODES of HORACE,

At home, may Strife and Faction cease,
And Science, Commerce, Arts increase!

Thus blest, to Heaven's all-gracious Sire,
• Who burns the Chariots in the Fire,
• Who snaps the Spear, and breaks the Bow,
Let Organs breathe, and Anthems flow!
Your Virtues next, illustrious King,
Each virtuous Bard shall proudly sing;
Your social Bliss, your Taste refin'd,
Your generous, polish'd, pious Mind.
To your accomplish'd *Charlotte's* Praise
We then will tune our joyful Lays:
And, last, our Songs your beauteous Race
(*Britannia's* distant Hope,) shall grace.

1765.

The END of the FOURTH BOOK.

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
O D E S
OF
H O R A C E.

COMMONLY CALLED
THE E P O D E S.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT

BY

JOHN F. JOHNSON

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AND

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His most obedient,
and faithful humble Servant,

J. DUNCOMBE.

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BY

His most obedient

and faithful humble Servant,

J. DUNCOMBE.

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
ODES of HORACE.

ODE I.

To MÆCENAS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

YOU in *Liburnian* Barks, my Friend,
With *Antony's* tall Gallies will contend;
Boldly to hazard all prepar'd,
From every Danger *Cæsar's* Life to guard.
But how shall I the Hours amuse,
Or now what pleasing Entertainment chuse,
The tedious Minutes to beguile,
Which in *Mæcenas'* Presence always smile?
Shall I, by your Command, pursue
My Ease? but what is Ease unshar'd by you?
Or shall I all the Toils of War,
As suits the Brave, with dauntless Courage bear?

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They shall be borne—O'er *Alpine* Snow,
 With you, my Friend, I chearfully will go;
 With you, wild *Caucasus* explore,
 And view the Limits of the Western Shore.
 What Aid, you'll ask, can you afford,
 Weak, and unskill'd to wield the Warrior's Sword?
 But then my Anguish will be less
 With you; nor Fears my tortur'd Soul possess.
 Thus the fond Dove, in Search of Food,
 With greater Dread forsakes her callow Brood,
 Lest in her Absence Snakes devour,
 Whom, present, to protect she wants the Power.
 Ardent your Friendship to maintain,
 I'll serve with Pleasure this, and each Campaign:
 But³ not, that, to my Traces bound,
 A larger Team may labour in my Ground;
 Or that my Flocks *Calabria* change,
 In Summer o'er *Lucanian* Meads to range;
 Or that such ample Lands be mine,
 As might to *Tusculum* my *Villa* join.
 Your Bounty has enlarg'd my Store
 Beyond my utmost Wish; nor ask I more,
 To hide, like *Chremes* in the Play,
 Or, like a Spendthrift, squander it away.

NOTES.

The Result of the tedious Disquisition of the Critics on the Word *Epodes*, amounts to no more, than that it is an improper Title given to this Book by the *Grammarians*; and that it ought to be styled—*The Fifth Book of ODES.*

If

If the Odes were placed in their natural Order, this and the Ninth of this Book should immediately precede the Thirty-seventh of the First Book; as this was written some Months before the Sea-fight of *Actium*, when *Mæcenas* was preparing to follow *Augustus*, who was gone to wage War against *Antony*. This was in the Year 722, *Horace* being then Thirty-four Years old.

1 *Liburnis*.] The *Liburnians* were a People of *Illyria*, now called *Croatians*. As they were Pyrates, who lived on the Plunder they took at Sea, they had very light Vessels; on which Account all light Ships were called *Liburnian*. *Horace* and *Propertius* give this Title to the Ships with which *Augustus* engaged *Antony* at *Actium*. *Acron* also says, ' *Cæsar*, setting out for the *Ælian* War, gave *Mæcenas* the Command of the *Liburnians*.'

2 *Paratus omne Cæsaris periculum Subire*.]

Mæcenas, together with *Agrippa*, had accompanied *Augustus* in the War of *Sicily* against *Sextus Pompey*, as he did now in his Expedition against *Antony*: It is remarkable that *Virgil*, in his 8th *Æneid*, where he describes the Victory at *Actium*, though he highly commends *Agrippa*, makes not the least Mention of his Patron *Mæcenas*.

3 *Non ut juvenis illigata*.] There never was a more disinterested Person than *Horace*. This appears throughout his Works. He asked for nothing more than the small House which *Mæcenas* had given him in the Country of the *Sabines*, near *Tibur*. See Book II. Ode XVIII. Princes and Great Men would be more happy than they generally are, if those who follow their Fortune did it more from Sentiments of Esteem and Friendship, than from lucrative Motives, and to gratify their Ambition. DACIER.

ODE

ODE II.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

The Praises of a Country Life.

BLEST : as our Sires of old is he,
 Who, from vexatious Business free;
 Tills an hereditary Plain,
 Unfully'd by the Love of Gain.
 No Trumpet breaks his peaceful Sleep,
 No Danger dreads he from the Deep.
 Far from the *Forum*, and the Gate
 Of the contemptuous Rich and Great,
 Pleas'd, round the Poplar's Height he twines
 His clasping marriageable Vines;
 Lops useless Boughs, and, on the Tree,
 Ingrafts a hopeful Progeny;
 Or, in a secret Vale, surveys
 His Cattle lowing as they graze;
 His Flocks, with Fleece o'erburden'd, shears,
 Or lays his Honey up in Jars.

“ But o'er the Fields his graceful Head
 When *Autumn* rears, with Fruit o'erspread,
 With Joy the Pear, or Grape, whose Dye
 Not ev'n the Crimson can outvie,
 He plucks; *Sylvanus*! thy Rewards,
 Or * his, who still his Orchard guards.

* *Priapus*.

Now in an Oak's embowering Shade,
Now on the Grass behold him laid !
While near him rolls a rapid Flood,
And Songsters warble in the Wood ;
And, gurgling down the verdant Steep,
Cascades prolong his balmy Sleep.

“ But when stern *Jove* with wintry Storms
The Beauty of the Year deforms,
With Hounds on every Side beset,
He drives fierce Boars into his Net,
Or with nice Art slight *Melthes* lays,
And the voracious Thrush betrays ;
Or (grateful Prizes !) in a Snare
Beguiles the foreign Crane, or Hare.

“ Who, thus employ'd, has Time to prove
The soft Anxieties of Love ?
But if a chaste and chearful Wife,
To crown the Blessings of his Life,
Should o'er his cleanly House preside,
His Family and Children guide ;
(Like *Sabine* Dames, though tann'd they were
With Summer Suns, and sultry Air)

And make the well-dry'd Billets burn
Against her Husband's wish'd Return ;
In Folds his joyful Goats restrain,
And all their milky Treasure drain ;
With Wine of this Year's Vintage greet,
And give him an unpurchas'd Treat ;
No *Lucrine* Oysters would I wish
To taste ; nor Turbot ; nor the Fish,

Which

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Which from the Eastern Sea is tost
By Storms, on our *Italian Coast* ;
Nor Heathpouts, nor the *Libyan Bird*,
So scarce, should ever be preferr'd
To my own Olives, luscious Fare !
From loaded Branches cull'd with Care ;
Or to wild Mallows, wholesome Food !
Or Shards, which love the marshy Flood ;
Or Lambkin slain on festal Day,
Or * Kid, from Wolves just snatch'd away.

" Pleas'd, at such Meals, shall I behold
My Sheep returning to the Fold ;
My s'lowing Oxen, tir'd and slow,
With loosen'd Traces drag the Plough ;
And all my Slaves, that swarm, like Bees,
Round my blithe Household Deities."

This to himself old *Alfius* said ;
And, panting for the rural Shade,
In Haste call'd all his Money in ;
Next Week he put it out again.

NOTES.

1 *Ut prisca gens mortalium.*] The first Inhabitants of the Earth were either Labourers or Shepherds ; but perhaps *Horace* here only refers to the Simplicity of the old Romans. Thus *Q. Cincinnatus*, to use the Words of *Columella*, *Ab aratro vocatus ad Dictaturam, rursus fascibus depositis, ad eosdem juvencos et quatuor jugerum arvitum herediolum rediit* : ' Having been called from the Plough to the Dictatorship, soon laid down the *Fasces* again, and returned to his Oxen, and his hereditary Farm of four Acres.'

2 *Exercet.*] This is the proper Phrase for *ploughing* the Earth. Thus *Virgil*,

Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.

3 *Dapes inemptas apparet.*] Thus *Virgil*, of his old *Corycian*,

*serâque revertens
Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.*

With unbought Stores he crown'd his frugal Board.

GEORG. IV. 133.

4 *Hædus ereptus lupo.*] *Horace*, after having told us that his Countryman fed upon Kid only once a Year, adds this Verse, to show, that, if he eat it oftener, it was only when he had snatched it from the Jaws of the Wolf. He was obliged to eat it then, as otherwise it would have been lost.

5 *Mugientium prospiciat greges.*] *Virgil* also reckons the Lowing of Oxen among the Pleasures of the Country:

*Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni,
Non absunt.*

GEORG. II. 470.

The lowing Herds there sooth the careless Mind,
And Slumbers court us in the Shade reclin'd.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq;

On the late Earl of GRANVILLE's taking the Seals.

“ **T**HREE happy, who free from Ambition
and Pride,

In a rural Retreat has a quiet Fire-side!

I love my Fire-side: Thither let me repair,

And drink a delightful Oblivion of Care.

Oh

Oh when shall I 'scape, to be truly my own,
From the Noise, and the Smoak, and the Bustle of
Town!

Then I live, then I triumph, whene'er I retire
From the Pomp and Parade that the Many admire.
Hail, ye Woods and ye Lawns, shady Vales, sunny
Hills,

And the Warble of Birds, and the Murmur of Rills;
Ye Flowers of all Hues that embroider the Ground,
Flocks feeding, or frisking in Gambols around;
Scene of Joy to behold! Joy that who would
forego,

For the Wealth and the Power that a Court can
bestow!

I have said it at home, I have said it abroad,
That the Town is Man's World, but that this is
of God.

Here 'my Trees cannot flatter:' Plants, nurs'd by
my Care,

Pay with Fruit or with Fragrance, and incense
the Air:

Here contemplative Solitude raises the Mind;
(Least alone, when alone) to Ideas refin'd.

Methinks hid in Groves that no Sound can invade,
Save when *Philomel* strikes up her sweet Serenade,
I revolve on the Changes and Chances of Things,
And pity the Wretch that attends upon Kings.

"Now I pass with old Authors an indolent
Hour,

And reclining at Ease turn *Demosthenes* o'er.

Now,

Now, facetious and vacant, I urge the gay Flask
 With a Set of old Friends, who have nothing to ask:
 Thus happy, I reckon not of *France* nor of *Spain*,
 Nor the Balance of Power what Hand shall sustain.
 The Balance of Power! Ha! till that is restor'd,
 What solid Delight can Retirement afford?
 Some must be content to be Drudges of State,
 That the Sage may securely enjoy his Retreat.
 In Weather serene, when the Ocean is calm,
 It matters not much, who presides at the Helm;
 But soon as Clouds gather, and Tempests arise,
 Then a Pilot there needs, a Man dauntless and wise.
 If such can be found, sure he ought to come forth,
 And lend to the Public his Talents and Worth.
 Whate'er Inclination or Ease may suggest,
 If the State wants his Aid, he has no Claim to Rest.
 But who is the Man, a bad Game to redeem?
 He whom *Savoy* admires, who has *Prussia's* Esteem;
 Whom the *Spaniard* has felt, and whose Iron, with
 Dread,
 Haughty *Lewis* saw forging to fall on his Head:
Holland loves him; nor less in the North all the
 Powers
 Court, honour, reverence, and the Empress adores.
 Hark! what was that Sound? for it seem'd more
 sublime
 Than befits the low Genius of Pastoral Rhyme:
 Was it Wisdom I heard? or can Fumes of the
 Brain
 Cheat my Ears with a Dream? Ha! repeat me
 that Strain;

Yes,

Yes, Wisdom, I hear thee ; thou deign'st to declare
 Me, me, the sole *Atlas*, to prop this whole Sphere:
 The Voice says, or seems in sweet Accents to say,
 " Haste, and save sinking *Britain*."—Resign'd, I
 obey ;

And, Oh ! witness ye Powers, that Ambition and
 Pride

Have no Share in this Change—for *I love my
 Fire-side.*"

Thus the Shepherd ; then throwing his Crook
 away, steals

Direct to St. *Jamer's*, and takes up the Seals.

1746.

ODE III.

To MÆCENAS.

SHOULD impious Sons in future Times
 Their aged Parents slay, such Crimes
 Let poisonous Garlic but requite,
 More to be shunn'd than *Aconite*.

Ye Reapers, how can you digest
 This Venom, which torments my Breast ?
 Sure Viper's Blood deceiv'd my Taste,
 Or vile *Canidia* cook'd the Feast !

* *Medea*, *Jason's* Love to gain,
 In Beauty far beyond his Train,
 This, as a magic Ointment gave,
 From the Fire-breathing Bulls to save.

With

With this she smear'd, on Mischief bent,
 The Presents to her Rival sent;
 Then in her Car away she flew;
 Her ³ Car, which winged Dragons drew.
 Such Heat, as rages in my Veins,
 Ne'er parch'd the dry *Apulian* Plains,
 Nor scorch'd *Alcides'* tortur'd Breast,
 When round him clung th' envenom'd Vest.

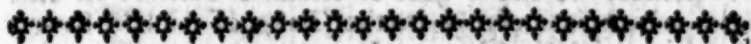
Whene'er, my jocund Friend, of this
 Again you taste, no balmy Kifs
 May *Chloë* grant, but from you fly,
 Rejoicing by herself to lie!

NOTES.

¹ *Cicutis*.] He alludes here to the Poison which the Athenians gave to Criminals. *Socrates*, among others, was thus destroyed.

² *Ut Argonautas, &c.*] *Jason*, before he could make himself Master of the Golden Fleece, was obliged to encounter two wild Bulls, who breathed forth Flames, had brazen Feet, and Horns of Iron.

³ *Serpente fugit alite*.] Thus *Apollodorus*, at the End of his first Book, *Λαέρτα παρ' Ἡλίου, &c.* 'Having received from the Sun a Chariot drawn by winged Dragons, she ascended into it, and fled to *Athens*.'



ODE IV.

To a Military Tribune, who had been a Slave.

WHEN Wolves no longer Lambs pursue,
 Then I'll be reconcil'd to you.

Still

Still on your Back and Legs remain
 The Furrows of the Scourge and Chain.
 Though Store of Wealth you now possess,
 Condition changes not with Dress.
 Behold, when on the Sacred Way
 Your ¹ Gown, wide-trailing, you display,
 How every free-born Passer-by
 Turns from the Slave his scornful Eye!
 " Shall he, who tir'd the Licor's Hand,
 " Scourg'd by the Magistrate's Command,
 " With Corn a thousand Acres load,
 " With Chariots wear the *Appian* Road,
 " And, in Contempt of ² *Otho*, sit
 " With the Knights Order in the Pit?"
 Why arm we then, our Coasts to guard,
 And wherefore are our Ships prepar'd
³ From Slaves and Thieves the Trade to free,
 While you, as Tribune, rule the Sea?

NOTES.

It is demonstrable from History, notwithstanding the almost unanimous Opinion of Interpreters to the contrary, that *Menas*, or *Menodorus*, Pompey's Freed-man, could not possibly be the Object of Horace's Censure in this Ode, which is entirely in the Taste of violent Satire, that bites without Mercy. It was probably written between 712 and 718. SANADON.

[*Cum bis ter ulnarum togâ.*] Very long and trailing Robes have been always looked upon as a Sign of Softness and Effeminacy.

The Poet's Meaning here is, that this Slave not only wore the *lati-lavian* Tunic, like the Tribunes, but distinguished himself even from them by the boundless Length

Length of his *Toga*, which inflamed the public Indignation the more against him. SANADON.

2 *Othone contempto.*] A Law was published by *L. Roscius Otho*, for the Assignment of distinct Seats in the Theatres to the Equestrian Order, who used before to sit promiscuously with the Populace: But by this Law fourteen Rows of Benches were appropriated to their Use; by which 'he secured to them, as *Cicero* says, 'both their Dignity, and their Pleasure.' *L. Otho Equestri ordini restituit non solum dignitatem, sed etiam voluptatem. Pro Muræno. 19.* This Act is frequently mentioned by the Classic Writers as a very memorable one, and what made much Noise in their Time. Thus *Juvenal*:

Sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni. III. 159.

For by the *Roscian* Law the Poor can claim no Seat.

DRYDEN.

3 *Contra latrones.*] This can only be applied to young *Pompey*, who, after the Defeat of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, got together all the Slaves and Corsairs he could, to swell the Number of his Troops.



ODE V.

On CANIDIA.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, *sen.*

‘ — BUT, by the Gods in Heaven, whose
 ‘ Sway
 ‘ This World, and all Mankind, obey,
 ‘ What can this Tumult mean? What Cause
 ‘ On Me those Looks of Terror draws?
 ‘ Say by thy Children, if the Name
 ‘ Of Mother grace thy nuptial Flame;

‘ Say

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- ‘ Say by this useleſs purple Veſt ;
- ‘ By *Jove*, who muſt ſuch Deeds deteſt ;
- ‘ O tell me, fierce *Canidia*, why
- ‘ Thou view’ſt me thus with vengeful Eye ;
- ‘ Thus like a ‘ Step-dame doſt appear,
- ‘ Or Tygreſs ſnarling at a Spear ! ’

While thus the Boy for Mercy ſu’d,
Stripp’d of his Robes, he naked ſtood
In Bloom of Youth, with ſuch a Form
As *Thracians* might to Pity warn !

- Canidia*, on whoſe hoary Head
Were Knots of ‘ little Serpents ſpread,
Unmov’d, theſe dire Commiſſions gave ;
- ‘ The rooted Fig-tree from the Grave,
 - ‘ And the funereal Cypreſs tear ;
 - ‘ The nightly Screech-Owl’s Plumes prepare ;
 - ‘ And be her Eggs beſmear’d with Blood
 - ‘ Of an envenom’d bloated ‘ Toad :
 - ‘ The Herbs, that in *Iſcos* ſpring
 - ‘ Or poiſon-fam’d ‘ *Iberia*, bring :
 - ‘ Then ‘ from a famiſh’d Bitch a Bone
 - ‘ Be ſnatch’d, and in the Cauldron thrown.
 - ‘ Mix theſe Ingredients, and then raiſe,
 - ‘ By ‘ *Colchian* Art, the kindling Blaze ! ’

See ! buſy *Sagana* the Ground
With *Stygian* Waters ſprinkles round,
And, like a Porcupine, uprears
Her hideous Length of briftled Hairs,
Unaw’d by Conſcience, *Vëia* ‘ broke
The Glebe, and ‘ groan’d at every Stroke,

To

To dig a narrow Hole, wherein
 The Boy might, buried to his Chin,
 Sink down alive, as Swimmers brave
 The Stream, with Head above the Wave,
 Slowly to pine his Life away
 For Food, chang'd twice or thrice a-day,
 And only plac'd before his Sight,
 To mock his eager Appetite;
 That they, when thus his Life was spent
 By Hunger, and by Languishment,
 A Philter from his Liver dry'd,
 And juiceless Marrow, might provide.

‘ *Parthenope*, for Sloth renown'd,
 Believes, with every Village round,
 That *Folia* too of *Rimini*,
 (Whose potent Voice can from the Sky
 Call down the Moon, and every Star
 That nightly decks the Hemisphere,
 Who ev'n in monstrous Lusts delights)
 Assisted in these hellish Rites.

Canidia here, with livid Jaws,
 Her unpar'd Nails indignant ^{so} gnaws:
 What said she then, what left unsaid,
 While to the Powers of Hell she pray'd;

‘ “O *Hecaté*, and silent Night!
 ‘ Presiding o'er our mystic Rite,
 ‘ Now, now, your Vengeance interpose
 ‘ To blast the Triumph of my Foes!
 ‘ While savage Beasts to Forests fly,
 ‘ And there, dissolv'd in Slumbers, lie,

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O

‘ Let

' Let wakeful Dogs around him bark,
 ' As, skulking yonder in the Dark,
 ' The Letcher to *Suburra's* Stews,
 ' With falt'ring Steps, his Way pursues;
 ' With Essences perfum'd all o'er!
 ' I cull'd them from my richest Store!
 ' Whence can arise this strange Delay?
 ' Will not the Powers of Night obey
 ' My Spells? And are they weaker grown
 ' Than those to fam'd *Medæa* known?
 ' *Medæa* could the Royal Dame,
 ' *Creon's* proud Daughter, wrap in Flame,
 ' By a rich Robe she gave the Bride,
 ' In Life-consuming Poison dy'd;
 ' She *Jason's* Prowess could defy,
 ' And on the Wings of Dragons fly!
 ' But though no Herb, nor Root that lies
 ' Conceal'd in Earth, escapes my Eyes,
 ' He sleeps in his fond Harlot's Bed,
 ' With Oyl oblivious round it shed—
 ' Alas! I now perceive the Cause,
 ' Why he contemns and spurns my Laws;
 ' Some Sorceress with her stronger Hand
 ' Has freed him from my brittle Band:
 ' But, *Varus!* know, full many a Tear
 ' Shall wet thy Cheeks for what I bear.
 ' I'll now a sovereign Beverage mix,
 ' For ever Thee my Slave to fix;
 ' By *this* when I my Lover gain,
 ' E'en *Marsian* Charms will strive in vain
 ' To rend him from my Arms again!

}
 ' Sooner

- ‘ Sooner beneath the Sea the Skies
- ‘ Shall sink, and Earth to Heaven arise,
- ‘ Than he not burn with fierce Desire,
- ‘ ¹² As does this Sulphur in the Fire!’——

With Prayers the Boy now try’d no more
 To sooth their Fury, as before ;
 But, doubtful long what first to speak,
 From his pale Lips these Curses break :
 ‘ Though magic Charms, on Earth, a while
 ‘ The Hand of Justice may beguile,
 ‘ Yet never can their Power confound
 ‘ Of *Right* and *Wrong* th’ unvarying Bound ;
 ‘ And Heaven’s eternal Laws ordain,
 ‘ That all who *give*, shall *suffer* Pain !
 ‘ In Bitterness of Soul prefer’d,
 ‘ My Vows for Vengeance shall be heard ;
 ‘ No Victim e’er can wipe away
 ‘ The Crimes of this infernal Day :
 ‘ Soon as this tortur’d Body dies,
 ‘ ¹³ A dreadful Spectre will I rise,
 ‘ And tear your Cheeks with crooked Nails,
 ‘ (So far the Power of Ghosts prevails !)
 ‘ Sit heavy on your Breast by Night,
 ‘ And break your Sleep with wild Affright.
 ‘ The hooting Vulgar shall pursue,
 ‘ From Street to Street, your impious Crew
 ‘ With Stones ; and with your Blood the Ground
 ‘ Shall stain, and dash your Brains around.
 ‘ Then shall the Wolves and Tygers tear
 ‘ Your Limbs, deny’d a Sepulchre :

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“¹⁴ My Parents (ah! ¹⁵ surviving me)
“ This just Revenge with Joy shall see!”

NOTES.

A Boy of noble Parentage is here introduced, endeavouring to excite the Compassion of *Canidia* and her Sisters, who were preparing to bury him alive, in order to compose from his Entrails a Philter or Love-Potion.

1 *Ut noverca me intueris.*] The Hatred of Mothers-in-Law to their Husbands Children gave Occasion to the Proverb, *Novercalis vultus*, and *novercale odium*. See the Notes on Book III. Ode 24.

2 ——— *brevibus implicata viperis.*] *Canidia* is here represented as one of the Furies, whose Hair is always wreathed with Serpents—*brevibus* (small) because the smallest Vipers are the most venomous. DACIER.

3 *Et uncta turpis ova rana sanguine.*] Horace here puts the Word *Rana*, a Frog, instead of *Rubeta*, a Toad. It may not be amiss to observe that many of the Ingredients of *Canidia*'s Cauldron are the same as those of the Witches in *Shakespeare's Macbeth*. The one throws in ‘the Blood of an envenom'd Toad;’ the others ‘boil ‘an envenomed Toad’ itself; she ‘roots up a Fig-tree, ‘and the funereal Cypress;’ they ‘dig up Roots of ‘Hemlock, and Slips of Yew:’ The one ‘prepares a ‘Screech-Owl's Plumes;’ the others ‘an Owllet's Wing.’ See *Macbeth*, Act IV. Scene I.

4 *Iberia.*] By *Iberia* we are not here to understand Spain, which was never famous for poisonous Drugs; but a Region of Pontus in Asia the Less, now called Georgia.

5 ——— *ossa ab ore rapta jejuna canis.*] The Ancients believed, that Bones snatched from the Mouth of a Dog, or any other Animal, were admirable in Enchantment, provided the Animal was fasting. Thus *Lucan*, speaking of the Thessalian Witch, Book VI.

————— *morsusque luporum*
Exspectat, siccis raptura e saucibus artus.

6 *Flammis*

6 *Flammis aduri Colchicis.*] Colchian Flames are Flames kindled by Enchantment, like those made use of by Medea.

7 *Ligonibus duris humum Exhaustabat.*] This Passage Dacier has thus translated: *Béhoit la terre avec des efforts prodigieux.* 'She broke the Ground with prodigious Efforts:' But a late Translator gives it thus:

Uplifts the Spade with feeble Force.

8 — *ingemens laboribus.*] This Expression is very happy; and Horace here gives us a natural Image of the Noise made by Cleavers of Wood, or Diggers, at every Stroke they take.

9 — *otiosa credidit Neapolis.*] Naples was always famous for Sloth. Thus Ovid:

———— *Et in otia natam
Parthenopen* ———

For it was also called *Parthenope*. Thus also Virgil, at the End of his *Georgics*:

*Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis aiebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti.*

Then I at Naples pass'd th' inglorious Day,
And in the Arms of slothful Leisure lay.

10 — *rodens pollicem.*] Lunatics, and Persons in deep Meditation, are wont to bite their Nails. Thus Petronius, speaking of a Madman, *Pollice usque ad periculum raso*; 'biting his Thumb to the Quick.'

11 ——— *O rebus meis
Non infideles arbitra,*

Nox, et Diana —] Magicians and Witches addressed their Prayers to the Moon, and to Night, which were always the Witnesses of their Sorceries. Thus Medea, in Ovid, *Met. B. VII.*

*Nox, ait, arcanis fidissima ———
Tuque triceps Hecate quæ cæptis conscia nostris
Adjutrixque venis.*

They invoked also the Earth, the terrestrial Gods, and the Gods of Hell.

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12 ————— uti

Bitumen atris ignibus.] As *Canidia* spoke these Words, she threw the Sulphur into the Fire.

13 *Nocturnus occurram furor.*] The Ancients believed, that Murderers were haunted and tormented by the Ghosts of those they had killed. *Cicero*, and many others, ascribe this to that Remorse of Conscience, which makes wicked Men believe that they see Objects, which in Fact do not exist. But it is certain that the Historians did not refine upon it in this Manner. They believed it to be strictly true; and this Opinion was founded on an Article of their Religion, which taught them, that the Souls of those who had died a violent Death were not received into the Dominions of *Pluto*, till after they had wandered many Years in the World, and avenged themselves on their Murderers. DACIER.

14 *Neque hoc parentes.*] The last Thoughts of this unhappy Boy turn on his Parents. He sees the Affliction it will give them to survive him, and the Consolation they will receive by the righteous Punishment of those detested Wretches.

15 *Heu!*] This Exclamation does not arise from his Concern that his Parents should survive him, but from his Tenderness towards them, as he is conscious of the Anguish his Death must give them; for Parents naturally desire to die before their Children.



O D E VI.

To 'CASSIUS SEVERUS.

WHY bark'st thou at the harmless Guest?
The Wolf would prove thy Courage best.
On Me thy empty Threats bestow;
Here thou wilt find an equal Foe:
For, like a Mastiff, which attends
The Shepherd, and his Flock defends,

With

With Ears erect I well can chase,
 Through Depths of Snow, the savage Race.
 Though Forests with thy Voice have rung,
 Thou, pleas'd, can'st snap the Morsel flung.
 Beware; ²I always am prepar'd
 To give the Wicked their Reward.
 Keen as *Archilochus* am I,
 Or ³*Bupalus*'s Enemy:
 For, injur'd, why should I contain
 My Spleen, and, like a Boy, complain?

NOTES.

¹ *Cassius Severus* was a petulant Orator, notorious for his frequent but fruitless Informations in the Senate, and for his scandalous Investives against the Great, for which he was at length banished.

² *Parata tollo cornua.*] *I brandish my Horns.*—This is a Metaphor taken from Bulls; but we cannot make use of it in our Tongue, on account of the Idea it now conveys. This Idea was unknown to the *Greeks* and *Romans*. *Dr. Dunkin* has translated this Passage thus:

Beware, beware; for, sharp as Spurs,
 I lift my Horns to butt at Curs.

³ *Acer hostis Bupalus.*] He means the Poet *Hipponax*, who, to revenge himself on the two Brothers, *Bupalus* and *Anthemus*, eminent Painters, who had drawn a hideous Picture of him, wrote such severe Verses against them, as drove them to Despair. Some Authors tell us, that they hanged themselves.

O D E VII.

*To the ROMAN PEOPLE.**By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.*

SAY, ye vile Race, what Frenzy draws
 Your daring Faulchions in Sedition's Cause?
 Has not enough of *Roman* Blood
 Been pour'd on every Land and every Flood?
 Nor fight we now to quell the Powers
 Of *Carthage*, and destroy her rival Towers,
 Nor that the *Briton*, who remains
 Unconquer'd, through the Sacred Way in Chains
 Be led; but, to the *Parthians* Joy,
 Against ourselves our frantic Arms employ.
 Tygers more gently are inclin'd;
 They prey on other Brutes, but spare their Kind.
 Does ¹ Rage, or some avenging Star,
 Or your own Crimes, provoke so dire a War?—
 Lo! mute they stand, and wildly gaze;
 The downcast Eye the conscious Heart betrays!
 'Tis so; the Gods with righteous Doom
 For *Remus*' Death pursue unhappy *Rome*;
 And on this Age avenge the Guilt
 Of ² Blood, by *Romulus* unjustly spilt.

 NOTES.

NOTES.

This Ode was composed about the End of the Year 721, a little before *Octavius* and *Antony* came to an open Rupture. The Style is spirited and nervous. The Poet's Design is to represent to both Parties the Horrors of their criminal Dissensions, which threatened their common Country with a total Ruin. Uncertain of the Events, he speaks with Reserve. SANADON.

1 *Furoræ cæcus, an rapit vis ærior,*

An culpa?] Men are commonly influenced by one of these three Causes: They are transported by a blind Fury, or hurried away by some superior Force (that is to say, by the secret Decree of the Destinies, which the wise Man himself cannot resist, according to the Doctrine of the *Stoics*); or they are involved in Misfortunes by their own Crimes; for which the Wrath of the offended Gods drives them down the Precipice. The two former Causes, perhaps, may be resolved into the last; viz. the Abuse of our Free-Will. DACIER.

2 *Scelusque fraternæ necis.*] *Virgil* ascribes the Calamities the *Romans* suffered to the Perfidy of *Laomedon*:

——— *jampridem sanguine nostro*

Laomedontæ luimus perjurâ Trojæ. GEOR. I. 501.

Oh! let the Blood, already spilt, atone

For the past Crimes of curs'd *Laomedon*! DRYDEN.

But *Horace* here supposes, that they are punished for the Murder of *Remus*. This was looking a great Way back, the better to remove the Idea of the true Cause of their present Calamities.

Plutarch, in his Discourse *On the Reasons why Divine Providence defers punishing the Wicked*, quotes this Passage from *Bion*:

' Those who pretend that God punishes Children for the Crimes of their Parents, seem to expose him to the same Sort of Ridicule as a Physician would deserve, who, in order to cure the Malady of a Father or Grandfather, should prescribe Medicines for the Sons and Grand-sons.'

*The SAME ODE Imitated.**By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.**To the SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS.*

SAY, daring Clans, what false Alarms
 Thus rouse your hardy Chiefs to Arms?
 What Frenzy, warlike Mountaineers,
 Your Broad-Sword whets, your Target rears?
 Have not our Swords and injur'd Laws,
 Th' Avengers of a *Brunswick's* Cause,
 Too oft with *Caledonian* Blood,
 Distain'd the Scaffold, Field, and Flood?
 No *Gallic* Foe, with generous Rage,
 As late at *Tournay*, you engage;
 Nor strive you now, on *Darien's* Plain,
 To wrest a Settlement from *Spain*;
 But, haughty *Bourbon* to delight,
 Against your Fellow-*Britons* fight.
 Gentler are Northern Wolves, for they
 On Wolves are never known to prey.
 Does this ungrateful War from Need,
 Mistake, or Thoughtlessness, proceed?—
 No Cause, this Silence plainly shows,
 But his Laird's Will the Vassal knows:
 The Laird, by faithless *France* betray'd,
 In vain expects her promis'd Aid.
 —It must be so—with dire Disgrace
 Heaven punishes our guilty Race,

For spurning, *Israel*-like, that * Hand
Which rais'd, restor'd, and sav'd the Land.

1745.

* King *William* III.

ODE VIII. Omitted.

ODE IX.

To MÆCENAS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

On OCTAVIUS's naval Victory at Actium.

WHEN, in large Draughts of hoarded
Wine,

At your ² high Palace shall we join,
Reserv'd for these distinguish'd Days,
And hear victorious *Cæsar*'s Praise

Resounded by the tuneful Choir,
With *Phrygian* Pipe, and *Doric* Lyre?
When, happy Patron! thus fulfill
Almighty *Jove*'s indulgent Will?

Such was the jovial Life we led,
When the *Neptunian* Hero fled,
(His Navy burnt) nor could retain
His boasted Empire of the Main,

300 ODES of HORACE,

Threatening to lead us in the Bands,
From which he freed the servile Hands.

How will Posterity believe
That any *Roman* could receive
A Woman's Chain, and basely act
As wither'd Eunuchs would direct?
The Sun, 'midst Tents and Arms, survey'd
Th' *Egyptian* * Canopy display'd.
Two thousand *Gauls*, incens'd, beheld,
And with their Horses left the Field;
To *Cæsar's* Camp with Shouts they came,
Loudly resounding *Cæsar's* Name:
† The hostile Gallies in the Haven
Lay ready, at a Signal given,
To put to Sea, and homeward steer,
And seek a promis'd Shelter there.

Hail! † God of Triumph, hail! Prepare
The † Heifers white, and golden Car!
From Battles with *Jugurtha* fought
So great a Chief you never brought;
Nor ev'n from *Africa*, though Fame
Will ever *Scipio's* Worth proclaim,
And *Carthage* eternize his Name. }

By Land and Sea subdu'd, the Foe
His Purple turns to Weeds of Woe;
And now for towering *Crete* his Sails
He bends, with inauspicious Gales,
Or seeks the stormy *Libyan* Shore,
Or the wide Ocean wanders o'er.

Boy,

Boy, Cups of larger Size produce,
 With *Chian* fill'd, or *Lesbian* Juice,
 Though, nauseous Loathings to remove,
Cæcubian is the Wine I love.
 Our Fears for *Cæsar* we'll resign,
 And drown our Cares in generous Wine:

NOTES.

The Sea-Fight at *Actium*, which is the Subject of this Ode, happened on *September 2*, A. U. C. 723. Consequently it ought to follow the first Ode of this Book, and to precede the twenty-sixth Ode of the first Book. *Horace* was then almost thirty-five Years old. *Mæcenas* was at this Time in *Octavius's* Camp, and, according to *Pedo Albinovanus* and *Propertius*, had greatly distinguished himself in the Action.

1 *Repositum*, i. e. *Reserved for great Festivals.*

2 *Sub altâ domo.*] *Horace* might perhaps give the Epithet of *high* to the Palace of *Mæcenas*, on account of the Tower there, which overlooked the whole City, and which he elsewhere calls, *Molem propinquam nubibus arduis.*

3 ——— *Neptunius:*

Dux.]

He speaks here of *Sextus Pompey*, who, being elated by his Success at Sea, called himself the Son of *Neptune*, assumed an azure Robe, and threw Horses, and, as some say, living Men, into the Sea, as a Sacrifice to his Father. See *DION*, Book 48.

Horace very properly makes Mention here of the Wars of *Sicily*. *Octavius*, seconded by *Agrippa*, took this Island in 710, and obliged young *Pompey* to fly into *Asia*. *Mæcenas* assisted in this War, and signalized himself in the Rejoicings made at *Rome* for this important Victory.

SANADON.

4 *Sol aspicit conopeum.*]

The *Canopy* was a net-work Tent, or Pavillion, which the Ladies in *Ægypt* made use of to guard themselves from

from the Gnats, which abound there, on account of its Nearness to the Sea, and the Marshes of the Nile.

DACIER.

5 *Hostiliumque navium, &c.*] Before the general Fight, and even at the Beginning of this Fight, several Troops by Sea and Land revolting from *Antony*, went over to *Octavius*. *Horace* speaks here of this double Desertion; of that by Land in the preceding Verses, and of that by Sea in these. SANADON.

6 *Io, Triumphæ.*] The Poet here addresses himself to *Triumph*, as a God. He has made use of the same Figure in the second Ode of the fourth Book;

Tuque dum procedis, Io, Triumphæ. DACIER.

7 ————— *aureos*

Currus, et intactas boves.]

Among the Victims which the Conquerors offered, there was always a white Heifer untamed to the Yoke. Thus *Virgil*:

Intactas totidem ceruice iuvenas.

The triumphal Cars were commonly made of Ivory. Thus *Ovid*:

Currus spectat eburnos.

And *Tibullus*:

Portabit niveis currus eburnus equis.

But the upper Part was gilded; on which account *Horace* here calls them *aureos-currus*. DACIER.

The

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

To Colonel RICHARD KING.

On Sir EDWARD HAWKE's Victory over the
French Fleet off Belleisle.

SAY, Veteran Friend, belov'd Remain
 Of Marlborough's Chiefs and Anna's Reign,
 When shall we, at your social Board,
 By Friendship chear'd, with Plenty stor'd,
 What Fame resounds with Joy repeat,
 And toast our Hawke's victorious Fleet?

So all your Toils, in Days of yore,
 Were well repaid, on Danube's Shore,
 When by your Arms his wondering Flood
 Was swell'd with France's choicest Blood,
 Fruitless (for such the Will of Heaven)
 Her Faith to proud Bavaria given,
 To fix him on Germania's Throne,
 Or make th' Imperial Crown her own.

But could she think this Realm would deign
 Again to wear base Slavery's Chain,
 Impos'd alike on Church and State;
 So soon forgetful of its Weight,
 Forgetful of thy Tortures, Rome,
 Of Bonner's Rage, and Cranmer's Doom?

On Vannes' Plains, in Vannes' Bay,
 Her Troops were rang'd, her Transports lay;
 Destin'd,

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Destin'd, by *Conflans*' Guardian-Care,
 To make these envy'd *Ifflands* share
 Her late Disgrace on *Cherbourg*'s Coasts,
 The Horrors of invading Hosts:
 But soon she saw, in Floods of Fire,
 Her Glory sink, her Hopes expire;
 And soon the Billows, stain'd with Gore,
 Proclaim'd, her Navy was no more.
 Such, at *La Hogue*, was *James*'s Dread,
 When *Ruffel* fought, and *Tourville* fled.

Sing, Patriot Muse, the Thanks we owe
 To *Hawke*, to *Keppel*, and to *Howe*!
 In *British* and *Hibernian* Verse
 Their Names to latest Times rehearse!
 Senates and Princes shall repay
 With just Rewards this glorious Day:
 Ne'er was a Day of more Renown
 In *Britain* or *Hibernia* known,
 Though *Blake* still swells the Trump of Fame,
 And *Boyne* still murmurs *William*'s Name.

By Sea subdued, as late on Land,
 At *Minden*, by a *British* Band,
France coins her Plate, and dares no more
 Sing loud *Te Deums*, as of yore:
 And now, the Relicks of the Fight
 To *Spain*, precipitate their Flight,
 Or shatter'd, range the stormy Main,
 Or lurk behind thy Shoals, *Vilaine*!

A *Briton* born, I ne'er repine
 For costly Draughts of *Gallie* Wine:

Port

Port is my Liquor; with the best,
 My Friend, you welcome every Guest:
 Our Fears for *Britain* now shall cease—
 Where stands the Toast?—'Tis *George* and *Peace*.

1759.

NOTE.

1 The Battle of *Blenheim*, (the most memorable in this Age) was fought Aug. 2, 1704. Col. *King* was then Engineer. He had a Horse shot under him. He was present also at most of the other Battles and Sieges under the Duke of *Marlborough* in the several Stations of Assistant Quarter-Master General, Aid de Camp, Captain, and Lieutenant Colonel, of Foot, till the Beginning of 1711, when he was made Colonel of the Artillery, and Quarter-Master General of the Forces, sent with Brigadier *Hill* against *Quebec*: After the Peace of *Utrecht* he went with the same General to take Possession of *Dunkirk*. Being Executor to Dr. *Woodward*, the Colonel, in 1728, erected a Monument to his Memory in *Westminster Abbey*, and, as his surviving Trustee, has now the sole Nomination of the *Woodwardian Lecturer* at *Cambridge*.

ODE X.

On *MÆVIUS*.

IN an unlucky Hour, the Ship
 Of filthy *Mævius* sails;
 His Voyage may the *South* oppose
 With inauspicious Gales!
 Let the rough *East* his Cordage tear,
 And splinter all his Oars;

And

306 ODES of HORACE,

And ¹ *Boreas* rage, as on the Hills
 Through shatter'd Oaks he roars !
 When ² sad *Orion* sets, let no
 Propitious ³ Star appear,
 To guide his Vessel through the Night,
 And the thick Darkness cheer !
 May such tempestuous Billows rise,
 As those the *Grecians* knew,
 When ⁴ *Pallas* all her Rage from *Troy*
 On impious *Ajax* threw !
 Your Sailors sweat ; and, yellow-pale,
 To *Jove* averse you pray
 With Female Clamours, while the Leak
 Admit the foaming Sea.
 If your gross Carcass shall become
 To Cormorants a Prize,
 I to the Winds a lustful Goat
 And Lamb will sacrifice.

NOTES.

This Ode on the Voyage of a *bad Poet* may be considered as a Contrast to that on the Voyage of a *good* one, Book I. Ode 3. and the one is as much inferior to the other as *Mævius* was to *Virgil*. *Dacier* is of Opinion that this Ode was written some Time before that.

¹ *Aquilo*.] This is the N. N. E. Wind ; this being the most contrary to those who sail from *Italy* to *Greece*. On this Account, when *Virgil* set sail for *Athens*, *Horace* prayed *Æolus* to let loose no Wind but *Iapyx*, the W. N. W.

² *Qua tristis Orion cadit*.] The Setting of *Orion* is always stormy. Thus, Book III. Ode 27.

Sed

*Sed vides quanto trepidat tumultu
Pronus Orion?*

It sets towards the End of *November*.

3 *Sidus amicum.*] He means the Constellation of *Castor* and *Pollux*.

4 *Cum Pallas, &c.*] The *Greeks* ascribed this Tempest to the Wrath of *Pallas*, in Revenge for the Affront *Ajax* had offered her, by violating *Cassandra* in her Temple.



ODE XL.

TO PETTIUS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

AH! *Pettius*, I no more indite
My Lyric Numbers with Delight,
Nor think of aught but Love.
Since first I spurn'd *Inachia's* Chain
Thrice Winter has resum'd his Reign]
O'er every leafless Grove.
I blush, reflecting how my Name
The Topic of Discourse became
Through all this spacious Town;
Where, by a downcast Look, and Breast
That heav'd with Sighs, at every Feast
The Lover soon was known.
• Merit, if poor, can nought avail,
• When weigh'd with Riches in the Scale,
Tears streaming from my Eyes,

I thus

308 ODES of HORACE,

I thus to you complain'd, when Bowls
Of generous Liquor from our Souls
Had banish'd all Disguise.

• If, therefore, I enrag'd can strive,

• For such Indignities, to drive

• This Passion from my Mind,

• I'll cease henceforward to contend

• On such unequal Terms, and send

• My Sorrows to the Wind.'

When me thus resolute you saw,

And warn'd me homeward to withdraw ;

With ¹ heedless Steps I stray'd

To her ah ! too unfriendly Door,

Near which, whole sleepless Nights before,

My Limbs have oft been laid.

Now soft *Lycisca*, I prefer

Unchang'd by gross Affronts from her,

Or free Advice of Friends,

² 'Till Dotage on some other Fair,

Who ties in Knots her Length of Hair,

My present Passion ends.

NOTES.

¹ *Incerto pede.*] This is not to be understood with a staggering Foot, on account of the Wine he had drunk, but that his Feet had led him mechanically, if I may so speak, to Inachia's Door. Tibullus has the same Thought, but differently expressed.

Juravi quoties reditum ad limina nunquam?

Cum bene juravi, pes tamen ipse redit.

² *Sed alius ardor.*] Horace was of a very amorous Complexion. The Author of his Life says of him, *Ad*

res.

res veneras intemperantior traditur. But he was also very fickle, and his Love soon shifted from one Object to another, as he owns himself at the End of Book I. Ode 6.

*— sine quid urimur,
Non præter solitum leves.*

ODE XII. Omitted.

ODE XIII.

To a FRIEND.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

SEE! gathering Clouds obscure the Sky,
The Air seems melting from on high
In fleecy Snow, or Showers of Rain!
What howling Tempests sweep the Main,
And shake the Woods! While in our Power,
My Friend, we'll seize the present Hour,
While Youth yet revels in our Veins,
And unimpair'd our Strength remains.
The Cares of Age to Age resign;
But hither bring the generous Wine,
Laid up in my *Torquatus*' Year,
When first I drew the vital Air.
No more of adverse Fate complain;
Perhaps the God may smile again;

Let

310 ODES of HORACE.

Let ⁴ *Achaemenian* Effence shed
Its spicy Odours round your Head,
And the ⁵ *Cyllenian* Lyre compose,
With soft melodious Strains, your Woes.

⁶ Thus *Chiron* to his Pupil sung;

‘ Great Hero! from a Goddess sprung,

‘ Fame calls thee to the *Trojan* Plain,

‘ To old *Affaracus*’s Reign;

‘ Where ⁷ small *Scamander* slowly glides,

‘ And ⁸ *Simois* rolls his rapid Tides.

‘ ⁹ There must thou fall by Fate’s Decree,

‘ Nor shall thy Mother of the Sea

‘ Her short-liv’d Son again receive;

‘ Then every anxious Thought relieve

‘ By Wine or Music’s Charms, for they

‘ Can best the Cares of Life allay.’

NOTES.

One of *Horace*’s Friends had probably received some bad News which interested his Fortune. Our Poet employs his Muse to console him. He counsels him to sweeten his Cares with Pleasures, the ordinary Resource of the *Epicurean* Philosophy; and, to give the greater Authority to his Moral, he puts it in the Mouth of *Chiron* the *Centaur*, who utters his Maxims to young *Achilles* with as serious an Air as if he were pronouncing the Oracles of Wisdom itself. This Turn is pleasant and ingenious, well chosen, and nicely conducted. I doubt whether the gravest Precepts of the *Stoical* School could have been employed so *apropos*.

SANADON.

[*Amici*.] *Bentley*, *Cunningham*, and other Commentators, read here *amice*, which is also adopted by *Sanadon*. The Sequel, says he, proves that this Alteration is necessary:

Tu

Tu vina Torquato move
 Consule pressa meo;
 Cætera mitte loqui.

2 *Torquato consule.*] Horace was born under the Consulship of L. Manlius Torquatus and L. Aurelius Cotta. See Book III. Ode 21. It was the Custom of the Romans, as has been elsewhere observed, to mark their Vessels with the Names of the Consuls who presided in the Year when the Grapes were gathered.

3 *Deus.*] The God here referred to, in the Opinion of the Epicureans, means nothing but Fortune; but, in that of the Stoics, it is the Supreme Being, the Source of all Things, which he rules and governs by his Providence.

4 *Achæmenio*
Perfundi nardo.] He calls the Nard *Achæmenian*, as he also called it in Book III. Ode 1. *Achæmenium cassum.* For those Spices came from that Part of India which bordered on Persia, where *Achæmenes* was King.

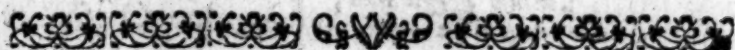
5 *Fide Cyllenîâ.*] The Harp is called *Cyllenian*, from Mercury, the Inventor of it, who was born on the Summit of *Cyllenè*, a Mountain in *Arcadia*.

6 *Nobilis ut grandi, &c.*] Horace here introduces *Chiron* speaking to *Achilles*, as he makes *Teucer* address himself to his Friends in Book I. Ode 7. *Chiron* was the Foster-father of *Achilles*. The Reputation of his Learning and Justice gave Occasion to several Princes to send their Sons to be educated by him, viz. *Jasón*, *Hercules*, *Æsculapius*, &c. DACIER.

7 *Parvi Scamandri.*] The *Scamander*, otherwise *Xanthus*, a River of *Troy*. He calls it *small*, because it had only a small Source on one of the Hills of Mount *Ida*.

8 *Lubricus Simois.*] The *Simois* flows into the *Scamander*, and they both fall into the *Hellepont*, near the Promontory of *Sigeum*. He calls it *lubricus* (rolling), because it was impetuous.

9 *Unde tibi reditum, &c.*] *Chiron* might have learned this Circumstance from *Thetis*, or he might know it from his own Skill in Astrology.



O D E XIV.

To MÆCENAS.

I Grieve to hear you oft enquire
 What thus has damp'd my youthful Fire,
 And why my Soul, in every Sense,
 Is lull'd asleep by Indolence,
 As if, my ardent Thirst to slake,
 I'd drunk of silent *Lethæ's* Lake.
 But, Oh! a God, a God indeed,
 Forbids your Poet to proceed
 In finishing the Work, to you
 So long ago, by Promise, due.
 Such was the Fate *Anacreon* prov'd,
 So fondly he *Bathyllus* lov'd,
 Accustom'd his Complaints to suit
 In easy Measures to the Lute.
 You too are caught; and since the Dame
 That kindled *Ilium's* fatal Flame
 In Beauty ne'er could yours outshine,
 Rejoice; while I for *Phryne* pine,
 A haughty Jilt of mean Descent,
 And not with one Gallant content.

NOTES.

[*Lethæos ut si ducentia somnos.*] The Ancients feign-
 ed, that there was in Hell a River of Oblivion, by drink-
 ing

ing of which the Souls forgot all the Miseries they had suffered in this World. Thus *Virgil*, *ÆN.* VI.

— *Lethæi ad fluminis undam,
Securos latices, et longa oblivia potant.*

In *Lethæ's* Lake they long Oblivion taste;
Of future Life secure; forgetful of the past. DRYDEN.

But this in Fact is a River in Portugal. The Greeks called it ποταμός ληθης, and the Latins, *flumen oblivionis*. We now call it the River *Lethæ*; but this is a Mistake. It ought to be called the River of *Lethæ*, as the Romans called it the River of *Oblivion*, and not the River *Oblivion*. For, in the Greek, ληθης is not a proper Name, but the Genitive of the Word ληθη, which denotes the Property of the River. The Fiction that these Waters were the Cause of Forgetfulness in those who tasted them, was invented to show the Fertility of the Soil. Thus *Homer* has said, that as soon as any Person had eat of the *Lotos*, he forgot his own Country, and could not be prevailed on to forsake a Soil, which produced such excellent Fruit. DACIER.

This ODE is omitted by Mr. FRANCIS.

The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Mrs. J. DUNCOMBE.

To Miss B——ws.

I Hear, my Friend, you oft enquire
Why thus neglected sleeps my Lyre,
And why the Pencil I no more
Inventive use, as heretofore;
As if, when *Hymen* wreath'd my Brow,
To quit the Arts he made me vow.

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Th

314 ODES of HORACE,

'Tis true, far other Tasks employ
 Maternal Hours with anxious Joy ;
 No more the Muses I pursue,
 Nor draw for Friendship and for You :
 And since this Fate most sure attends,
 Or soon or late, all married Friends,
 How well soe'er you pass your Hours,
 Improving all your mental Powers,
 May you be caught ; and may your Heart
 In Wedlock meet its Counter-part !
 For greater Worth it cannot find
 Than in your own exalted Mind ;
 And may you then with me rejoice,
 And join a grateful Mother's Voice,
 While I, my Infant in my Arms,
 Contemplate all her opening Charms,
 And fondly fancy, in her Face,
 Every wish'd Endowment trace.

1764.

O D E X V.

To N E Æ R A.

TWAS Night ; and *Cynthia* with her starry
 Train

Serenely grac'd th' æthereal Plain,
 When with fond Arms around my Neck you clung,
 Close as on Oak is Ivy hung ;

And,

And, as I dictated, you falsely swore
 By the dread Name of every Power,
 ' That long as Wolves pursue the fearful Sheep,
 ' Or fierce *Orion* swells the Deep,
 ' Or *Phœbus*' Tresses wanton in the Wind,
 ' You would to Me continue kind.'
 But if my Breast the Sparks of Manhood warm,
 Soon will I break *Neæra*'s Charm;
 Nor her disdainful Cruelty will bear,
 But seek, incens'd, some faithful Fair.
 And you, more favour'd Youth, whoe'er you be,
 Who vainly triumph over Me,
 Rich though you were in Herds and fertile Lands,
 ' Lord of *Pætolus*' golden Sands;
 Of Wisdom, like ¹ *Pythagoras* possést,
 And with the Charms of ² *Nireus* blest,
 Yet shall you mourn the fickle Fair's Disdain,
 While I shall mock your fruitless Pain.

NOTES.

¹ The Wisdom of *Pythagoras* was held in such Esteem among the Ancients, that his House, like a Temple, was looked upon with as much Veneration as a Deity.

² *Nireus* was the handsomest of all the *Grecians* that besieged *Troy*, *Achilles* alone excepted.

ODE XVI.

To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

A Second Age in Wars we waste away,
 And Rome must fall to Rome a Prey,
 She, against whom in vain *Porfenna* rag'd,
 In vain the *Marſian* Foe engag'd,
 Whom *Capua's* rival State could ne'er ſubdue,
 Nor *Spartacus's* ſervile Crew;
 Nor (courting new Allies, but to the Call
 Of Honour deaf) the perjur'd *Gaul*;
 Nor *Germany*, of ^a blue-ey'd Sons the Nurſe,
 Nor *Hannibal*, the Parents Curſe,
 Grieves, here at home, more cruel Foes to meet,
 Where Beaſts ſhall prowl in every Street;
 Barbarian Courſers o'er the Duſt ſhall bound,
 While with their Hoofs the Stones reſound:
 Nor will they, *Romulus*! thy Aſhes ſpare,
 But rudely throw them in the Air,
 But ſome, or all, perhaps, may wiſh to know,
 How we muſt ward th' impending Blow.
 My Counſel is—to go where prosperous Gales
 Point out the Way, and court our Sails;
 To curſe, *Phocæan*-like, our old Abodes,
 And leave to Beaſts our Fields and Gods.

Give

Give your Advice, or else to mine agree :

Then, with glad Omens, put to Sea.

But swear we never to return again,

'Till Rocks shall float upon the Main ;

'Till *Apennine* is cover'd by the Waves,

And *Po Martinus*' Summit laves ;

'Till different Kinds in Bands of Love are join'd,

Hawks, Doves ; the Tyger, and the Hind ;

'Till Sheep their Dread of Lions lay aside,

And Goats shall swim the briny Tide.

Thus, of each Hope of sweet Return bereft,

By all shall this curs'd Town be left ;

At least the better Sort ; but let the Base

Still cleave to this devoted Place.

But you, brave Friends ! unmanly Tears give o'er,

And sail beyond the *Tuscan* Shore,

Where, in the spacious Bosom of the Main,

Rise happy Islands, crown'd with Grain,

Which every Year adorns th' uncultur'd Land ;

Nor Vineyards ask the Pruner's Hand ;

Where never-failing Shoots of Olive blow,

And Figs the Parent-Trees bestow ;

Where hollow Oaks drop Honey, and the Rills

In Murmurs trickle down the Hills.

Homeward the Goats with swelling Udders bend,

And, pleas'd, the Milker's Hand attend ;

No prowling Bear alarms the nightly Fold,

Nor Snakes are in huge Volumes roll'd.

And, farther still our Wonder to command,

Nor Showers, too frequent, drown the Land,

318 ODES of HORACE,

Nor too much Drought burns up the thirsty
Meads,

But kindly each to each succeeds.

Among the Herds no dire Contagions reign,

Nor Rots destroy the fleecy Train.

Hither the *Colchian* Sorcerers never stray'd,

Nor *Argo* her bold Chiefs convey'd;

This Land the *Tyrian* Sailors never knew,

³ Nor sage *Ulysses'* toilsome Crew.

This, for the Virtuous, *Jove* reserv'd of old,

⁴ Changing the Times to Brass from Gold;

To Iron now, whence, as the Gods inspire,

Your Bard thus warns you to retire.

NOTES.

When the Civil War broke out between *Antony* and *Augustus* in the Year of *Rome* 712, *Rome* was filled with Disorders and Dissentions; some of the Citizens preparing to take the Part of *Antony*, and others that of *Augustus*. *Horace*, who was a Witness of this Division, and who knew by Experience the Ills that might attend it, expresses his Concern in this Ode, and endeavours to convince his Countrymen, that their Rage against each other does not spring from the Ambition or Avarice of their Chiefs, but (as he had before told them in Ode 7) from the Anger of the Gods, who are determined to revenge the Murder of *Remus*; and that, while they continued to inhabit a City, whose Walls were cemented with Blood, they must not expect an End to their Miseries: That therefore they have no Choice left, but to seek some happier Climate, in Imitation of the *Phocæans*, who, to avoid the Scourge of War, freely quitted their own Country. It was indeed this History which suggested to *Horace* the first Idea of this Ode, in which he gives a beautiful Description of the Fortunate Islands, to show, in a more lively Manner, by this Contrast, the desperate State of *Rome* and *Italy*.

Scaliger

Scaliger thinks, that the Design of it is ridiculous and impertinent. Strange that this profound Critic should imagine, that *Horace* seriously intended to persuade 300,000 *Romans* to quit their own Country, and sail to the *Canary Islands*! It is rather to be considered as a *jeu d'esprit*, a wanton Sally of Imagination, in which youthful Poets often indulge themselves.

This Ode was written in the Year of *Rome* 723, *Horace* being then in his 34th Year.

1 *Alterna jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas.*] *Horace* divides the Civil Wars into two *Æras*. The first comprises all the Civil Wars that afflicted *Italy*, from *Marius* and *Sylla* to the Death of *Cæsar*; and the second from the Death of *Cæsar* to the Defeat of *Antony*.

2 *Nec fera cæruleâ domuit Germania pube.*] He calls the *Germans* *cæruleam pubem*, blue-eyed Youth, on account of their yellow Hair and blue Eye. Thus *Tacitus*, *Truces et cærulei oculi, rutila coma, magna corpora.*

3 *Laboriosa nec cobors Ulyssæi.*] *Horace* here excludes the Companions of *Ulysses* from the Happy Islands, because they were wicked, and entirely given up to their Passions; on which account he speaks thus of them, in the second Epistle of his first Book:

*Sirenium voces et Circes pocula nôsti,
Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidusque bibisset,
Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset turpis et excors;
Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.*

4 *Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum.*] The *Brazen Age* did not immediately follow the *Golden* one: The *Silver Age* intervened. But, as that bore a great Resemblance to the former, *Horace* here blends them together.

ODE XVII.

TO CANIDIA.

AT length thy powerful Arts I own,
 But Oh! by gloomy *Pluto's* Throne,
 By chaste *Diana's* dreadful Sway,
 And Spells, which falling Stars obey,
 Let me no more thy Vengeance feel,
 But backward roll thy magic Wheel!
 To Pity *Telephus* inclin'd,
 By Prayers, ev'n stern *Achilles'* Mind,
 Though Troops against him he had led,
 And launch'd his Javelin at his Head:
 And though the slaughtering *Hector* lay
 Condemn'd to Dogs and Birds of Prey,
 Yet with due Pomp the *Trojan* Dames
 Beheld his Coarse in funeral Flames
 Involv'd, when *Priam*, at the Fleet,
 Had bath'd with Tears *Achilles'* Feet.
 The wise *Ulysses'* bristly Train,
 By *Circe's* Will, from Swine again
 To Men were chang'd; *resum'd* the Grace
 Of godlike Reason, Speech, and Face.
 To Sailors and to Pedlars dear,
 Ah! why, *Canidia*, thus severe
 On Me? Behold, my youthful Boast
 Is fled, and all my Colour lost.

Thy

Thy magic Oyl has on my Head
 The Snow of Age untimely shed.
 Day chafes Night, and Night the Day,
 But no Relief to Me convey;
 For, lab'ring in the Pangs of Death,
 I pant in vain, and heave for Breath.
 Thy powerful Charms ('tis now confest)
 Can tear the Head, and fire the Breast.
 What would'st thou more? O Land and Sea!
Alcides never burnt like Me,
 When smear'd with *Nessus'* putrid Gore;
 Nor flaming *Ætna* rages more.
 O thou fell Shop of Poisons dire,
 Me wilt thou scorch with *Colchian* Fire,
 'Till my dry Ashes round are cast,
 The Sport of every baneful Blast?
 Declare, what Ransom shalt I pay?
 Speak; and thy Slave will strait obey.
 Shall then, to expiate my Guilt,
 A hundred Heifers Blood be spilt?
 Or shall I thy unspotted Fame
 Upon the lying Harp proclaim?
 Chaste and untainted thou shalt rise
 A golden Star, and deck the Skies.
 Who injur'd *Helen*, could assuage
 By Force of Prayer her Brothers Rage;
 For when their Mercy he implor'd,
 They to the Bard his Sight restor'd.
 Thou too (whom nothing can controul)
 Restore to Sense my frantic Soul!

No Offspring of th' adulterous Bed.
 Art thou ; nor wont abroad to spread
 The poor Man's Dust, deny'd a Tomb :
 With timely Issue teems thy Womb ;
 Never did Blood thy Conscience stain ;
 Pure are thy Hands, thy Heart humane.

NOTES.

Canidia had probably satirized our Poet in some *Lambics*, which have not been transmitted to us. But in this Ode, while he seems to implore her Mercy, he reports upon her with the more Severity. See Ode V. of this Book, and Sat. VIII. of B. I.

1. *Telephus*.] A King of *Mysia*, who attempting to obstruct the March of the *Grecians* against *Troy*, was dangerously wounded by *Achilles*, and afterwards healed by the Rust of the same Spear that gave the Wound, or, as some suppose, with a certain Herb discovered by *Achilles*.

2. See Ode X. B. I.

3. *Setosa duris exuere pellibus*.] After *Circe* had transformed the Companions of *Ulysses* into Swine, *Ulysses* prevailed upon her by his Prayers to restore them to their former Shape. *Horace* says that they appeared more young and beautiful than before. This Story is related at large in the tenth Book of the *Odyssey*.

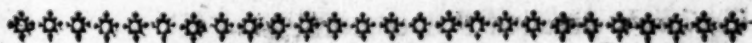
4. *Tunc mens et sonus*.

Relatus.] *Horace*, by saying that their Understanding returned to the Companions of *Ulysses*, deviates from *Homer*, who tells us that, though they were changed into Swine, they still preserved their Understanding. They had, says he, the Grunting, the Form, and the Bristles of Swine ; but their Understanding was as clear as before. On which Account, *Homer* adds, that they wept, when *Circe* had so transformed them ; which they could not have done, had they not retained their Reason.

5. *Tuis capillus albus est odoribus*.] *Horace's* Hair was early white, as he tells us in the last Epistle of his first Book. He here pleasantly ascribes this Effect to the
 Drugs

Drugs which *Canidia* had employed in her Enchantment; and ironically calls those magic Drugs *Odeurs*. Thus also he gives them the Name of *Nard* in the fifth Ode of this Book.

6 *Infamis Helenæ, &c.*] *Stesichorus*, having written Verses on *Helen*, and afterwards losing his Sight, imagined that *Castor* and *Pollux* punished him, to revenge their Sister. He was right in his Conjecture; for, as soon as he had sung a Recantation, his Sight was restored. *Plato* has preserved this Story in his *Phædon*, where he sets down the Beginning of this *PAINODIA*.



ODE XVIII.

CANIDIA'S Answer.

WHY do thy Prayers thus stun my Ear?
 Sooner th' obdurate Rocks shall hear,
 When loud the wintry Billows roar,
 And shipwreck'd Sailors seek the Shore.
 Safely shalt thou ¹ *Cotytto's* Rites
 Divulge, and lawless Love's Delights;
 And, ² Pontiff-like, the City fill
 With Secrets of th' *Esquilian* Hill?
 Have I the Sisterhood in vain
 Enrich'd, and brew'd the speedy Bane?
 By tardy Tortures thou shalt die,
 And wear out Life in Misery.
 With endless Thirst and Hunger prest,
 The Sire of *Pelops* prays for Rest;
 For Rest the Wretch pours forth his Prayers,
 Whose Breast the clinging Vulture tears:

In vain the Stone's recoiling Weight
 To settle on the Mountain's Height
 Toils *Sisyphus*; for *Jove* has spoke,
 Nor ever will the Doom revoke.
 Headlong thou now shalt wish to leap
 From some high Rock's tremendous Steep;
 And now to perish by the Sword,
 Or by the Neck-encircling Cord;
 Then shall the World in thy Distress
Canidia's dreaded Power confess—
 Could I with Life the Dead inform,
 Though burnt, with Life an Image warm,
 Beheld by thy too curious Eyes;
 Could I force *Cynthia* from the Skies,
 And Philters mix to fire the Heart,
 And shalt thou baffle all my Art?

NOTES.

2 *Cotyttia*.] *Cotyto* was a lewd and abandoned Goddess, worshipped by the *Athenians*, *Corinthians*, &c. with all kind of Impurities. See *Juv. Sat. II. 92*.

2 *Pontifex*.] i. e. 'Shalt thou pretend to assume to thyself the Authority of a High-Priest, or Cenfor, and, in Consequence of that, arraign my Proceedings?'

The END of the FIFTH BOOK.

THE



THE
'S E C U L A R O D E.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE *sen.*

Choir of Youths and Virgins.

* **P**Hæbus ! and Cynthia o'er the Chace
Presiding ; Heaven's eternal Grace !
Whom as past Times, the future shall adore,
Grant what, this sacred Season, we implore !

Now when the Sibyl's Lines command,
That Youths and Maids, a chosen Band !
Shall to the Gods, whom our seven Hills delight,
A choral Hymn alternately recite.

Choir of Youths.

Indulgent Sun ! whose various Ray
Now spreads, and now withdraws the Day,
Another and the same ; may Years to come
No Prospect yield thee more august than Rome !

Choir of Virgins.

Your Aid, mild Ilithyia, give
To Matrons, and their Pangs relieve ;
Whether you chuse *Lucina* for your Name,
Or rather that of *Genetyllis* claim.

T.

To pregnant Wives give large Increase ;
 * The Laws that favour Wedlock bless,
 Those Laws (ordain'd to multiply our Race)
 Which Fathers with peculiar Honours grace.

Both Choirs.

Oft as th' allotted Term of Years
 Returns, and a new Age appears,
 May it restore such grateful Songs and Plays
 Three shining Nights, and three distinguish'd Days !

* Ye *Parcæ*, whose resistless Will
 Events infallibly fulfill ;
 Whose Word once spoken still unchang'd shall last,
 With future Blessings still improve the past.

Let *Earth*, with Corn and Flocks o'erspread,
 Weave yellow Wreaths for *Ceres'* Head :
 Let wholesome Streams, sweet Air, and verdant
 Food,
 Cherish the Herds, the Flocks, and tender Brood.

Choir of Youths.

With Bow unstrung, and favouring Ear,
 Kindly the suppliant Youths, - *Apollo* ! hear.

Choir of Virgins.

Horn'd Queen of Stars ! the Maids attend,
 Who to thy Throne, with humble Homage, bend.

Both Choirs.

* If *Rome* was rear'd by your Command ;
 If *Trojans* sought th' *Etruscan* Land,

Enjoin'd

Enjoin'd by *You* to leave their native Shore,
And foreign Realms, with prosperous Course, ex-
plore ;

Whom safely through devouring Flame,
The * Chief, immortalis'd by Fame,
Led to a fairer Soil, a happier Coast,
A nobler Empire than in *Troy* they lost ;

Let *Youth* with Probity be blest !
To *Age*, ye Gods ! give needful Rest ;
And crown the *Romans* with a numerous Race,
With large Increase of Wealth, and every Grace !

9 Let *Cæsar* in his Vows succeed,
Who bids the milk-white Victims bleed ;
10 *Cæsar*, who triumphs o'er his stubborn Foes,
But generous Mercy to the Suppliant shows.

The 11 *Mede* now fears, by Sea and Land,
12 Th' *Albanian* Axe, and *Cæsar's* Hand :
13 *Scythians*, and *Indians*, late so haughty, wait
From *Rome's* rever'd Decrees to learn their Fate.

Now Honour, Truth, and ancient Shame,
And Peace, our savage Passions tame :
Virtue unveils her Face, secure from Scorn,
And Plenty scatters Fruits with plenteous Horn.

Choir of Youths.

The 14 Prophet-God, with golden Bow,
Dear to the Nine, who well can show
The healing Power of every Herb and Plant,
And sprightly Health to languid Mortals grant ;

* *Aeneas*, who planted a Colony of *Trojans* in *Italy*.

If he survey with gracious Eye
 His own high Towers, which pierce the Sky,
 15 Will add fresh Glories to our envy'd Name,
 And spread, from Age to Age, the Roman Fame!

Choir of Virgins.

Cynthia (ador'd on *Aventine*
 And *Algidus*) with Looks benign
 Regards these Rites; the priestly Vows receives,
 And what we beg, with kind Indulgence gives.

EPILOGUE.

Both Choirs.

We, who have sung in sacred Lays
Apollo's and *Diana's* Praise,
 Will home return with just Preface, that *Jove*
 Allows our Prayers, and all the Powers above.

NOTES.

1 We need go no farther for the Rise of the Secular Games (the most remarkable in the Roman Story) than to the *Sibylline* Oracles, which the Romans held in high Veneration.

In these sacred Writings there was an old Prophecy to this Effect; That if the Romans, at the Beginning of every Age, should hold solemn Games in the *Martian* Field to the Honour of *Pluto*, *Proserpine*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, *Diana*, *Ceres*, and the *Paræ*, or three fatal Sisters, their City should ever flourish, and all Nations be subjected to their Dominion. They readily obeyed the Oracle, and in all the Ceremonies used on that Occasion conformed themselves to its Directions. The whole Manner of the Solemnity was as follows: In the first Place, the Heralds received Orders to make an Invitation of every body to come to a Feast which they had never yet seen, and should never see again. Some few Days before the Beginning of the Games, the fifteen Priests, taking their Seats in the Capitol and in the *Palatine* Temple, distributed among the

the People purifying Compositions, as Flambeaus, Brimstone, and Sulphur. From hence the People passed on to *Diana's Temple* on Mount *Aventine*, carrying Wheat, Barley, and Beans, as an Offering; and after this they spent whole Nights in Devotion to the Destinies. At length, when the Time of the Games was actually come, which continued three Days and three Nights, the People assembled in the *Martian Field*, and sacrificed to *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, *Latona*, *Diana*, the *Parcae*, *Ceres*, *Pluto*, and *Proserpine*. On the first Night of the Feast, the Emperor, accompanied by the fifteen Priests, commanded three Altars to be raised on the Banks of the *Tyber*, which they sprinkled with the Blood of three Lambs, and then proceeded to burn the Offerings and the Victims. After this they marked out a Space which served for a Theatre, being illuminated by an innumerable Multitude of Flambeaus and Fires. Here they sung Hymns composed on this Occasion, and celebrated all Kinds of Sports. On the Day after, when they had been at the Capitol to offer the Victims, they returned to the *Martian Field*, and held Sports to the Honour of *Apollo* and *Diana*. These lasted till the next Day, when the noble Matrons, at the Hour appointed by the Oracle, went to the Capitol to sing Hymns to *Jupiter*. On the third Day, which concluded the Feast, twenty-seven Boys and as many Girls sung, in the Temple of *Palatine Apollo*, Hymns and Verses in *Greek* and *Latin*, to recommend the City to the Protection of those Deities, whom they designed particularly to honour by their Sacrifices.

DACIER.

Dacier thinks this Ode the Master-piece of Horace, and that all Antiquity can furnish nothing more complete.

2 *Phæbe, &c.*]

The Hymns, which were sung on the third Day, always began with the Invocation of *Apollo* and *Diana*, because they were performed in the Temple of those Deities.

3 ————— *O colendi*

Semper et culti, &c.]

Apollo and *Diana* were considered as the Founders of the Roman Empire.

4 *Virgines lætas.*] The Performers were all Children of Persons of Distinction. It was also a necessary Circumstance that both their Parents should be living. As the

the Romans thought *Apollo* and *Diana* Authors of all the Deaths that happened, they would have esteemed it a Crime to present Children to those Gods, whose Father or Mother they had slain.

5 *Sive tu Lucina.*] It was a solemn Custom among the Ancients to invoke one and the same God by several Names, lest he should take Offence at the Omission of his favourite Title. Thus *Catullus* addresses *Diana*, *Sis quocumque sancta nomine*: And *Apollo*, at the End of *Statius's* first *Thebaid*, is accosted by three different Names:

*Adis O memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames; seu te roseum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmeniae ritu, seu præstat Osyris
Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.*

Propitious hear our Prayer, O Power Divine!
And on thy hospitable *Argos* shine.
Whether the Style of *Titan* please thee more,
Whose purple Rays th' *Achæmenes* adore;
Or great *Osyris*, who first taught the Swain
In *Pharian* Fields to sow the golden Grain;
Or *Mitra*, to whose Beams the *Persian* bows,
And pays in hollow Rocks his awful Vows;
Mitra, whose Head the Blaze of Light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling Heifer's lunar Horns.

POPE.

Milton, who is every-where full of Allusions to the Customs of the Ancients, addresses Light in this venerable Style, at the Beginning of the 3d Book of *Paradise Lost*:

Hail, holy Light, Offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of th' Eternal, Coëternal Beam;
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is Light,
And never but in unapproached Light
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in Thee,
Bright Effluence of bright Essence increate:
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal Stream, &c.

Diana was worshipped by the Names *Ilithyia*, *Lucina*, *Genetyllis*. The common Reading is *Genitalis*; but *Bentley* has shown that Word to be incompatible with the Context. He conjectures the true Reading to be *Genetyllis*, and confirms his Opinion by Reasons, which are at least very plausible. See *Bentley's Horace*.

6 *Lege*

6 *Lege maritâ.*] *Augustus* had made a Law, proposing Rewards as an Encouragement to Marriage, and Forfeitures for the Neglect of it, just before *Horace* wrote this Ode; who had too much Judgment to forget a Circumstance so worthy a Hymn addressed to the Gods for the Prosperity of the Empire, and, at the same Time, reflecting Honour on his great Patron.

7 *Vosque veraces cecinisse Parca,*
Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum
Terminus servet, bona jam peractis
Jungite fata.]

Thus the common Editions, where the Syntax and the Sense seem much perplexed. The Reading of *Bentley* makes both clearer:

————— *Parca,*
Quod semel dictum stabilis per ævum, &c.

8 *Roma si vestrum, &c.*] *Rome* might be justly called the Work of *Apollo*, because it was a Colony from *Troy*, of which *Apollo* was the Founder; and because the *Trojans* landed in *Italy*, and built a City there, by his express Command.

9 *Quique vos bobus veneratur albis*
Clarus Anchisæ Venerisque sanguis
Imperet: bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem.]

Thus the common Editions. But *Bentley*, justified by several Manuscripts and old Copies, reads,

Quæque vos, &c. —————

Impetret, i. e. Et quæ vos veneratur (orat, precatur) Augustus, impetret et consequatur. This, as the best Reading, is followed by the Translator.

It appears by these Lines, that the Emperor was present when this Hymn was sung, and then also offered a Sacrifice of white Bulls to *Apollo*, *Diana*, and *Jupiter*. The Solemnity ended with this Sacrifice, and with this Hymn.

10 *Imperet, bellante prior, jacentem*
Lenis in hostem.]

The Construction of these Words, says *Sanadon*, ought to be this: *Augustus lenis imperet, prior seipso bellante.* The following seems more natural: *Imperet, lenis in hostem jacentem; prior bellante hoste.* *Horace* seems here to have imitated this Line in *Virgil*:

Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

11 *Medus.*] By the *Medæ*, Horace means the *Parthians*, who had given up *Armenia* to *Augustus*, and sent him back the Ensigns they had taken from *Crassus* and *Antony*, and all their Prisoners.

12 *Albanasque.*] Horace says *Albanian*, instead of *Roman* Axes, as if *Alba* were still flourishing; to inspire, by that antique Image, a greater Veneration for those Symbols of Honour.

13 *Scythæ et Indæ.*] The *Scythians* and *Indians* had sent Ambassadors to *Augustus*, to sue for Peace, and beg his Friendship.

14 *Augur, et fulgente decorus anagis,*
Phœbus, acceptasque vocem Camænis,
Qui salutaris levat arte fessos
Corporis artus:]

In these four Lines, as *Torrentius* observes, Horace has comprised the four chief Attributes of *Apollo*, viz. *Divination*, *Archery*, *Musie*, and *Physic*.

15 *Prorogat, &c.*] *Bentley*, following several old Manuscripts, reads *prorogat, curat, applicat*, instead of *prorogat, curet, applicet*, in the optative Mood.

Nothing, says he, can be more just or more decent: For the Choir, in the first place, offers Vows to *Apollo* and *Diana* for the Prosperity of the Roman Empire, the Emperor, and the Citizens; and, at length, as inspired by the present Deity, confidently declares to the whole Assembly, that their Vows are heard and ratified by the Gods; and immediately adds:

Hæc Jovem sentire Deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.

And, in the first Epistle of his second Book, ver. 134. (where he alludes to this very Ode) he has this Verse:

Poseit optem chorus et præsentia numina sentit.

Thus *Statius*, *Silv.* III. 2.

Solæ Zephyræ sit copia cæli;
Solus agat puppes, summasque supernatet undas.
Audimur, vocat ipse ratem.

Mr. Creech has omitted this Ode in his Translation.



P O S T S C R I P T.

The foregoing Notes were written long before I met with *Sanadon's Translation and Remarks on Horace*: I believe I might have said before they were published. That learned Author has taken great Pains to dispose the Odes, &c. according to the Order of Time in which they were composed, as far as he could trace it from History and Circumstances. He seems to think himself particularly happy in connecting with the *Secular Ode* several small Pieces, which were before thought to be independent of it. In his Edition it is thus disposed:

The four Verses prefixed to the first Ode of the third Book,

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo, &c.

are the Prologue. This is followed by the Hymn to *Apollo*, Book IV. Ode 6.

Dive quem proles Niobæa magnæ

Vindicem lingue, &c.

Then the twenty-first Ode of the first Book:

Dianam teneræ dicite virgines, &c.

And this is succeeded by what is commonly called the *Secular Ode*:

Phœbes, Sylvæarumque potens Diana, &c.

And the four Stanzas, tacked to the sixth Ode of the fourth Book,

Spiritum Phœbus mihi, &c.

(which *Sanadon* styles the *Epilogue*) close the Whole.

It might be expected, that he should have endeavoured to support this Disposition by the Authority of some Manuscripts, or old Copies; but nothing of this Kind is pretended. On the other hand, we are informed by *Suetonius*, that *Horace* first published his three Books of Odes, each separately; and, *longo intervallo*, many Years after, collected the fourth Book, at the Command of *Augustus*.

That

That those three Books were at first thus published, is also evident from the first Ode of the first Book, and the concluding Odes of the second and third Books. Consequently, the Prologue in question, and the twenty-sixth Ode of the first Book, can have nothing to do here. *Bentley* is of Opinion, that they were composed nine or ten Years before the *Secular Ode*. It is a known Rule, that, in Works of this kind, the Poet is never to appear himself. This is allowed by *Sanadon*; but, he says, it may be dispensed with as to the *Prologue* and *Epilogue*; but does not attempt to prove it by any Instance, except the present; which is *begging the Question*. As this Ode was designed for the Populace, as well as for the Senators and Knights, it would have been contrary to the Rules of Decency and Prudence to disgust them at the very Beginning of it, by such contemptuous Words as,

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.

I hate the vulgar Crew profane:

Avaunt! —————

I take this and the three following Lines to be designed as a Prologue, not to the first Ode only, but to the whole third Book, in which there are scarce any but moral Odes; and the first Part of the second Ode relates to the Education of Youth. He seems to give up the *Old*, as hardened in Vice, and incorrigible; but hopes his Precepts will have a better Effect on young Persons, whose Minds are as yet untainted, and open to Instruction. The *Carmina non prius audita* may be referred to the Species of Poetry in which he excelled, *viz.* the *Lyric*; of this, in other Places also, he boasts himself the first Writer among the *Romans*. Thus, in the last Ode of the third Book.

Dicar ————— ex humili potens,

Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos

Deduxisse modos.

And, in the ninth Ode of the fourth Book,

Non ante vulgatas per artes

Verba loquor socianda chordis.

If *Dianam teneræ dicite virgines*, and the *Secular Ode*, be considered as Parts only of one and the same Whole, there

there will be a disagreeable Tautology, of which so great a Master as *Horace* cannot be supposed guilty; e. g.

———— *lætam nemorum comâ*
 ——— *sylvæarumque potens Diana.*
 Insignemque phœtra,
 Fraternaue humerum lyra.
 ——— fulgente decorus arcu
 Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camænis,
 ——— Hic miseram famem
Pestemque a populo, &c.
Vestra motus ager prece.
Nutrient fœtus et aquæ salubres,
Et Jovis auræ.

The *Lewis Agyieus*, in the Ode to *Apollo*, is the same with *Intonsum Cynthium*, in this Ode; and but two Lines distant from it, as *Sanadon* has ranged the Parts.

The Petition of the Ode to *Apollo*, closely translated, is no more than this: 'Great God! (whom *Niobe* experienced the severe Avenger of a petulant Tongue, &c.) thou, who delightest to lave thy Locks in the Streams of *Xanthus*, * the beardless Guardian of the † Streets, Oh! defend the Glory of the Roman Muse!'

After the Word *Dive*, at the Beginning of the Ode, there is an uncouth Digression of twenty-four Lines, rather in Praise of *Achilles* than of *Apollo*, or *Aeneas*. Such a Parenthesis in a modern Writer would be censured as insupportable. Now can any one think this worthy the Ear of the Roman Emperor, the Senate, and the People, and much less to deserve the extravagant Encomiums bestowed on it by *Sanadon*? For what appears by the Context, it might be only a private Ode addressed by the Poet to *Apollo*, desiring him to inspire his Muse; and, even in this Light, it rather merits Pardon than Applause.

All that remain to be considered are the four Stanzas at the End of the sixth Ode of the fourth Book;

Spiritum Phœbus mihi, &c.

These Lines have undoubtedly a Relation to the *Secular Ode*. The only Question then is, What Relation? *Sanadon* says, they are the Epilogue to it.

* *Apollo* was described and painted as a blooming Boy.

† Altars and Statues were erected to him in the Streets.

But

But the Epilogue is plainly contained in the four last Verses of the Ode itself, where the Choirs exult, in Prospect that their Vows are granted by the Gods; and declare they are joyfully returning home:

Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.

So that, according to *Sanadon*, there must be a double Epilogue; which would be absurd.

The Truth of the Case is, that these Stanzas (which seem to be only the Fragment of an Ode) were addressed to the Children of the Choir, in the Interval between the delivering out of the Parts and the Performance, exhorting them to Diligence and Application:

*Lesbium servate pedem, meique
Pollicis ictum.*

And, in particular, promising the Maidens, as a Reward, that they should be speedily married.

Nupta jam dices, &c.

To illustrate this by a modern Example; let us suppose that the Reverend Dr. *Morell* had addressed an elegant Ode to the *Senexinos* and Spinster-fingers, exciting them to perform their Parts with Propriety and Spirit; and that he had promised the former a noble Present of Gold and Jewels, and that each of the latter should gain a wealthy Husband; nobody, sure, would call this an Epilogue to his *Oratorio*?

If the *English* Reader is curious to see *Sanadon's* Notes at large, he may consult Mr. *Francis's* *Horace*, where he will find them translated.

THE END of the SECOND VOLUME.



